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PLAYBILL

THE GREEKS had a word for it, *agora*: the Romans had a word for it, *forum*: our own discussion of contemporary issues, *The Playboy Panel*, is initiated in this issue and is slated to reappear in issues to come. The PLAYBOY Panels will be lively discussions, by experts in their fields, on provocative topics of contemporary interest and concern. This month's Panel probes a subject clothed with highly charged emotion and very little public insight: *Narcotics and the Jazz Musician*. Participating are eight top musicians, a prominent jazz critic, an attorney who is Secretary of the Musician's Clinic, and a practicing psychologist who is Secretary to the National Advisory Council on Narcotics. We act as moderator and we think you'll find this forensic exploration as engrossing and enlightening as we did. Future Panels will deal with the new shape of American humor, and with sex, censorship and the arts.

This month, the kind hearts and martinets that ruled the Hollywood of an earlier day and set the pace on Sunset Strip are mourned — and memorialized — by Ben Hecht, who revisits with fond nostalgia the vanished days and deeds and doers of a Hollywood that is no more. Speaking of revisits and Hollywood pace setting: Very much a pace setter — in her own wondrous way — is June Wilkinson, admiringly and accurately known to our readers as The Bosom, ever since we first photographed her in our studio two years ago. Having subsequently breasted (and bested) the tide of curvilinear competition on the Coast, June came calling on us again recently — with results graphically recorded in *The Bosom Revisits Playboy*. And speaking of Hollywood and the female form, we also examine this month the new wave in American "art" films which — abetted by an adult Supreme Court decision concerning cinema censorship — have capitalized on the relaxed European attitude toward nudity. A case in point, *The Immoral Mr. Teas*, is unveiled in text and pix in the pages ahead.

Ben Hecht's nostalgic mood is shared by William Knoles in *Girls for the Slime God*, in which he dwells with fond recall on those golden girls of outer space who — brave and largely bare-breasted — did so much to animate the science-fiction mags of the Thirties. Will Elder, whose satirical mimicry of art styles and artists is itself an art, brings some of these luscious ladies back from orbit in unreasonable facsimiles of those s-f covers which titillated us in our teens.

Unearthly, too — and uncannily precise — is Gahan Wilson's deliciously derisive excursion into the world and works of Edgar Allan Poe, a scintillating meeting of mordant minds. Wilson moved from his Woodstock, New York, studio to a studio in the PLAYBOY Building to do the job, then moved on to London to case the files of Scotland Yard for ghoulish inspiration.

On a dim day of cloud rack, mist and misery, a lucky clutch of PLAYBOY staffers boarded a Mexicana Airlines Comet jet and, some few hours later, disembarked in Acapulco to be greeted by a sun-splashed world of sea and strand and Mexican *ambiente*. They soon discovered that this was *the* place on this continent for that mellifluous mixture of relaxation and excitement, luxurious rest and plenty of action, which modern man deems desirable for getting away from it all. Want proof? Turn to *Playboy on the Town in Acapulco*, the fruit of the trip in words and pictures.

PLAYBOY STAFFERS

Since April 1957, when T. K. Brown III's *The Sergeant and the Slave Girl* introduced our readers to his work, we've brought you fact and fiction, serious and whimsical, by that gifted beachcomber of the Florida Keys. We think you'll discover new depths — and new power — in his writing with this issue's lead story, *Harpy*, a wickedly wrought and unique tale which is, in our estimation, the best work Brown has done.

When we decided to celebrate the glories of the vest, it seemed only appropriate to cast Robert Stack as Eliot Ness as weskit-wearer in the role of vested vigilante. You'll find him and some of his Untouchables attired in the most tasteful of these elegant accessories.

Although Thanksgiving's not quite here, Christmas is just around the corner on which that red-nosed chap with the bell and Santa suit is standing. What better time, then, to consider our Christmas gift suggestions? We present them in two batches, according to size: large largess and bantam bounty — but each gift is, by and large (or small) a handsome hunk of giving or getting. What better time to be bemused and delighted by another inning of that witty typographical game invented by Robert Carola, *Word Play*, or to gleefully relish another round of the TV game invented by Shel Silverstein, this session titled *Good Grief! Still More Teevee Jeebies*?

And then, for a romantic change of mood, we commend to you Miss November, a hauntingly lovely girl, a Botticelli confection with a glint in her eye, whose classic beauty is in entrancing contrast to her petite size. There's more, lots more, in this bountiful November issue, so we won't detain you. Flip the page.

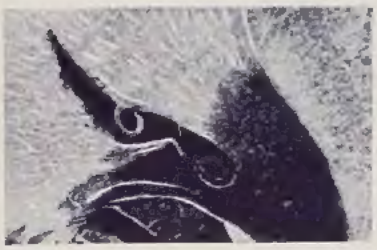
WILSON

BROWN

HECHT

vol. 7, no. 11 — november, 1960

PLAYBOY



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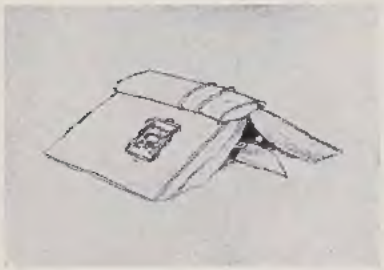

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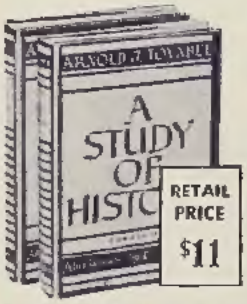

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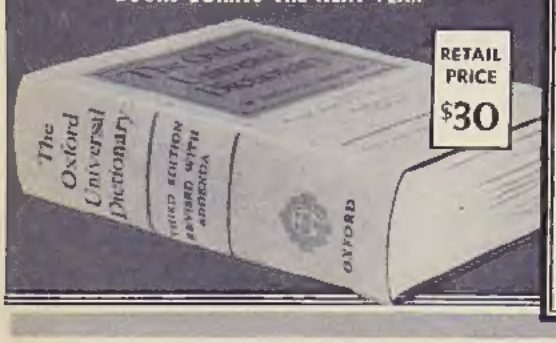

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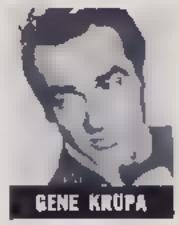

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32. LOUIS ARMSTRONG — The Louis Armstrong Story, Vol. I. "Satchmo" and His Hot Five play Muskrat Ramble, The Last Time, 10 more

33. LOUIS ARMSTRONG: Ambassador Satch. The All-Stars play Dardanella, All of Me, Tiger Rag, plus 7 others

34. MICHEL LEGRAND — Legrand Jazz. Jitterbug Waltz, In a Mist, Night in Tunisia, Wild Man Blues, 7 others

35. THE SOUND OF JAZZ. 8 great numbers by Red Allen, Billie Holiday, Count Basie, Jimmy Giuffre and others

36. THE JAZZ MAKERS. An even dozen hits by 12 great stars: Armstrong, Basie, Henderson, Ellington, Goodman, Prima, Gillespie, etc.

37. JOHNNY MATHIS. Johnny sings twelve top tunes: Easy to Love, Babalu, Star Eyes, Street of Dreams, etc

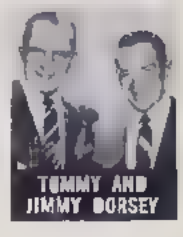
38. JOHNNY MATHIS — Open Fire, Two Guitars. With guitarists Al Caiola and Tony Mottola. Embraceable You, An Open Fire, I'll Be Seeing You, Tenderly, 8 more

39. FRANK SINATRA — The Broadway Kick. 12 top show tunes: Lost in the Stars, They Say It's Wonderful, The Girl That I Marry, etc.

40. THE HI-LO'S — And All That Jazz. Lady In Red, Fascinatin' Rhythm, Small Fry, Summer Sketch, 8 more

41. ART VAN DAMME QUINTET — Manhattan Time. Stella by Starlight, Temptation Rag, I Saw Stars, plus 9 others

42. ROY HAMILTON — You'll Never Walk Alone. I Believe, If I Loved You, Ebb Tide, Unchained Melody, 8 more



JAZZ HAS COME OF AGE . . . from Carnegie Hall to the Hollywood Bowl, jazz concerts vie in popularity with traditional performances of symphonies and concertos. Music lovers the world over know that good jazz is great music . . . and deserves a place in every well-rounded record library.

To introduce you to the money-saving music program of the Columbia Record Club, we now offer you ANY 5 of these great jazz records for only $1.97

TO RECEIVE 5 JAZZ RECORDS FOR ONLY $1.97 — mail the coupon now. Be sure to indicate which one of the Club's four musical Divisions you wish to join: Jazz, Listening and Dancing, Broadway, Movies, Television and Musical Comedies, Classical.

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES: Each month the Club's staff of music experts selects outstanding recordings for all four Divisions. These selections are described in the Club Magazine, which you receive free each month.

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COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB, Dept. 229-4
Terre Haute, Indiana

I accept your offer and have circled at the right the numbers of the five records I wish to receive for $1.97, plus small mailing and handling charge. Enroll me in the following Division.

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☐ Jazz ☐ Listening and Dancing ☐ Classical
☐ Broadway, Movies, Television and Musical Comedies

I agree to purchase five selections from the more than 200 to be offered during the coming 12 months at regular list price plus small mailing and handling charge. Thereafter, if I decide to continue my membership, I am to receive a 2 Columbia, Epic or Verve Bonus record of my choice FREE for every two additional selections I accept.

Name .....
(Please Print)
Address .....
City ..... ZONE .. State .....
CANADA: prices slightly higher, 11111 Leslie St., Don Mills, Ont.
If you want this membership credited to an established Columbia or Epic record dealer, both 1st and 2nd accept subscriptions, fill in below:
Dealer's Name .....
Dealer's Address 273

CIRCLE 5 NUMBERS:

1	15	29
2	16	30
3	17	31
4	18	32
5	19	33
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11	25	39
12	26	40
13	27	41
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55 DN

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It's a matter of taste (and value)

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DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE • 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

PLAYBOY CLUB

Your Playboy Club sounds fabulous judging from the adjectives used in the August article and those used by *Look* staffers who've been there.

Lewis Hodges
Look
Des Moines, Iowa

Just read your description of the Playboy Club chain. Sounds very Mach 2.

Captain John L. Phipps
Maxwell AFB, Alabama

Again you have distinguished yourself with the organization of the Playboy Key Club. It is, I feel, the inner desire of all males to be of a "playboy nature." The conflicting strains of practicality and our high-strung society are such that this "playboy nature" is greatly subdued. You have turned this fantasy into a reality with the formation of the Playboy Club.

Lt. Leon M. Costanten
4th Psychological Warfare Co.
Fort Bragg, North Carolina

Since my husband appreciates the finer things in life — such as your Playmate of the Month — I can't imagine anything he would appreciate more than a key to the Playboy Club.

Mrs. Howard F. Schuman
Dearborn, Michigan

Great idea! It should do wonders for New York night life and for my life.

Donald Raun
Chiring & Cairns Advertising
New York, New York

Had the pleasure of dropping into the Playboy Club, it was quite an experience — the last word in tasteful elegance and swingin' entertainment.

Bill Plante
WISN
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

WOULD LIKE IN ON "THE" IDEA OF CENTURY —

TONY CURTIS
MARIETTA, OHIO

I'm not quite sure if I am a "man of substance and influence." If you'd be kind enough to send me the necessary applications and a handy-dandy home Substance-Lester kit, I'd be grateful.

David Harris
International Tel & Tel
Clifton, New Jersey

It never ceases to amaze me what urban sophistication and good taste can do to make this life more tolerable.

Thomas C. Bianco
Peoria, Illinois

Exciting! Intriguing! Blood-stirring! Dynamic!

Joel Livingston
Hartford, Connecticut

I recently accepted an invitation to visit the Chicago Playboy Key Club as a guest. I hasten to agree that it is every bit as charming, elegant and relaxing as you described it in your August issue.

C. K. Egeler
New York, New York

Your club in Chicago is great; your plans for a New York club sound even greater.

Arthur L. Hecht
CBS
New York, New York

Home was never like this.

Jerry Braff
Newton Centre, Massachusetts

A club of this type is not only unique but performs a real function by providing a place where a man can relax and imbibe amid lash and convivial surroundings.

David A. Fox
Brooklyn, New York

Bully for PLAYBOY — what a great idea!

R. J. Byrne
Huntington, New York

The Playboy Club seems to be the perfect Shangri-La.

George Fain
Lever Brothers
New York, New York

PLAYBOY NOVEMBER 1960 VOL. 7 NO. 11 PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HMH PUBLISHING CO., INC. PLAYBOY BUILDING, 232 EAST OHIO STREET, CHICAGO 11, ILL. SUBSCRIPTIONS IN THE U.S. ITS POSSESSIONS, THE PAN AMERICAN UNION AND CANADA $14 FOR THREE YEARS, $8 FOR TWO YEARS, $6 FOR ONE YEAR. ELSEWHERE ADD $2 PER YEAR FOR FOREIGN POSTAGE. A LOW 30 DAYS FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AND RENEWALS. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: END OF PLAYBOY, 232 EAST OHIO STREET, CHICAGO 11, ILL. AND A LOW 30 DAYS FOR CHANGE. ADVERTISING: HOWARD W. LEDERER, ADVERTISING DIRECTOR, 720 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19, N.Y. C 5-2620. ADVERTISING PRODUCTION: PLAYBOY BUILDING, 232 EAST OHIO STREET, CHICAGO 11, ILL. MO 7-0000. LOS ANGELES REPRESENTATIVE: BEARCHARD NICHOLS ASSOCIATES, 632 SOUTH WESTMORELAND AVENUE, LOS ANGELES 5, CALIF. LU 6-6134. SAN FRANCISCO REPRESENTATIVE: BEARCHARD NICHOLS ASSOCIATES, PHILLIPS AND VAN ORDEN BUILDING, 500 THIRD STREET, SAN FRANCISCO 7, CALIF. YU 6-6348. SOUTH EASTERN REPRESENTATIVE: THE HAL WINTER COMPANY, 7450 OCEAN TERRACE, MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA. DR 5-2661

promise her anything... but give her

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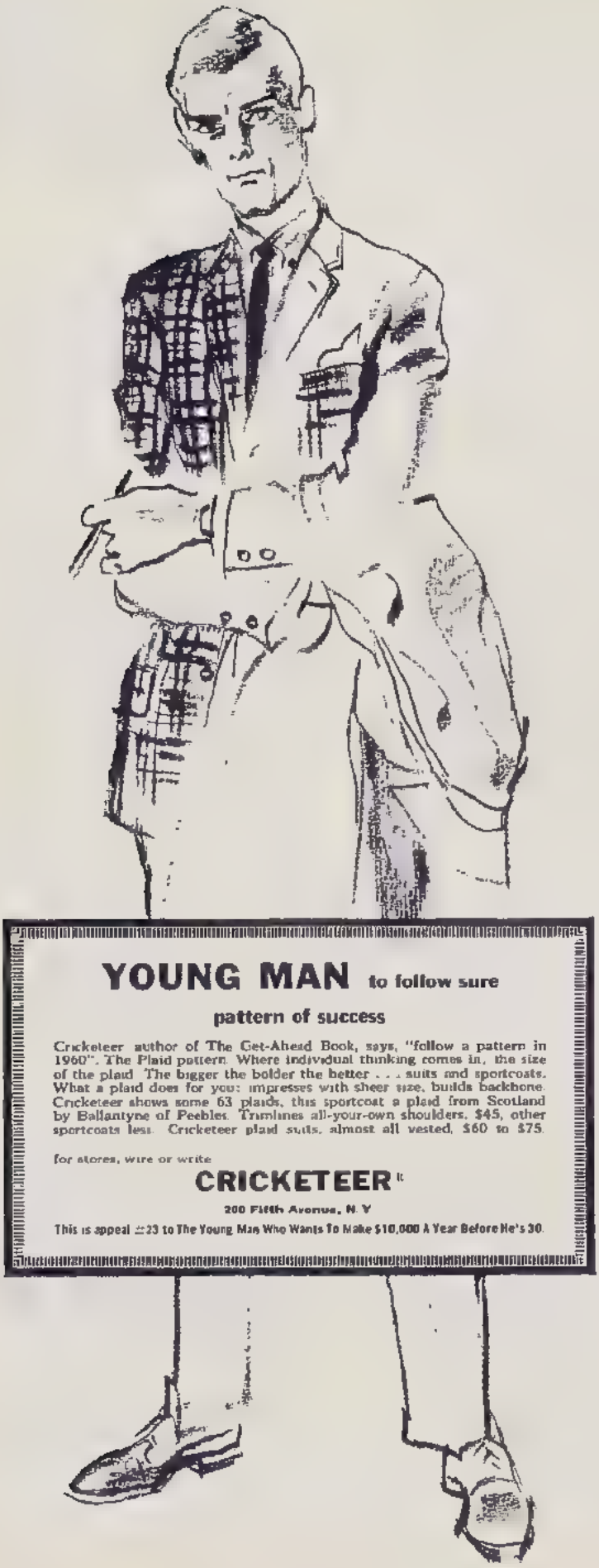


STOCK TAKING

The August article *Capital Gainsmanship* was both extremely interesting and a fair and accurate statement of what most entrepreneurs have in mind. Some day, someone will be tempted to make a study of the number of multi-million dollar corporations in this country run by incompetent and inadequate management, and boards of directors, who frequently have no financial stake in the company which they are mismanaging. Although I cannot claim to be a regular reader of PLAYBOY, I do read many issues and must confess that I always find them amusing and entertaining.

A. M. Sonnabend, President
Hotel Corporation of America
Chairman of the Board
Botany Mills, Inc.
Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts

Capital Gainsmanship's Mr. Ginzburg puts words together quite well; I thoroughly enjoyed his interesting and accurate story.

Henry Crown
Chairman of the Board
Material Service Corp.
Chicago, Illinois

In Ralph Ginzburg's article, millionaire Bill Zeckendorf was listed as the creator of New York's Freedomland. This enterprise was developed by Chicagoans Ted Rayner and Pete De Met. Zeckendorf had nothing to do with its development.

Harvey Levin
Glencoe, Illinois

Except put up a lot of the cabbage. Zeckendorf is the major stockholder in Freedomland.

NEGATIVE VOTE

In your August *Cole's Cuties*, you have a man holding a telephone, with a girl beside him on the couch watching a political convention on TV. The caption reads "Ohio casts fifty-seven — make that fifty-eight votes for . . ." You imply that his vote made a difference of one vote instead of the one-half vote which is the case in present conventions.

Bob Berman
Bexley, Ohio

We have to agree that Jack Cole's handling of this particular delegate's vote was most un-conventional.

WHATTAPOPPALIE

I found the article *Moonlight Over Whattapoppalie* amusing. However, I am afraid I do not share the writer's nostalgic warmth for the dated, gaumasnine musical, and there were quite a few of those intermingled with the good ones of the period.

Fred Astaire
Beverly Hills, California

Fred is certainly one of the world's foremost authorities on movie musicals.

Far from her native Africa, Miriam Makeba is charming sophisticated American audiences with a magnetic brand of folk singing. In this debut album, she offers Xosa tribal laments, Zulu ballads, some calypso, other exotica. The sweet, reedy Makeba voice makes enchanting music!

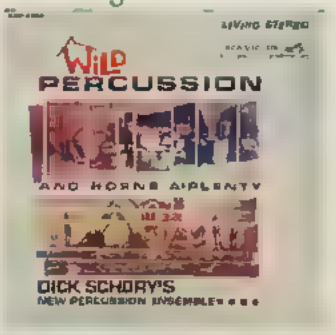
The Ames Brothers take us on a tour of a nostalgic land as they recall the golden age of the big name bands. Decked-out in a smartly styled "sound" of today, the brothers re-visit "Marie," "The Angels Sing," "Moonlight Serenade," and other souvenirs of those tender, dancing bygone years.

Climb San Francisco's Nob Hill and what do you find? Why, Frankie Carle's orchestra, playing for dancing atop the ultra smart Mark Hopkins Hotel. This was recorded at the Top of the Mark, with all the chic atmosphere captured intact. Features 8-page booklet of San Francisco scenes in color.

Dick Schory, percussionist extraordinaire, pounds a very special beat. Dick's previous L.P. taught discontented hi-fi buffs how to smile. Now they can beam! Dick has assembled a thunderous battery of percussion plus a shimmering squadron of brass, for a sound that can shatter glass. The tunes? Mostly standards, handled with vigor and taste.

Once again RCA Victor delves into its vaults for milestones in twentieth century music. This 2-record treasure chest includes contributions by Caruso, Galli-Curci, Leonard Warren, Toscanini, Mario Lanza, Fiedler... Chevalier, Artie Shaw, Glenn Miller, Tommy Dorsey, Harry Belafonte, and other notables.

America's "New Wave" of young comics fractures us by delicately smashing some of our most sacred idols. Latest to riddle us with irreverent wit is Dave Gardner, an irrepressible lad seen often on the Jack Paar Show. Dave's fiery "sermons" are half Dixie revivalist, half hipster. Dig you must!



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MEM COMPANY
67 IRVING PLACE, NEW YORK

of the Thirties, during which time he labored valiantly in the RKO vineyards turning out (among others) "Flying Down to Rio," "Gay Divorcee," "Roberta," "Follow the Fleet," "Swing Time," "Top Hat," "Shall We Dance?," "Damsel in Distress," "Carefree," and "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle."

Thanks for Larry Siegel's devastating satire on the incongruous musicals of the Thirties. Now if someone will just satirize the equally incongruous waterlogged MGM musicals of the Forties and their heroine, Esther Mermaid, I'll be content.

Sherm Brody
Utica, New York

MILES DUG

I dug the Miles piece in your August issue very much and am doing a column about it in the *San Francisco Chronicle*

Ralph J Gleason
Berkeley, California

Stanley Goldstein's article *Miles* was a breakthrough in a cloud of mystery. The picture of Miles as a sports-car driver, a sometimes hunter, and a body culturist was quite surprising.

Jim Patrick
East Chicago, Indiana

Miles Davis as he really is—a superb musician and interesting personality.

Sam Katz
Dallas, Texas

Stanley Goldstein, whoever he is, really swings. His portrait of Miles certainly rates among the best ever written about a jazz figure.

Gary A. Soucie
Durham, North Carolina

VIVA SHEL

Shel Silverstein's *The Quiet Man*, in your July issue, was a most brilliant contribution to this century's humor. It dwarfed anything I've seen.

Lenny Bruce
Dayton, Ohio

I really got a kick out of July's *Teevee Jeebies*. Laughed so hard I had tears in my eyes. Really great!

R. K. Meier, Jr.
New York, New York

More Teevee Jeebies in this issue.

PECKING ORDER

Richard G. Gould's *The Pecking Order of Sports Cars* (July issue) was excellent, and should do much to resolve some of the knotty problems that mark the fine dividing lines between obsequiousness, camaraderie, condescension, and sheer snobbery. The problem, as Mr. Gould points out, is an increasing one.

William C. Irish
Denver, Colorado

Tops everything you Wear™

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CAR
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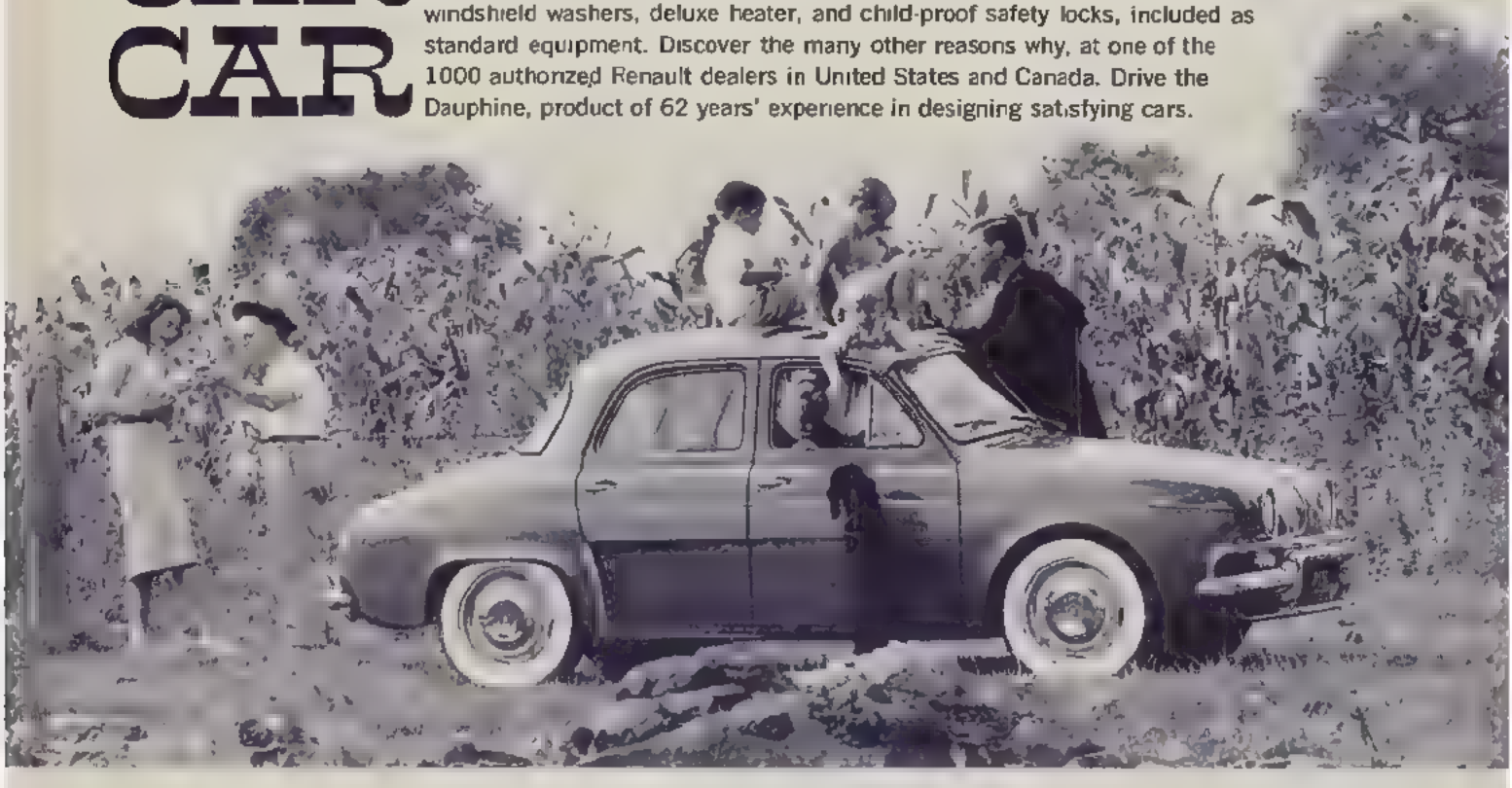
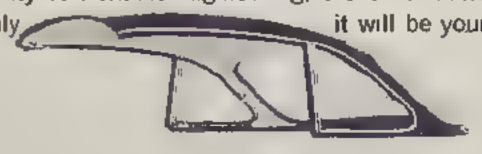
There is no single reason why the Renault Dauphine is the largest selling 4-door imported car in America today. It simply sums up what a car should be. Low in initial cost, in upkeep, and for replacement parts. Low in gasoline consumption (many Dauphine owners report up to 40 mpg). Handling that's precise, sure, relaxed—even in mud, snow, or ice. Classic styling, never out of date. Smooth quiet riding comfort at expressway speeds. And such extras as windshield washers, deluxe heater, and child-proof safety locks, included as standard equipment. Discover the many other reasons why, at one of the 1000 authorized Renault dealers in United States and Canada. Drive the Dauphine, product of 62 years' experience in designing satisfying cars.



RENAULT Caravelle

There are many reasons why the Renault Caravelle is America's most wanted (and attainable!) car. It is the most convertible of convertibles—with a soft top and a hard detachable top; soft top alone; or hard permanent top. The Caravelle is a startlingly beautiful car. Each of the 6 rich colors is individually harmonized with a handsomely appointed interior. Throughout, there is a planned feeling of luxury: a hand-crafted sculptured front, wall-to-wall carpeted trunk, front seats individually adjustable to your personal comfort. And with it all, the practicality of Renault engineering, the sure-footedness of rear-engine traction. The Caravelle can be your one-and-only car. Certainly it will be your favorite one!

Convertible
Convertible



RENAULT, INC., 750 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

Here in Fairfield County, there are so many foreign cars that when two pieces of Detroit Iron pass each other *they* wave!

George E. Lawrence
Darien, Connecticut

Gould has underestimated the Prestige Factor of the MG, especially the 1954 TF 1250. . .

Miss Jackie Werther
San Diego, California

My husband drives a Bugatti and I drive a Jag. Would Mr. Gould mind, do you think, if we shook hands now and then?

Dee Greenawald
Woodland Hills, California

Anyone who has the insensate temerity to place a ten-year-old right-hand-drive MG TD on a prestige level beneath a Corvette, an MGA, a late-model Triumph or a new Austin Healey must be, at best, an unwitting tool of the Westport conformists or, at worst, an oaf.

William Rodgers
Briarcliff Manor, New York

POOR RECEPTION

The New York staff member of PLAYBOY who reported so diligently on the Gotham radio station in the August *Playboy After Hours* must be a little WAKY. Please send him a KABL and set him on an even KEEL. Otherwise he might get KILT by an upset WNFW disc jockey.

Jack Sharp, Program Director
KLIF
Dallas, Texas

Re: August *Playboy After Hours*, New York's radio station is WNFW, not KNEW. You should have wnown.

Roger W. Dickinson
Stamford, Connecticut

I've lived in the metropolitan New York area for some twenty-five years and have never heard of radio station KNEW, but I have been garnering some real nutty sounds for a long time over station WNFW. Goof?

Daniel B. Hooven
Lewisburg, Pennsylvania

Goof.

For your information, all U.S. radio stations east of the Mississippi River are assigned call letters beginning with "W." In the West, it's "K."

Paul A. Rubinstein
Riverdale, New York

For reader Rubinstein's information, KDKA, America's first licensed radio station, is located in Pittsburgh, a fur piece from the Mississippi. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

Since the August issue's picture story about the first of what will soon be a national, and eventually international, chain of private Playboy Clubs, important new plans have materialized. The first club "closed" its doors for business (to be opened only by members who possess the Playboy Club Key) early this year in Chicago, just a few blocks from the publication itself; the second Playboy Club, it has now been established, will be in Miami, and its facilities should be available to members by the first of the year. The Miami Playboy Club will be located on beautiful Biscayne Boulevard, easily accessible from both the beach and city; the Miami club will have all the features now available to members in Chicago, plus swimming pool, cabañas and a dock to which boat-owning members can tie up. The third Playboy Club will be in New Orleans on famous Bourbon Street in the French Quarter, and its facilities will be available to members early in the coming year. Locations have also been chosen in both New York City and Los Angeles and clubs will be ready there in early 1961, too; sites are currently being sought in San Francisco and Washington, D.C., and franchise information has been requested by interested businessmen from all parts of the U.S., Canada and Mexico, plus Nassau, Jamaica, London, Paris, Cannes, Rome and Tokyo. Meanwhile, PLAYBOY's law firm has been kept busy pressing injunctions and suits for damages against the unauthorized use of the PLAYBOY name in conjunction with clubs and bars to protect both the publication and its club members. Additional news about the International Playboy Clubs will be printed here as it develops; for information about membership, write to *International Playboy Clubs, Inc., 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois.*

•

Scratched on one of the more Beat fences in our neighborhood: SUPPORT MENTAL HEALTH OR I'LL KILL YOU.

•

Lost and found ad from the *Los Angeles Reporter:* "Upholstered seat from rear of sedan, lost in bushes near Mulholland Dr. Drove off and forgot it there. Reward. Write Box 7474 c/o *Reporter.*"

•

What with dentists' piping in music to soothe pained patients and doctors' dispensing Muzak as well as Miltown, we suspect that sounds tailored to psychiatric problems soon will envelop (in stereo, naturally) couches across the land. As an aid to psychiatrists compiling a record library, we recommend the following tunes in the following cases. Mother Fixation—*I Want a Girl Just Like the Girl That Married Dear Old Dad.* Father Fixation—*O, Mein Papa.* Kleptomania—*The Best Things in Life Are Free.* Schizophrenia—*I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter.* Claustrophobia—*Don't Fence Me In.* Sexual Deviation—*You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me.* Sadism—*Poor Butterfly.* Hallucinations—*Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries.*

•

Hunch bettors at Chicago's Arlington race track could have taken home $57.80 for a $2 daily double wager. The winning nags: Seduction and Innerglo.

•

Theatre marquees may not be spacious enough to announce the plays of a twenty-two-year-old Harvard honor grad named Arthur L. Kopit. Set for opening is Kopit's two-hour (sans intermission) tragifarce titled *Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad.* Other works in the Kopit coffers include *Sing to Me Through Open Windows* and *On the Runway of Life You Never Know What's Coming Off Next.*

•

The whole world used to write poetry . . . is waiting for an introduction . . . never got a lucky break . . . goes to night school . . . has its own problems . . . is changing channels . . . is sneaking into the loge . . . knows somebody . . . hates to tear wrapping paper . . . could've been a doctor if it wanted to . . . almost got hit by lightning . . . is waiting for the sunrise . . . may go to acting school . . . doesn't speak French, but can understand it . . . will call you for lunch . . . liked the book better . . . is double-parked . . . can sing better than that . . . can't draw a straight line with a ruler . . . laughs at long underwear . . . is only doing this temporarily . . . will be able to afford it next week . . . cheats at golf . . . is an ashtray.

•

Included in the invitation of The Dance Masters of Ohio to their One Day Convention in Dayton: "The Hotel will serve a buffet lunch, Sunday noon, in a parlor where all people attending the Convention may eat without dressing and going out of the Hotel ($1.25)."

•

You'll remember we sort of endorsed the movie version of H. G. Wells' *The Time Machine* in the October *Playboy After Hours.* Now, however, we discover there was a glaring boo-boo in the film. The bulk of the action takes place circa 800,000 A.D., as we told you. The race of Eloi who live in that future time are depicted on the screen as looking like

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The LEAN SILHOUETTE
By WORSTED-TEX

The fresh concept of the LEAN SILHOUETTE adds slender flattery to a man's appearance. Unique design details transform your profile, imparting leaner, more youthful lines, to the new Fall clothing by Worsted-Tex. In new color-mix fabrics ...the LEAN SILHOUETTE by Worsted-Tex is interpreted in suits, sportcoats, topcoats.

Suits, $69.50; sportcoats, $42.50; topcoats, $69.50

(Tab Hunter wears a Worsted-Tex suit, molded to the LEAN SILHOUETTE)

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Makers of Worsted-Tex® · Tropi-Tex®
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*Prices slightly higher West of the Rockies

Yvette Minieux — that is, young, attractive, possessing two eyes, a nose, a mouth, ten toes, etc. There's no doubt about the ten toes, because Yvette and the other Eloi go around barefoot or in open sandals all through the picture. Now here's the rub: an executive of the National Association of Chiropodists says that by the year 11,948 A.D., the little toe will have completely vanished from the human foot. Can't Hollywood do *anything* right?

•

The Parliament of the Union of South Africa has passed a law stating that no advertisement can feature a picture of a woman in a bathing suit, with one exception: ads for women's bathing suits.

•

The Question Man of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, stopping passers-by for replies to "What is your favorite sport?" extracted preferences for water skiing, tennis, bowling, baseball, folk dancing, football and this genuine gem from one Thomas Williamson: "My favorite sport, indoors or out, is sex. It's never boring and it's always different. I like the pursuit and the eluding of capture. It's somewhat analogous to hide and seek and similar delightful games."

BOOKS

With the holiday season well-nigh upon us, we lift a cup of cheer to five new titles that have crossed our bar stool, all dedicated to the stimulating subject of booze. They come in assorted strengths, bodies, bouquets, but the most readable of the lot is probably Berton Roueché's ***The Neutral Spirit*** (Little, Brown, $3.50), wherein *The New Yorker's* medicine man ladles out the shrewdly distilled essence of what you need to know about drinks, drunks and drinking. He touches on most everything, from who invented the stuff (Stone Age man couldn't wait to get stoned), to when, where, how and by whom it's been brewed, fermented, rectified and imbibed, and with what results. It's all done in 150 pages of high-proof prose and can be tossed off in a single sitting. Leon D. Adams' ***The Commonsense Book of Drinking*** (McKay, $3.95) undertakes much the same thing, but is on the beery side, longer, more casual, and with a frothy head of anecdotes. A demon researcher, Adams goes far afield to purvey little nuggets of lore: that "booze" comes from the Abyssinian brew "bouza," that the Chinese were the first distillers, that steam beer has no more to do with steam than rape wine with rape. But basically, he's set out to provide a "sober drinker's handbook," using what might be called

Monaural $2.00 ALL LABEL Stereo $2.50

Diners' RECORD CLUB

invites you to

TAKE ALL YOU WANT!

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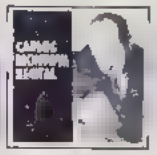

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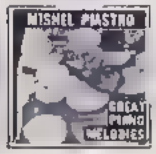

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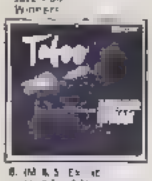

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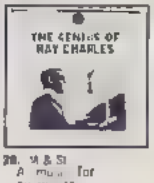

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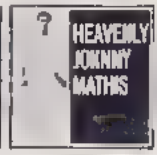

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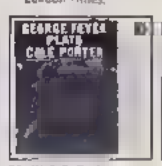

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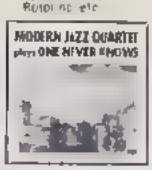

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the rue-it-yourself approach. He gives you the lowdown on all the main potables, and includes a variety of gimmicks like the Drinkometer chart, which tells you how many of what drinks you can knock over before you're falling-down drunk. Useful these are, but his formula for figuring your sobering up time would require a slide-rule and a couple of Univacs to work out, not to mention the clear head which, *ipso facto*, you won't have. On the whole, though, he fulfills his promise, and this is one you may want to keep on your private bar, if only to settle arguments. More somber and minatory are ***To Know the Difference*** by Albert D. Ullman (St. Martin's, $4.75) and ***Tomorrow Will Be Sober*** by Lincoln Williams (Harper, $3). Alcoholism, not alcohol is the burden of their message, and with some five million problem-drinkers extant, a heavy burden it is. Both writers shoulder it manfully, but sociologist Ullman is the more exhaustive, marshaling all the latest data and subjecting it to cold sober scrutiny. Much of what he says will be news to no one, but the sections on remembering your first drink, alcoholism and nationality, and the tragic trajectory of the alcoholic will fascinate you, be you oenophilist (a tippler) or oenophobist (a teetotaler). More urbane but no less urgent is Dr. Williams, a British M.D. who writes out of long practical experience in his own clinic. He tells the same sad story, with a British accent, but, like Ullman, he ends it on the upbeat, thanks largely to AA. Despite divergences, these four tomes on tippling reveal parallel approaches to the subject and use many of the same sources. But ***Social Drinking*** by Giorgio Lolli, M.D. (World $4.50), taps a whole new keg. The title is a misnomer: this is no club-car companion. Out of wide reading, deep study and keen observation, Dr. Lolli has produced a comprehensive and definitive analysis of the gent who drinks for the fun of it. Most original of his notions is what he calls the "unitary pleasure" reaction, whereby alcohol supplies a "blended pleasure of body and mind" that can take you back to your mother's breast. If it does, watch out; this is a bottled-in-bondage blend that can lead straight to the DTs. But he also makes a strong case for the moderate use of alcohol to banish what he calls the "tabu on tenderness" which is the bane of our society. No bluenose, Dr. Lolli. Taken together these sagas of the sauce leave little unsaid and go a long way toward offsetting what has been called the illiterature of alcohol. So on your way to your friend's neighborhood package store, stop off and pick up one or more.

•

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by VAN HEUSEN

urban hausfrau in the grip of crushing ennui. These are among the subjects artist Erich Sokol brings wordlessly to life in his first album of drawings, ***American Natives*** (Harper, $4.95). PLAYBOY readers familiar with Sokol's cartoon characters — ripe and kittenish Bardot types caught in full pout — will find his pen directed here toward what he calls the tragically ludicrous in all walks. As Steve Allen says in his introduction, "Ink, in Erich Sokol's hands, is an acid that dissolves sham . . . a peculiar mixture of savagery and sympathy." Savage, yet sympathetic, Sokol has limned stinging portraits of instantly-recognizable Americans.

-

It's the usual thing for youngish novelists to start their literary careers with a book about adolescence — their own. Herbert Gold has broken from tradition just a bit by penning his memorial to his teens in mid-career ***Therefore Be Bold*** (Dial, $3.95), which might be subtitled *A Portrait of the Artist as Pennod*, is the story of Dan Berman, fifteen years old, disciple of Thomas Wolfe and Omar Khayyam and slave of profound, devious Eva Masters. Through a grown up Dan's memory of life in a Cleveland suburb during the late Thirties, we explore his friendship with Juicer Montague (a genius according to Stanford Binet) and Tom Moss (a philistine with enormous common sense), his love for Eva, whose father hates Jews; his high-charged feelings toward his own father and mother and, taking in all of these, his discovery of himself. The indispensable ingredients of novels of adolescence are all here: the first bout with booze, the first visit to the local bordello, the first love affair (including the first sweet kiss and the first abortive attempt at love-making), the interminable yak sessions about girls, the painful arguments with loved yet hated parents, and because Dan is a Jew the critical confrontation with anti-Semitism. Gold relates these experiences with heavy irony, his defense perhaps against the sentimentality which the memory of greener years calls up in us all. The relentless irony, the hyped-up, over-amplified, gag-dropping prose which sometimes sounds as though Gold were bent on running his formidable facility with words into a parody of its own playfulness, all work against the book. And this is a special pity, because once past the insistent style, the reader can find considerable humor as Dan and his friends, acutely aware of how little experience they have had, attempt to view life through the wide lens of Thomas Wolfe, and in scenes such as the evening when Eva and Dan try heroically to concentrate on love despite the imperative of full bladders. There are moments of striking honesty, as when Dan grows dumb with pity, admiration and wonder at the revelation

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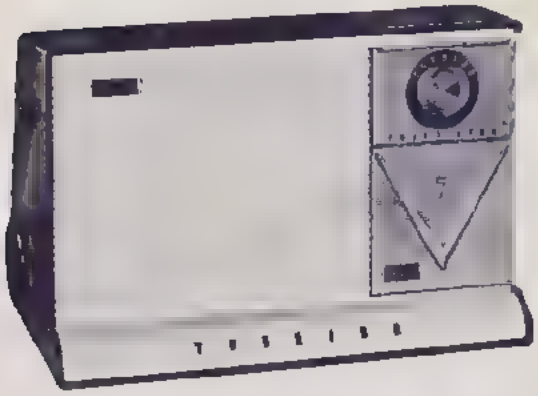

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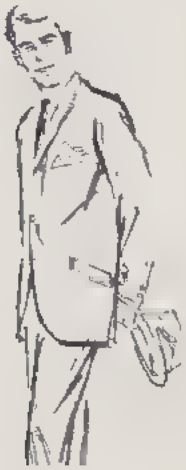

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of Mr. Masters' implacable hatred. And, most rewarding, there are rare and precious flashes of insight into the miracle of those moments when a boy turns into a man. In all, Herb Gold's wit and compassion stand him on a shelf of his own, apart from, and superior to, the great bulk of modern-day fictioneers.

FILMS

In ***Let's Make Love,*** Marilyn Monroe's a swinging singing chick who's working in a satirical revue off-Broadway. Yves (it's pronounced "Eve," but he's all Adam) Montand is a billionaire who wants Marilyn. He moves in when the producers unknowingly hire him to portray himself, one of the targets for satire in the revue. From there on in it's a hip kind of Cinderellasville, a place you've visited before but never in such charming, amusing company. Some of the better moments en route: Marilyn doing a cuddlesome version of *My Heart Belongs to Daddy*; her rock 'n' roll number, *Specialization*, with British singing star Frankie Vaughan, and the sequence in which Yves gets some tips on musical comedy from Bing Crosby, Gene Kelly and Milton Berle. Tony Randall, as Yves' harassed public relations man, is at his witty best. Although M. Montand doesn't get much chance to sing or dance along the way, this picture should guarantee that U.S. audiences will see a lot more of him and his specialties in the near future. Credit Jack Cole for the knockout musical numbers.

•

The Entertainer is a first-rate film about a third-rate English music-hall comic. As he did in the play, Sir Laurence Olivier acts the title role with great style and insight. The locale is a rough, tough English equivalent of Atlantic City and the time is 1956, during the Suez crisis. Olivier, whose son gets killed in that brief flare-up, has other miseries, too: he's bankrupt and his current show is limping to a close. His hysterical wife, beautifully acted by Brenda de Banzie, wants him to chuck it all and take her to Canada, for security's sake, but he thumbs his nose at her. On he goes, jaunty, lusty to the end. The end arrives when his latest love affair, with an ambitious bathing beauty whose family he counted on to finance his new show, breaks up; and when his father, a retired songster who brought this on by blabbing to the girl's mother about Olivier's missus, dies in an attempt to recoup his family's fortunes. Several cast members turn in superlative performances. Particularly praiseworthy is newcomer Albert Finney, who plays the soldier son. Joan Plowright, Sir Laurence's real-life love (he left Vivien Leigh

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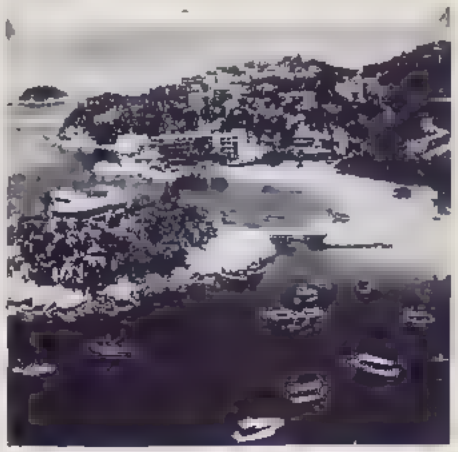

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for her), does a grand job in the thankless role of his daughter. As with *Look Back in Anger*, the script is based on a John Osborne play and the stylish direction is by Tony Richardson.

•

Yul Brynner is a deposed U.S vice king; Mitzi Gaynor is his dumb-but-honest broad. And Noel Coward is a deposed monarch, Pavel the Serene, of Anatolia a hot little island off Greece They're all in ***Surprise Package***, and most of the action concerns Noel's crown which he is anxious to sell in order to continue operating a luscious harem. Everybody in sight seems anxious to swipe it — including Yul, whose double-crossing buddies have left him penniless The screenplay, by Harry Kurnitz, is amusing in a diluted *Born Yesterday* way, and is particularly funny when Noel, who sounds as if he wrote his own lines, is on screen Unfortunately, Brynner is supposed to get most of the laughs. He doesn't. Mitzi gets one of the biggest, however, when she calls him a knucklehead.

•

Except for the casting of two talented guys from other areas of show business Mort Sahl and Ingemar Johansson — ***All the Young Men*** would be a routine, predictable war flick. Sidney Poitier does his best, which is thumpingly good, in the pivotal role of a Marine sergeant in Korea ordered by his dying lieutenant to command an outfit containing a couple of bitter and prejudiced GIs, Alan Ladd and Paul Richards. But the way in which he finally wins their respect is a massive cliche. The battle situation (complete with drum-rolling score and the last-minute arrival of the Air Force) is more of the same. The only sensible point that does get made during the film is that not one of these guys knows what he's fighting for Sahl, who *did* write his own lines for this, is as penetrating as ever (he says with mock seriousness: "Hey, UN, you know how many Chinese there are? Six hundred and fifty million — that they know about — and I got a feeling they're all draft age"), but some of the reaction shots make Mort look like he's there on a USO tour. Ingemar, engagingly natural, comes off quite well, too, except when he sings, which is not exactly the greatest news since GARBO TALKS.

•

Vittorio de Sica is given credit — and deserves the blame — for the Artistic Supervision of a rather moldy confection called ***Fast and Sexy***. The theme song, honest to God, is *Mr. Sandman*. Originally titled *Anna of Brooklyn*, this awful epic features Gina Lollobrigida as a rich widow returned to her native village. Here she meets up with none other than Dale (*Wells Fargo*) Robertson, *acteur abominable*. He is the local mechanic, and has a way of handling wrench as

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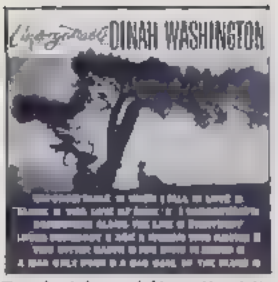

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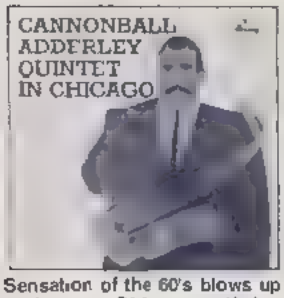

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well as motors. De Sica plays the priest who finally marries them. If almost none of the comedy comes off, at least you can be sure that Gina's clothes do (off screen for the most part). And there's no question that she has a large wardrobe, including a double-breasted birthday suit.

•

King-of-the-Clan Frank Sinatra and Clansmen Dean Martin, Sammy Davis, Jr., Peter Lawford and Joey Bishop aren't nearly as entertaining in ***Ocean's 11*** as they were romping across nightclub floors during the eight weeks they spent shooting the film in Las Vegas (PLAYBOY, *Meeting at the Summit*, June 1960). The movie is best when the foursome (aided by Akim Tamiroff, Richard Conte and Cesar Romero) doesn't take the script seriously, which is about half the time. The rest is dull stuff. The film never builds up much suspense over the multimillion-dollar robbery of the five biggest Vegas casinos. With a less alluring, less skilled cast, the movie might inspire shouts of "robbery" from the audience, but Sinatra and buddies manage to assure some fun—and certain box-office profits. For the record, Dean and Sammy contribute a good song apiece. Frank saves his tonsils for another day.

•

The Thirty-Nine Steps, Alfred Hitchcock's mid-Thirties thriller that starred Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll, has been updated in a current British version simply by substituting missiles for poison gas as the key element in the basic spy entanglement. A civil servant, Kenneth More, becomes the patsy in trying to track down an espionage ring headed by plotting professor Barry Jones. More, in flight from Jones' gang, hides under the protective wing of a giant-sized nymph—Brenda de Banzie—and gets involved with a girls'-school gym instructress, Taina Elg, before demolishing the forces of evil. The color is excellent, the direction fast-paced, the characters carefully wrought. With deference to the purists who can't forget the original, we recommend the new *Steps* as a step in the right direction.

ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

We caught the nifty new ***George Russell Sextet*** at the Five Spot in New York and dug the meaty, modern jazz that came tumbling out. Russell, known primarily as a contemporary composer, has surrounded himself with a young, vigorous crew of musicians from Indiana (most of them were in trombonist Dave Baker's big band at the University of Indiana). In addition to Baker, Russell's chargers include Dave Young, tenor; Al Kiger, trumpet; Ted Snyder, bass; and Joe Hunt, drums. Baker and Kiger studied under Russell at the School of

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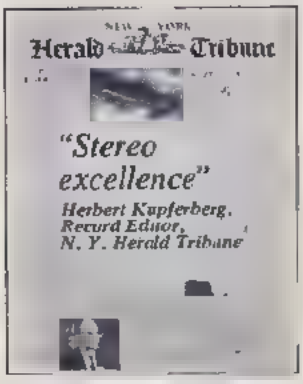

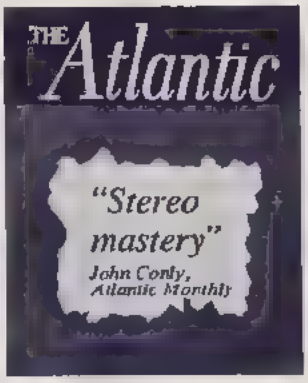

POPULAR SUGGESTIONS

DANCING WITH ROS
Edmundo Ros and His Orchestra. *Magic Is The Moonlight; Cuban Love Song; Brazil; Toko; Lea Do Brazil, Tu Quiere Y Ole; Tony's Cha Cha Cha,* others.
PS 205

OPERETTA MEMORIES
Mantovani and His Orchestra. 'Die Fledermaus' Overture, Waltzes from 'Gypsy Love,' 'The Merry Widow' and 'The Gypsy Princess'; *My Hero from The Chocolate Soldier', Your Eyes Shine In My Own from The Gypsy Baron*, Selections from 'The Count of Luxembourg', *Oh Maiden, My Maiden from 'Frederika'*; Serenade from 'Frasquita', Play Gypsies; others
PS 202

AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE GRENADIER GUARDS
Band of The Grenadier Guards. *Colonel Bogey; Can Can; Swedish Rhapsody; Nibelungen; Carmen (Prelude), Russian Pictures, Waltzing Matilda, Seventy Six Trombones, When The Saints Go Marching In; Viva Mexico; For The Forces; It's A Long Way To Tipperary;* others
PS 180

THE AMERICAN SCENE
Mantovani and His Orchestra. The Music of Stephen Foster: *My Old Kentucky Home; Camptown Races; I Dream Of Jeanie;* others. The Music of 19th Century America: *Home On The Range; Yellow Rose Of Texas, Goodnight, Irene;* others
PS 182

THE SOUND OF MUSIC
Edmundo Ros and His Orchestra. *The Sound Of Music (Cha Cha Cha), An Ordinary Couple (Mambo), Maria (Schottish), Edelweiss (Merengue),* others
PS 198

CASH BOX INSTRUMENTAL HITS
Stanley Black, His Piano and His Orchestra. *Ebb Tide, Patricia; 12th Street Rag, April In Portugal; Lullaby Of Birdland, Melody Of Love, Cherry Pink,* others
PS 158

THE BIG BAND DIXIE SOUND
Ted Heath and His Music. *That's A-Plenty, I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate, The Darktown Strutter's Ball, Muskrat Ramble;* others
PS 184

TED HEATH IN CONCERT
Ted Heath and His Music. *Doodlin', Exactly Like You, Perdido; Woodyn You;* others
BEAULIEU FESTIVAL SUITE: *Vintage Variations; Beaulieu Abbey;* others.
PS 187

SONGS TO REMEMBER
Mantovani and His Orchestra. *With These Hands; Faraway Places; A Very Precious Love; Jamaica Farewell, Tenderly, Blue Star, Gigi,* others.
PS 193

THE ALL TIME TOP TANGOS
Stanley Black and His Orchestra. *La Cumparsita; Rosita, Amargura; A Media Luz, Mama, Yo Quiero Un Novio; Jealousy; Adios, Pampa Mia;* others.
PS 176

CLASSICAL SUGGESTIONS

Moussorgsky:
PICTURES AT AN EXHIBITION
Liszt THE HUNS—Symphonic Poem
L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande — Ernest Ansermet
CS 6177

PHILHARMONIC BALL
(Music of Johann & Josef Strauss). *Auf Der Jagd, Delirien Waltz, Pizzicato Polka, Fruhlingsstimmen, Ohne Sorgen, Blue Danube Waltz; Transaktionen: Perpetuum Mobile, Egyptian March.* Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra—Willi Boskovsky
CS 6182

Schumann:
PIANO CONCERTO IN A MINOR
Schumann: WALDSCENEN
Wilhelm Backhaus—Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra—Gunter Wand
CS 6181

Beethoven SYMPHONY No. 9 "Choral"
With Joan Sutherland; Anton Dermota; Arnold Von Mill, Norma Procter; Chorale du Brassus and Choeur des Jeunes L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande conducted by Ernest Ansermet
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Prokofiev: PETER AND THE WOLF
Saint Saens
CARNIVAL OF THE ANIMALS
Bea Lillie, Narrator—London Symphony Orchestra Skitch Henderson
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London Symphony Orchestra—Pierre Monteux
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ITALIAN OPERA ARIAS
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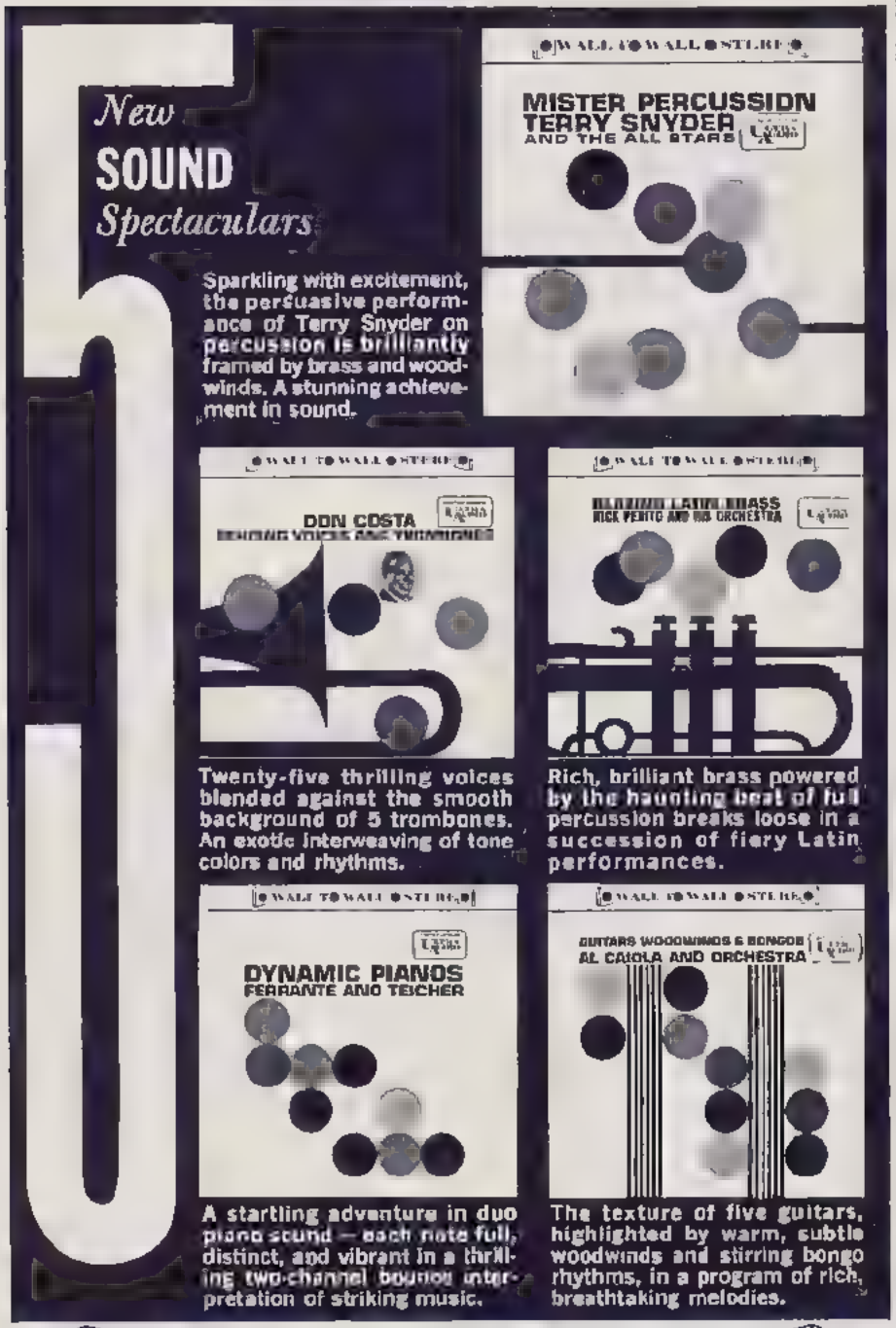

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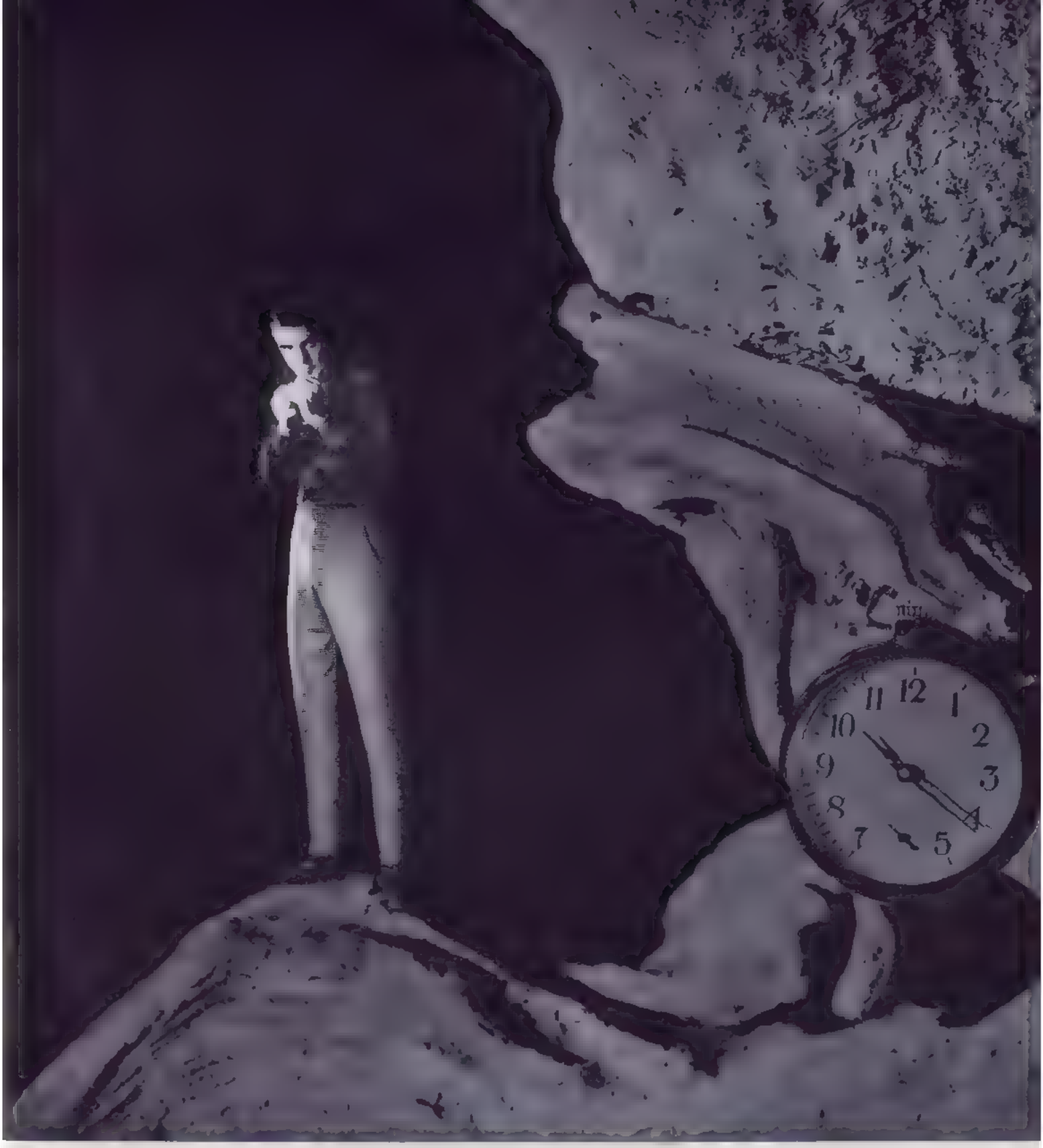
Jazz in Lenox, Massachusetts, last year and sounded him out about forming the group. When George said OK, the students returned to Indiana last winter and recruited the rest of the personnel. Russell joined them in late spring and spent four hours a day, six days a week in rehearsal — for a month before the debut. Russell does the charts for the group and plays curiously chordal, extremely personal piano. We were surprised to hear number after number with a tightly arranged head and tail, but with acres of freewheeling improvised solo work in the middle. His recent Decca LPs — *New York, N.Y.* and *Jazz for the Space Age* — had prepared us for music of a more orderly, but harmonically complex, nature. "I hope to get a lot more composed work into our book," Russell told us, "but when you have blowing talent like these kids you have to see what they'll come up with in their own way, and then you have to build the group around them. The Sextet will develop by itself." (It has recorded one LP for Decca and will cut another before the end of the year.) In trumpeter Kiger and tenor man Young, Russell has two of the brightest improvisors to storm the jazz heights in many a season. Kiger blows a melodic line with confidence and imagination. Young tears off his solos in a blunt-toned rolling style akin to that of John Coltrane. In all it's a serious set of jazzmen capable of essaying fresh material, like Russell's *Stratosphunk* and Baker's *Stone Nuts* and *Kentucky Oysters* with stunning style and excitement, and also able to turn a jazz standard, like *Woody'n You*, inside out and back again with such dazzle and verve that even the Five Spot's hip waiters had to shake their heads to regain focus. Go listen.

DINING-DRINKING

Café Chauveron (139 East Fifty-third) in Manhattan has several distinctions which recommend it to the gourmet sophisticate — more, in our estimation, than quite a clutch of more famous establishments. The *carte* is superb and formidable in the variety of its offerings, but many menus are as impressive. The difference, here, is that the promise of the menu is not only fulfilled, it is surpassed by the food itself. Then there is the matter of decor; lately there's been an increase in restaurants whose interiors are refulgently grandiose. At Café Chauveron, the atmosphere is calculated to stimulate the diner, not distract him: in its elegant simplicity and opulent func



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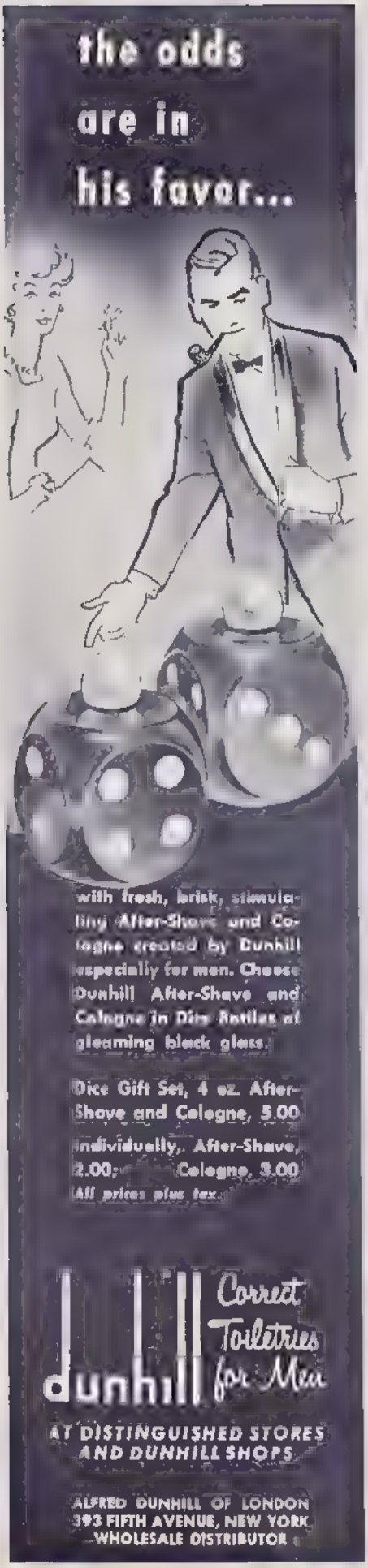

tionalism it reminds one of the best *haute cuisine* restaurants of Paris. Finally, the service is that ideal blending of attentiveness and reserve which makes one feel well waited on, not fawned over. The reason for all this is not far to seek: the founders of Chambord are behind the scenes, assuring that everything from the paté imported from Perigord to the Chateaubriand charcoaled to perfection, to the Pêches Flambees au Cognac is—simply—the best that money can buy. Incidentally, take lots of the latter with you, and make advance reservations for lunch (12 to 4) or dinner (6 to 11:30). Limit the cocktails, we say, so you can better relish the best from a splendid wine cellar.

•

The amalgam at Chicago's **Club Alabam** (747 Rush) is probably unique in the world. The entertainment—ork and floorshow, which alternate continuously from 9:30 P.M. to 4 A.M.—is strictly honky-tonk from Prohibition days. Small wonder, since Club Alabam was one of Chicago's major speaks. By contrast, the food is truly Epicurean, not to say Lucullan. Gene Harris—who owns the club and maintains a private speakeasy like room for his old cronies who mourn the plebeianising of drinking by Repeal—is hooked on the old music and night club trappings. But he has engaged Art Carter—a world-renowned chef, student of gourmandise, creative master of the culinary arts, onetime attendant on the British Royal Family—to supervise the cuisine, which is worthy of the most critical palates. Carter not only supervises, he performs. At your table, he will dice a handsome hunk of beef and slice fresh mushrooms, sauté them in separate chafing dishes (with butter, wine, herbs) – and then put them in a duck press and extract the juice, as a foundation for the sauce to be spooned over your filet mignon, which a minion brings in on a portable charcoal grill. This is just one of a dozen culinary masterpieces you should try; accompany it with pommes soufflés, broccoli hollandaise, and tossed salad. Then cap your meal with café diablo, watching as Carter starts it in yet another chafing dish with coffee beans, citrus peel, spices, and winds up with a ballet-master flourish as he fortifies the coffee with brimming ladles of brandies and liqueurs until the whole is enveloped in flames. It's ambrosial. Hours are 5 P.M. to 4 A.M., seven days a week.

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at some length, and most pleasantly, in a brightly-burnished new album, ***Playboy's Penthouse*** (Everest). Coleman, to us, has always been the prototype of the better supper-club pianist — inventive, technically proficient, and possessed of the innate good taste that separates the note pickers from the note grabbers. The *Playboy's Penthouse* theme, penned and played by Coleman for our TV show, kicks off proceedings in a muted vein that is sustained throughout. Not that Coleman is averse to the upbeat; *Kiss and Run*, *Lulu's Back in Town* and *Top Hat, White Tie and Tails* move — but with a restraint that is almost a fetish with him. *Top Hat*, incidentally, features a scintillating contrapuntal melody handled by the brass — a refreshing approach to what has been, up till now, one of our most unfavorite evergreens.

•

Around Midnight (Liberty) marks Julie London's eleventh album. The girl with the world's sexiest stage whisper shows no signs of slackening off in either quantity or quality, however. The albums' pitchmen may have run out of copy for the liner notes by now, but we can still think of a few choice adjectives to describe Julie's efforts this outing — sensitive, sensuous, sad and sultry. Miss London's siren songs to the night people are backed here by a mood-music orchestra, under the reins of Dick Reynolds, that tinkles, moans, sweeps and subsides in all the right places. Among the languorous lullabies guaranteed to make you think of anything but sleep are *But Not for Me*, *In the Wee Small Hours of the Morning* and *Misty*. The rest are similar in mood; the words and melodies may change but the over-all meaning is perfectly clear.

•

There are only about ten Fleta guitars made each year in Barcelona, Spain. If the other nine are in as good hands as the one currently held by Charlie Byrd, the 1959 production has been well distributed. Byrd, who studied with Andres Segovia (he blows a Fleta, too), picked up the guitar during a European swing with the Woody Herman band last year, he's been strumming it impeccably ever since. Joined by bassist Keter Betts and drummer Bertell Knox — two of Byrd's cohorts in the Washington, D.C., jazz sphere — the guitarist devotes his latest LP, ***Charlie Byrd Trio*** (Offbeat), to a dilly of a dozen tunes. Among them are *Who Cares*, *How Long Has This Been Going On*, *Prelude to a Kiss*, *Gypsy in My Soul*, several blues and a *Funky Flamenco*. Free of the intruding horns that were present on his previous discs, Byrd zips and sighs in virtuoso fashion.

•

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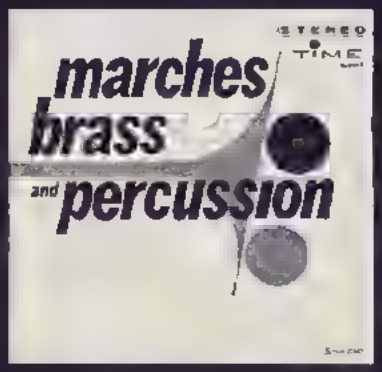
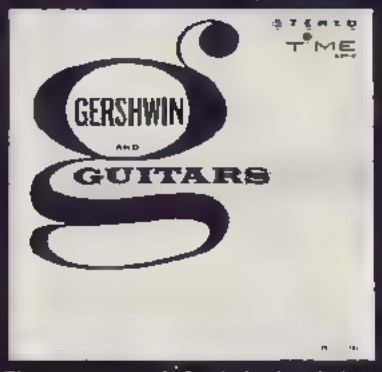


The truly great marches of all time, scored by Kermit Leslie for 29 brass and percussion, in stirring, overwhelming stereophonic sound: **The Thunderer, El Capitan, Washington Post March, Stars & Stripes Forever, Field Artillery, Col. Bogey, On the Mall**, etc. S/2017, Mono 52017

The deathless songs that made Rodgers & Hart favorites, exquisitely arranged for a powerful orchestra of strings, percussion and trombones by George Siravo: **Where or When, Funny Valentine, Blue Moon, Lady is a Tramp, My Heart Stood Still**, etc. S/2015, Mono 52015

The subtlety and musical sophistication of Cole Porter reach even greater heights in Irving Joseph's compelling arrangements for big, full-color orchestra: **Beguine, Night and Day, Get Out of Town, Anything Goes, Be-Lovely, Love for Sale** and six more permanent hits. S/2009, Mono 52009



The greatness of Gershwin in glorious arrangements by Al Caiola for five guitars, with multicolor percussion and woodwinds: **Man I Love, Fascinating Rhythm, But Not for Me, Peggy Day, Swanee, Lady Be Good**—a dozen Gershwin greats in exciting Series 2000 sound. S/2010, Mono 52010

All the richness and melodic flow of Kern, arranged and conducted by Hal Mooney with a big, rich orchestra for all-encompassing sound: **Wht, Ol' Man River, Last Time I Saw Paris, Make Believe, Smoke Gets In Your Eyes** and seven other favorites. S/2012, Mono 52012

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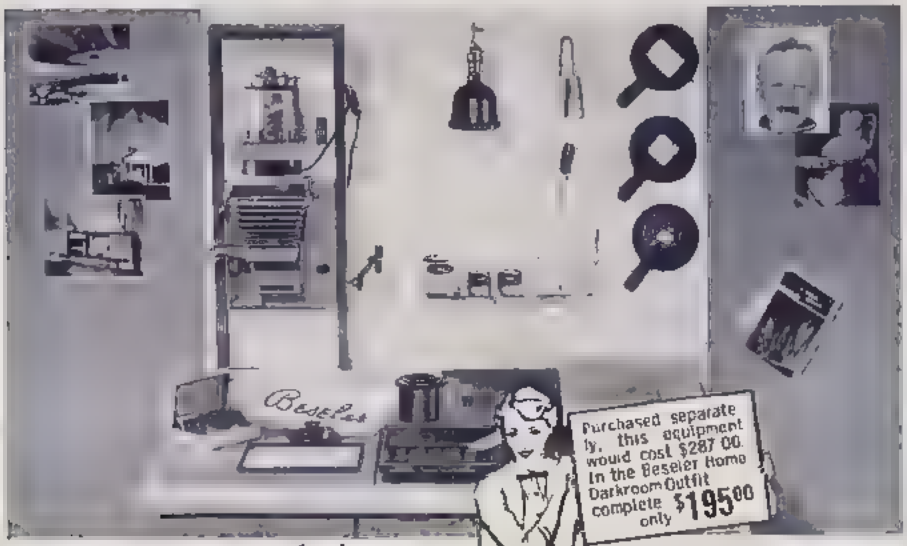

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Julius Monk's Manhattan players, usually found in that city's Upstairs at the Downstairs are Downstairs at the Upstairs in their latest spoof sequence, ***Four Below Strikes Back*** (Offbeat). In this edition Jenny Lou Law, Nancy Dussault, George Furth, Cy Young and pianists Robert Colston and Paul Trueblood converge on timely targets. In *The Castro Tango*, Miss Law and Furth warble, 'We shared a riddled cabana until the five o'clock shadow came.' In *The Constant Nymphet*, a reporter interviews a twelve-year-old authoress from Queens. 'Would you say you take after your father?' asks the interviewer. "From time to time," oozes the young one. Furth sings of the *Family Fallout Shelter*: 'When you see a mushroom big and yellow, let a ton of lead be your umbrella." Tucked in among these goings-on is a charming plea for amour, *Love, Here I Am*, sung knowingly by Miss Dussault.

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When the Dave Brubeck Quartet and the New York Phil, conducted by Leonard Bernstein, joined forces last December to present *Dialogues for Jazz Combo and Orchestra*—by Brubeck's brother Howard—their performance inspired wild huzzahs from the Carnegie Hall audience. Fortunately for those who missed it, the work has been recorded by the same groups and it occupies the first side of ***Bernstein Plays Brubeck Plays Bernstein*** (Columbia), backed with Dave and his threesome playing Bernstein tunes (four from *West Side Story*, one from *Wonderful Town*). In *Dialogues*, the orchestra adheres to written themes, while the combo improvises on them. Much of the composition is balladic in a positive, romantic sense—and some of it is gently bluesy. All of it is enticing. The tracks played by the quartet alone are in the classic Brubeck groove, with the leader-pianist, alto man Paul Desmond, bassist Eugene Wright and drummer Joe Morello blowing just as prettily as they always do.

•

If the record store lets you sample an LP, which track do you tend to play first? Play the opener of side one and you may pass up a good thing. Take the case of Nancy Wilson's ***Like in Love*** (Capitol). The twenty-one-year-old thrush is at her most stridently Dinah Washingtonian in *On the Street Where You Live*, but try a few later tracks (*Night Mist*, *Passion Flower* and especially a great Burt Howard song, *In Other Words*) to get the real uncut-diamond quality of this vital newcomer. Nancy's slender, tender and tall, and she has a combination that can't miss: a face and form radiating cool heat, and a voice like dry ice. The Billy May backing doesn't hurt any, either.

discussion

THE PLAYBOY PANEL: NARCOTICS AND THE JAZZ MUSICIAN

first in a series of provocative conversations about subjects of interest on the contemporary scene

PANELISTS

STAN KENTON
DIZZY GILLESPIE
DUKE ELLINGTON
SHELLY MANN
CANNONBALL ADDERLEY
NAT ADDERLEY
BILLY TAYLOR
JIMMY GIUFFRE
NAT HENTOFF, jazz critic
MAXWELL T. COHEN, attorney and legal expert on narcotics addiction
DR. CHARLES WINICK, Secretary to the National Advisory Council on Narcotics, Director of Research of the Narcotics Addiction Research Project

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PLAYBOY: Our purpose, gentlemen, in this first PLAYBOY Panel is to discuss narcotics addiction and the jazz musician. We might put it another way: to what extent is addiction a special problem of the jazzman? How common is the use of narcotics among musicians, and to what degree is the public attitude a reflection of the facts? We aren't in search of dogmatic conclusions, rather, we'd like to stimulate thought, to ventilate the subject and let in the light of knowledge and experience—which you men have.

Stan Kenton, you have not only been in the very forefront of advanced big-band jazz since the early Forties, you've also been a long-time articulate spokesman for jazzmen. Why don't you lead off? There are an estimated sixty thousand drug addicts in this country: how common is narcotics addiction in the jazz field?

KENTON: It exists, of course, and it exists as a very real problem—exactly as it does among other occupational groups. Jazzmen tend to be mavericks: they are not only nonconformist, they refuse to pretend, to play it safe, to pose as if they are other than they are. And they are on display before the public at their times of greatest tension, when the men who are addicted may feel their greatest need—so the few addicts among them are more readily revealed. But I'd say there is an immense overemphasis on the degree of addiction among jazzmen.

PLAYBOY: Billy Taylor, as a top-ranking pianist with long and wide experience among the modernists, how do you feel about it?

TAYLOR: I'm certain it's not at all as common as the newspapers would lead you to believe. The addiction of musicians is played up completely out of proportion to their numbers, simply because they're newsworthy.

PLAYBOY: Duke Ellington, you've been a vital part of jazz history since the Twenties—as composer, leader, pianist. Would you say there is some factor—some force—which links drug addiction and the jazz musician?

ELLINGTON: I don't believe that drug addiction is an occupational hazard.

PLAYBOY: Maxwell T. Cohen, as an attorney who is also Secretary of the Musicians' Clinic, who is a recognized specialist on narcotics and the law, and who represents many leading musicians and entertainers, what's your opinion?

COHEN: We know that possibly thirteen percent, and more realistically, twenty percent of the drug addicts in the United States are juveniles. Of the remaining eighty percent we know again in a general way, doctors are in first place. Next are nurses. Third housewives. Fourth, professional criminals. Musicians would come possibly around eleventh or twelfth on the list.

PLAYBOY: Let's hear from Shelly Manne, one of the major influences on drums in contemporary jazz, former associate of Les Brown, Stan Kenton, Woody Herman and a man who's had many combos of his own. Shelly, do you agree that the segment of the public that automatically associates jazz and dope is greatly misinformed?

MANNE: I do—yet the musician *is* accessible to the pusher.

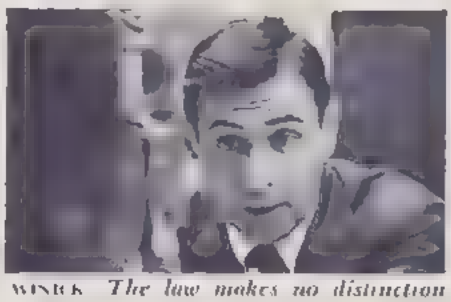
TAYLOR: He's accessible because many of the nightclubs, many of the places in which jazz musicians work, are easily accessible to the people who want to push narcotics.

PLAYBOY: Before we start tossing this back and forth, let's hear from another panelist, Jimmy Giuffre—ace reed man, arranger, composer.

GIUFFRE: I've been a musician for over thirty years and I've played in clubs all over the country, and all over the world, and no one has ever approached me about this kind of thing in nightclubs. In my opinion addiction has more to do with a man's background—his upbringing—than with his occupation.

PLAYBOY: Nat Hentoff is, of course, one of the few serious jazz critics in the world who is admired by musicians as well as jazz fans. Let's hear from you, Nat.

HENTOFF: Although it's absurd to make *jazz musician* synonymous with *addict*, let's be practical. There is addiction in



WINICK: *The law makes no distinction between possession and use . . .*

GILLESPIE: *A narcotics addict is not reliable. He'll sell anybody to get that stuff . . .*

HENTOFF: *If you try to regulate addiction by punitive measures, you're going to get more and more addiction . . .*

C. ADDERLEY: *It takes a certain kind of individual to be a user of any kind of drug . . .*

N. ADDERLEY: *The truth of the matter is that most heroin users began with marijuana . . .*

COHEN: *There is no necessity that induces a man to become a narcotics addict . . .*

ELLINGTON: *I don't believe that drug addiction is an occupational hazard . . .*

MANNE: *A jazz musician has to capture that spontaneity every night . . .*

TAYLOR: *The jazzman has always been tagged with the current vice of the times . . .*

the field. I think that someone here once said that it would be hard to get a big band together of really first-rate talent without having guys with problems.

PLAYBOY: Dizzy Gillespie, your pioneering on trumpet, your leadership of big bands and combos, and your superb musicianship don't require elaboration here. From your experience, do you think Hentoff's statement a fair one?

GILLESPIE: I've had addicts in my band. Once I was playing in a club in Chicago, and I walked down in the basement and I caught one of my musicians with a tie around his arm and a spoon on the table. I fired him immediately. Immediately! I said, "You get out of here, get out of here right now!"

N. ADDERLEY: Maybe he was just going to eat some spaghetti.

PLAYBOY: Well, Diz, you've sort of anticipated our tackling another aspect of the problem — how a leader handles addicted musicians — but before we do, it seems apparent right now, that we're all generally agreed that being a jazz musician does not presuppose addiction or a special susceptibility to addiction, despite some uninformed opinion to the contrary. It's probably fair to say, though, that part of that mistaken notion is based on a belief that drugs in some way inspire a musician to play his best. What about that?

ELLINGTON: Since playing an instrument is a matter of skill and coordination, it seems to me that a man's best performance would be when he had complete control of his faculties.

COHEN: A musician is first of all keeping time down to thirty-seconds of a beat. He is reading music. He is attuned to what the musician next to him is playing. There is manual dexterity involved in playing an instrument. It is impossible for a musician to be that finely coordinated if there is any degree of retardation resulting from alcoholism or drug addiction.

HENTOFF: Are you saying that nobody who's playing first-rate jazz can be on?

COHEN: I don't say that. I say that an addict is not coordinating perfectly. He may think he sounds good, but to the auditor, he doesn't. He is wild, uncoordinated.

PLAYBOY: Nat Adderley is looking a bit troubled. Nat, as a cornet player who's been involved with jazz since childhood, let's hear what you have to say.

N. ADDERLEY: I disagree with Max Cohen. I can't tell basically—unless it's a very extreme case of a guy being high — whether he's been using or not.

COHEN: Is it physically possible for a man under the influence of heroin to perform with a group?

PLAYBOY: Cannonball, do you want to answer that?

C. ADDERLEY: I'm afraid that I have played with many musicians who were stoned out of their minds and played like never before. I wish it were a truism that if a guy were addicted to narcotics, I could say, "Well, he's high, he can't play," but . . .

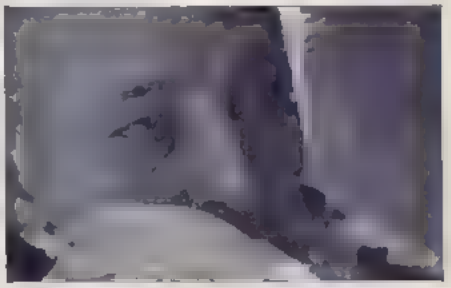
COHEN: I ask Dizzy point blank: is it possible for a musician under the influence of narcotics to play in an ensemble?

GILLESPIE: I think it is. It's according to the degree of genius in the musician, I think. Because I know some musicians stoned high and they still can play, but I know some musicians who sit down and they're high and they're slobbering all over their instruments. I've seen a well-known musician under the influence of narcotics - I know he was high because he was nodding and you'd wake him up and he'd start playing and just play, play, play, play, play — and I've seen the same musician under the influence of alcohol and I had to call him off, and say, "Look, think about all your fans out there." He's dreaming. He's going around with a fifth of whiskey all the time, and maybe he's trying to substitute for the drug by drinking the whiskey. He's playing *nothing* — absolutely like a beginner — and I know this guy's a genius.

HENTOFF: In other words, although we're not advocating the use of drugs, I think the only way to get a useful discussion of this problem is to do away with whatever moralistic myths we can. And one is the myth that if you're on you can't coordinate. It's just not true.

TAYLOR: I worked with Charlie Parker, and Bird said a couple of times in print that he felt some of his worst performances were when he was under the in-

GILFFRE: *In the movies, every time they use a jazz mood or scene, they fill it with things that in the public eye are evil . . .*



KENTON: *You have to dare to be different if you're going to create anything fresh . . .*

fluence of drugs. And I think this is borne out by some of the records that he made—*Relaxing at Camarillo* and some things like that—and he was in pretty bad condition on some of those records. He was such a sensitive guy, it's very difficult to understand how he could stay on dope, because he knew it was suicide, that he was killing himself but his other personal problems were just such that he wasn't physically or mentally able to stay off.

MANNE: Actually, I think that the reason some musicians do feel better equipped to play, with their addiction, is that like a lot of people, they feel inferior. I think that taking junk sort of frees them of their inhibitions. And they can get up and feel on equal terms with the people who are listening to them, have more confidence, and open up in their playing. But I don't think they play better. It's just their imagination.

GUERIN: I'm sure that there has passed through the minds of some immature musicians the idea that some very famous musicians have used drugs, and maybe that was part of their secret. But I think it was coincidental with their greatness.

MANNE: I think that Billie Holiday was great *before* she was an addict. She would've been great if she had *not* been an addict. I've studied junkies when they were stoned, and I've studied them when they were straight, and I feel that when they can think clearly and speak coherently, they can perform better.

GUERIN: From what I've observed under the influence of any kind of stimulant, there may be high points reached, some kind of a quick inspiration, of abandon, but in the long run I don't believe that those high points are really that high or that they happen that often. And there are so many low points. I've seen musicians so lethargic under the influence of drugs that they tend to be very lax, and don't have the awareness and sharpness to perform.

PLAYBOY: You all seem to be pretty much agreed, then, that some musicians can play well under the influence of drugs and others can't, but in general a musician's quality is not improved by narcotics—although they may give him a sense of self-confidence that he needs to perform. Is that a major factor in jazzmen becoming addicts, do you think?

MANNE: Well, a jazz musician has to capture that spontaneity every night, so drug addiction may be a little more predominant among jazz musicians. A studio musician, through his experience and knowledge, can sit down and do a good job even if he doesn't feel like it that night, and he doesn't have to produce for, say, five thousand people sitting in an audience looking at him. He's not constantly creating like a jazz musician.

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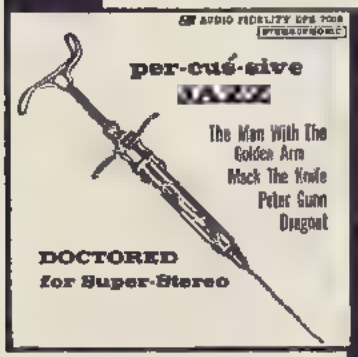

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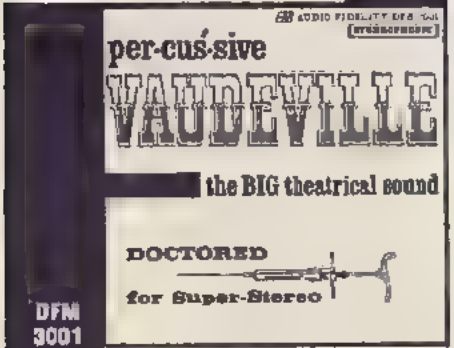

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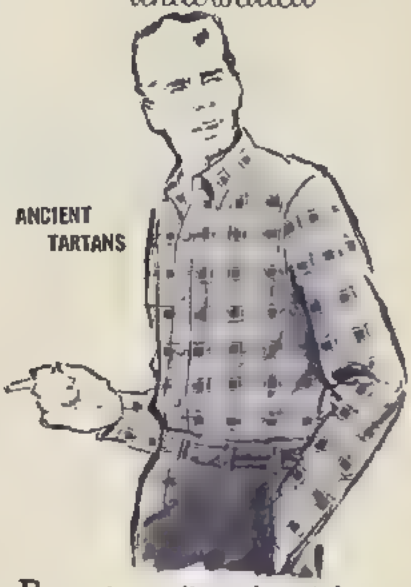
TAYLOR: One thing that drives guys either to drink or to dope is the one-nighter. You make impossible jumps. You're working with big bands—so you work tonight in Bangor, Maine, and you've got a one-nighter scheduled right after that gig, and you have to get in the bus and go out to Minneapolis. You're driving to the gig, and then you've got to drive all day and you barely make it in time for the one-nighter. You've been sitting up in the bus; the only time you have off is to go to the john or get something to eat, and you're dirty, you're sweaty, you've got to go right on—and the people are all freshly shaved and freshly showered, all the girls look nice and you feel like a dog. And the spotlight is on you—and you need a shave, you feel terrible, you don't want to go near anybody because you feel you smell like a ram. And this kind of thing, when you do it night in and night out—it's understandable why a musician would want to find some "out," some sort of relief, to make *him* feel good, too.

KENTON: It's hard for the average person who isn't in creative work to know what a terrible insecurity exists within someone who has dared to be different, and you have to dare to be different if you're going to create anything fresh. To just conform and belong to a group in a pattern of living is not creativity. And believe me, when you deviate and move away from this group, and you start trying to do something fresh and create some new things, the insecurity can be terrifying. I've seen people just tremble—people that were creative—their very bodies showed this terrible fear. It's awfully easy for someone to grab a drink sometimes to bolster himself, or even do other things sometimes to help beat this monster that really is a suffocating thing. Every time I've ever met anyone in a creative field who was flamboyant and absolutely sure of himself, I've always discovered there really wasn't any valid talent in his existence.

PLAYBOY: We seem to be getting to something quite basic here, a feeling that the jazz musician—whose success hinges on a spontaneous feeling of creative well-being—can't always turn it on when the occasion demands. He may mistakenly believe that narcotics will provide the needed lift. He may also lean on drugs to bolster his self-confidence.

MANN: But I also think that musicians have a tendency to place too much importance on what they are doing. Although music is very important—it's certainly the most important thing in *my* life—I don't think that a musician, or anyone else, should take himself too seriously. I get as upset as anybody. I go into hibernation if I'm not playing good. I feel like I just want to get *away* for a while and gather my thoughts. But you just don't go out and get stoned. You can

unmistakably understated



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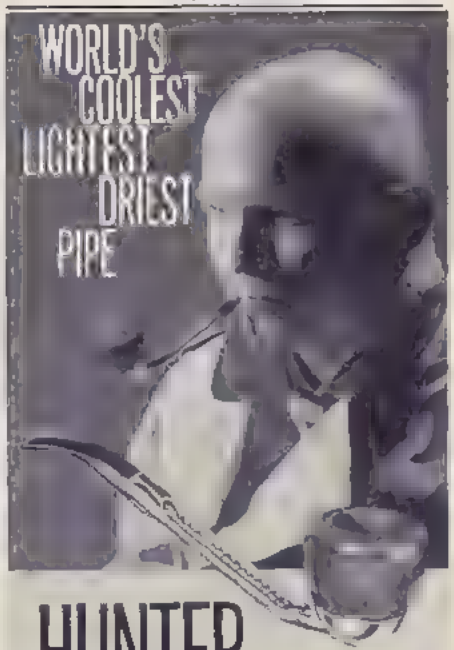

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get a lift from other things besides drugs. I can get stoned on nature—getting away by myself, where there are no other musicians, no music—and get confidence that way.

C. ADDERLEY: It takes a certain kind of individual to be a user of *any* kind of drug.

COHEN: Yes, a personality deficiency in certain individuals leads to drug addiction, and usually their personalities are pretty much the same. You can almost spot them. There is a specific pattern. That's Cannonball's point. There is no necessity that induces a man to become a narcotics addict. There is a psychological problem which weakens him to the point where he may think of narcotics as an escape mechanism for him.

TAYLOR: When I was coming up, some of the very, very famous people were acknowledged dope addicts. And the common feeling among certain small groups of young musicians was that if you wanted to play like this guy you had to get high like he did.

COHEN: I know a tragic case of two high school students who started off with a band, and a musician who played the same instrument persuaded them they could improve, and become equal to the other men in the band, by using narcotics.

TAYLOR: Today, if a guy is as aware as most young jazz musicians are, he realizes that any kind of addiction is sure death—it's like suicide.

PLAYBOY: Billy Taylor seems to be suggesting that the newer crop of young musicians may have a greater awareness of the dangers of addiction and may hence be wary of trying drugs. We know, too, that the go-to-hell attitude—the self-destructive attitude—of a dozen or so years ago provided a climate, even an excuse, for addiction, as though it were a romantic rejection of the mundane world. There are undoubtedly performing musicians today who fell under that earlier spell. Let's hear what Dr. Charles Winick, a research authority on drugs, personality and addiction—and Director of the Musicians' Clinic—has to say about this.

DR. WINICK: Even though a man may have gotten hooked in the early 1950s, or the late 1940s, unless there has been some kind of intervention, some help that man is still a heroin user today—and he'll continue for another ten, fifteen years, because the life of a heroin user is about twenty-three years. Not too long ago one of the trade papers carried a front page story about Buddy DeFranco who was forming a trio, claiming that he wasn't able to hire the other members of the trio without hiring a drug user. And we all know that ten, fifteen years ago several well-known big bands broke up because of difficulties connected with nar-

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cotics. Now, what happened to these musicians? Most of them, I'm quite sure, are still taking heroin.

GILLESPIE: Now you know about how many musicians I know — thousands and thousands. Well, right now I can't think of over five, maybe six or seven musicians who I know are using heroin. And it gets around, because if you need a replacement in your band, and you say "What do you think about so-and-so?" — one of your musicians will say, "You know, he's messing around with it." Because they don't want the heat on them. Because there's heat on everybody concerned when you have a guy who's using stuff in the band.

C. ADDERLEY: I'll tell you something else you learn, too. On the road. Every town you go into, there's like one guy you know to avoid, and if you see anybody in your band hanging out with him you tell him, "Wait a *minute!*" And these are not musicians, for the most part. They are hippies who hang out with musicians. Like once upon a time there used to be a crowd of guys who used to hang out in front of Birdland. Occasionally, if you walked up you might see two or three musicians mingling with ten or twelve guys, in various positions. You know what I mean — some in positions of ecstasy — the ecstasy-crouch.

GILLESPIE: The guy who's pushing this stuff, he doesn't spend too much time with a guy that's not going to buy. He'll say "Hi" and "Hey, Daddy," and that — and then he'll cut on out and you'll see him hanging out with the guy who's *using* the stuff. And if it's somebody in my band, I fire him on the spot. A narcotics addict is not reliable. Because he'll sell his mother. He'll sell anybody — *anybody* — to get that stuff. He'll lie and steal and cheat, and if you pay him five dollars over — if you make a mistake on the addition — you'll never see that no more. And he'll *swear* —

C. ADDERLEY: That's right, he's got the soul in his voice all the time.

HENTOFF: You're talking as if this is more than just five or six guys, Diz.

GILLESPIE: Well, through the years — I've been playing for thirty years — I have had addicts in my band.

C. ADDERLEY: Dizzy has been through the period when there were more narcotics addicts than there are now.

GILLESPIE: But I remember when it was practically non-existent among musicians.

HENTOFF: Like the late Thirties.

GILLESPIE: Yeah. When I came to New York in 1936-1937, I didn't know *one* musician who was an addict. And then we found out that one guy was using the stuff. We didn't even know what it was.

HENTOFF: The question is, why are fewer guys getting hooked — I mean really hooked — now than around Forty-six, Forty-eight, Forty-nine?

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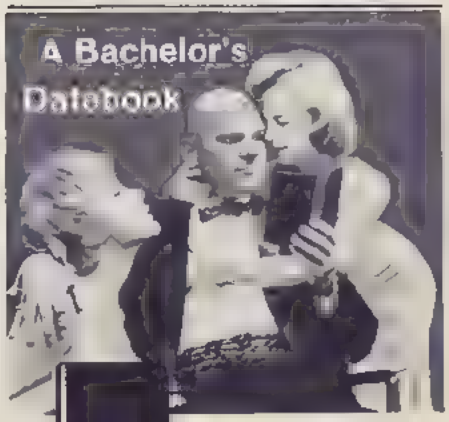

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GILLESPIE: There was one band around that time in which the whole saxophone section were junkies. And the young guys actually thought that the use of narcotics would help them.

N. ADDERLEY: The lad is over.

GILLESPIE: Nowadays every policeman can smell dope three miles away, and the guys are just scared. Also, a lot of our most talented jazz musicians are dead. And the young guys know that narcotics might not have been the main reason for their death, but it led to most of the deaths. So everybody, nowadays, is saying, "Wait a minute, let me count the gate receipts there."

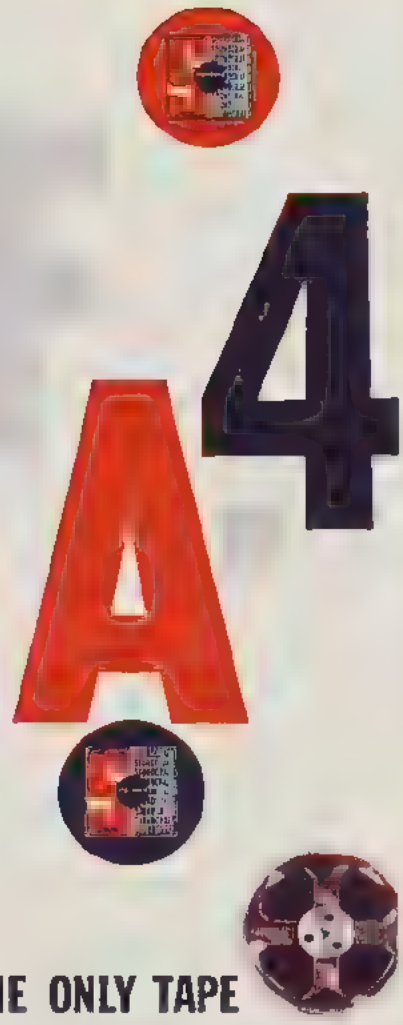
C. ADDERLEY: Today you have heroes such as Dizzy or Stan Kenton or Count Basie — and young musicians go around saying, "Well, he ain't doing nothing. He ain't bent in no crouch — and he can play well." That makes a big difference.

GILLESPIE: I have been approached many, many, many times by young musicians who thought *I* was on. They'd come to my hotel room. I remember in Kansas City one time — this was when I had a big band, in 1946-1947 — two real young musicians, they were about sixteen or seventeen, no beards, no nothing — came up to my hotel room. They said, "Dizzy, I want you to take my address. After a while one of them went over in the corner and took off right in my hotel room! I tore up his address, and I told him, "Man, you better get out of my hotel room before I call the police." They looked to be no more than sixteen or seventeen. Little boys, babies.

C. ADDERLEY: That's what happened to Horace Silver, pretty much the same thing — like he was riding down the street in Philadelphia in a car with several other musicians — among them a couple of guys who had *been* busted for using narcotics in Philadelphia — and besides they had a white girl sitting up in the car, which means a cop is automatically going to stop them. So once the cops found Horace was in that car, he was harassed for a long time.

PLAYBOY: Is there a contradiction here? Until a moment ago, you all seemed agreed that addiction among musicians was on the decrease — "The lad is over," Nat Adderley said. Yet now we're talking about what sounds like harassment by the police — pointless harassment if addiction has really become rare. Would you say that the police single out jazz musicians in making arrests for possession of narcotics?

KENTON: There is one particular drummer who used to play with the band and is really big in the field of jazz — he had the problem, but he straightened out and he beat the situation wonderfully well. But it's miserable the way the police still stay after him, they keep looking at him — every time he turns around there's someone who's saying, "Let's talk to you, let's examine you,"



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and sometimes—he's pretty patient with them, but every once in a while you can just see this look on his face. "I wish everyone would leave me alone."

TAYLOR: I don't think the police specifically single out jazz musicians. It's just that they look down on nightclub entertainers as loose livers, high-life people, who make a lot of money fast and are irresponsible. This is fostered by the newspapers: all of show business is glamorous; all of the men have five or six pretty girls around them, and all of the women have rich men around them. Life is just a big ball, twenty-four hours a day. And so the cop, whose work is hard and who has a family and can't pay his bills, he bangs a few heads.

GILLESPIE: But it's not *all* show business that's picked on. When I was in Philadelphia at Convention Hall, they wanted to search me. And I asked this policeman, "Well, OK, now, if you search me, do you, when Isaac Stern plays at the Academy of Music, do you go back and look for narcotics? And when Jascha Heifitz comes in there and plays at the Academy, do you go back and search him?" Well, they wind up not searching me because I said, "You can arrest me, but you can't search me."

C. ADDERLEY: On one occasion, Miles Davis raised a stink about being searched in Philadelphia. He was calling them all kinds of names and using profane language and cussing everybody out, and he happened to say, just being smart, "Yeah, I shoot dope into my knees," and the guy says, "You're under arrest. You admitted using narcotics." And the lawyer had a tough problem to keep Miles from going to jail.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps Max Cohen will tell us what the law is in such cases.

COHEN: If there are no offenses being committed in the presence of an officer he has no right to search. Principle Number One in dealing with the police is—if you let them get away with it, you're a dead duck. If you stand up for your rights, they will not harass you. The police in some cities are very quick to make arrests. In 1953 and 1954, in Philadelphia, there were 2,779 narcotic arrests, but only 963 convictions. In Los Angeles there were 12,161 arrests. Of those arrested, only 4,406 were convicted. In Los Angeles, they arbitrarily arrested two musicians and would not release them until they agreed to identify two other musicians who were drug users. There was nothing even to indicate that the arrested musicians were drug users. Dizzy called me about it in New York. I called Joe Hyams, the Hollywood columnist, who is a client of mine. He called the chief of police and told him there would be trouble if these musicians were not released. The whole process took less than a half hour, and these musicians were released.

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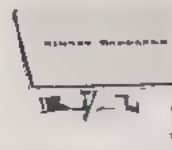

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C. ADDERLEY: When Horace Silver protested he was molested and was subjected to many indignities. He was awakened in his hotel room at five o'clock in the morning by the police saying that they had permission to search the room and search him.

HENTOFF: Has the American Civil Liberties Union or any of its regional groups ever come into a case like this? No?

COHEN: None of the professional liberal organizations, and certainly, emphatically, never the musicians' unions —

HENTOFF: Yes, let's get this on record — that the American Federation of Musicians, including Locals 802 in New York and 47 in Los Angeles, has never, to my knowledge, done anything about this treating of musicians as fifth-class citizens by cops.

N. ADDERLEY: I wonder if professional jazz musicians are often harassed simply because many of them are Negroes.

COHEN: No, no.

HENTOFF: Look, Max, a cop in any city — North or South — is apt to be harder on a Negro than on a white man, for whatever the offense.

COHEN: I'm not naive, but when it comes to arrests, I believe there is as high a percentage of white musicians arrested as Negro musicians . . .

GILLESPIE: Yeah, for hanging out with the colored musicians . . .

COHEN: After all, there are more Negro musicians in the area of jazz than white musicians, so there may be a larger number of arrests of Negro musicians without being a disproportionate percentage.

TAYLOR: The jazzman has always been tagged with the current vice of the times. In the Twenties the jazz musician was a drunkard. He was a jazz musician, therefore he was a drunkard. In the Thirties and early Forties, he was a jazz musician, therefore he used marijuana. In the later Forties and Fifties, into the Sixties, he's a jazz musician, so he's a dope addict.

GILLESPIE: In the movies, every time they use a jazz mood or scene, they fill it with things that in the public eye are evil.

C. ADDERLEY: Yes, and with any crime or immoral act — if there's a musician involved, he's automatically categorized as a jazz musician.

N. ADDERLEY: A musician working in Lawrence Welk's band — if he gets arrested, it's going to come out, so help me, . . . jazz musician."

GILLESPIE: And not only that, but a *bebop* musician. That gets me.

C. ADDERLEY: This guitar player who was arrested down in Memphis two years ago for the murder of an entire family in Virginia — he was listed by all the wire services as a 'jazz musician.'"

HENTOFF: The *Daily News* had it on the front page: WIFE DEFENDS JAZZMAN. I never *heard* of the guy.

GILLESPIE: I was supposed to go on the

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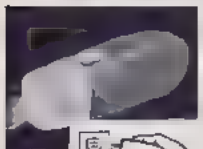

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Ed Sullivan show and about a week and a half before there was a big article about a bebop musician getting busted, and they started off the article, "Like his illustrious mentor"—me—and I didn't *know* the guy. I'm supposed to be his teacher, and I don't know him.

HENTOFF: The Sullivan office said they were booked already?

GILLESPIE: No, it was just finished. That was the end of my engagement and I hadn't even opened yet.

HENTOFF: The so-called bebop musician—which was a phrase, as I recall, that was invented by publicity guys—began to take the place of stripteasers and wife murderers as a thing to have Sunday supplement pieces on.

GILLESPIE: That's why I couldn't say "King of Bebop" in my publicity any more. In all my publicity, when they want to say bebop, I say no.

DR. WINICK: I think there's no doubt that this does make hot copy, but there's also no doubt that there are a considerable number of jazz musicians who have been, and are, drug users, that jazz musicians themselves, by voluntarily or otherwise associating themselves with narcotics themes, by making dozens and dozens of records dealing with narcotics themes—

HENTOFF: But that happened before bop. You're thinking of, like, *The Viper?*

DR. WINICK: There were many such records in the 1930s, and there were also such records in the 1940s and the 1950s, right up to the present time.

HENTOFF: But it was mostly the older guys who made them—guys who were lushes, as a matter of fact.

N. ADDERLEY: I think that right now there may be some association in the public mind between jazz and the beatnik movement—though I don't know what the definition of beatnik is. But there's a tendency, for example, to associate a guy who believes in existentialism with jazz. Now I don't put a man down for what he wants to do or be—but why drag *me* into it?

HENTOFF: Nat's quite right, I think, especially in this whole Kerouac-Ginsberg circle. They have taken jazz for their own use. But in the general public's mind—so far as they think about it at all—jazz somehow is inevitably mixed up with whatever kind of excess the beatniks commit.

GILLESPIE: It's even in the funny papers. Do you read Kerry Drake? The guy's even got a goatee. And I *resent* that. And a beret. And he's a trumpet player!

N. ADDERLEY: They put a little Man-Tan on him, it could be you, right?

C. ADDERLEY: When I was in Chicago a few months ago, I was called upon by a reporter of one of the Negro dailies to answer some charges by the great Sol Hurok about jazz which were perfectly

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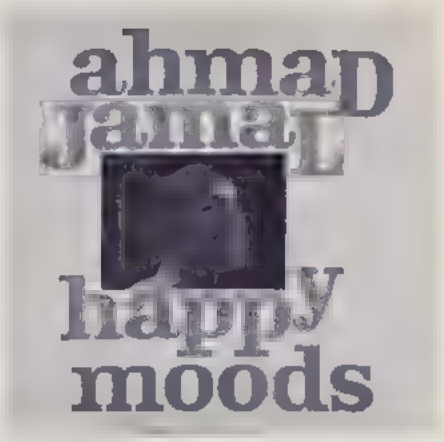

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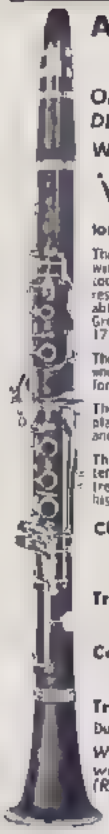

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ridiculous. Hurok is purported to have said that jazz is the worst thing that ever happened in America. He supposedly said he knew of wild "jazz" parties after which murders were committed

KENTON: That's just one more example of the tendency to use the word "jazz" as though it were synonymous with narcotics addiction, alcoholism, sexual excesses and all things evil in our society.

TAYLOR: The only reason a man who is an addict would go out and hit somebody on the head or rob someone is to get money for dope. He's not going to do it under the influence of dope. Once he's high, everything's *cool*, everything is beautiful—"Don't bother me." But when he can't get it, he's ready to hit his mother on the head.

GILLESPIE: There's no question but what the few jazz musicians who have gotten themselves into serious trouble are responsible for the bum label that's been pinned on the rest. But what really bugs me is the cats who mess with heroin. Heroin is the dirtiest, I mean, the *worst*. Every time they stick that needle in their arm there's a chance that they might go out right then, because you could get a bubble in there and *bam*, there goes your heart, or you get an overdose and *bam*, there you go.

C. ADDERLEY: And they're the people who can least afford it——

GILLESPIE: Sure. All a doctor does is sit down and write out a prescription and he's high for four to five months.

ELLINGTON: In my experience, the most offensive, obnoxious, violent, insulting, obscene people are juiceheads—not dope addicts.

PLAYBOY: It is possible for an addict to lead a normal life—socially and professionally?

TAYLOR: The most widely publicized guy who did was Stan Getz; few people knew that he was even an addict until he acknowledged it himself. And he looked like the All American Boy. He was healthy looking—with big, rosy cheeks and everything. And he was getting high every hour on the hour. It's not that way now. At least he says he's straightened up.

DR. WINICK: There's an assumption that a lot of people make that drugs have a kind of inevitable effect, that there's a single path you have to follow once you begin using heroin, and that this path is predictable. Now this is not true. Drugs in general seem to have two different kinds of reactions on people. By drugs, I mean heroin. There are some people who do become kind of dopey and sleepy, and slobber like the guy Dizzy described before. There are other people who use drugs and show none of these effects. The heroin such a person takes may make him peppy and buoyant. Now, such a person doesn't necessarily have to increase his dosage regularly. This is another myth. In other words, if reality—

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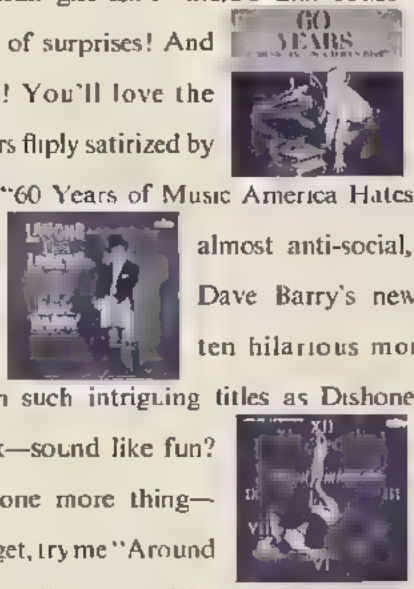

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like a limited income—makes it necessary, then a guy can get by with, say, one shot a day. Life just prevents him from taking more than one shot a day. So it is possible for some addicts to go through life relatively undetected. One of the country's leading ophthalmic surgeons here in New York died a year or two ago. He was the chief surgeon doing eye surgery for forty years at a major New York hospital. Everyone knew that he was an opiate user—he had been for forty years. If a person had the money for it, there is no reason why he couldn't take drugs—he'd need, say, $100 a week to spend, or $125 a week—and go undetected for years.

GILLESPIE: Most of the musicians I've known who were addicted, if they ever got any large sum of money, they really went hog wild. They'd just say, "Oh, my goodness, I got this money. I'm gonna buy up all of this. Tomorrow will be later on, I'm gonna buy it all and shoot it all up *now*."

HENTOFF: Well, the reason is clear. Unlike that surgeon, they don't have, first of all, a steady, substantial income; they don't have the easy access to drugs that the surgeon has. And the whole sociological context is different.

C. ADDERLEY: Another thing about addicts: they'll say, "I started with marijuana and then it became unfunctional, so I graduated to cocaine and then that didn't do, so I graduated to heroin"—and that kind of thing. It's ridiculous.

N. ADDERLEY: It is ridiculous in theory, but the truth of the matter is that most heroin users began with marijuana.

HENTOFF: On the other hand, I think we all know several guys who've been on marijuana alone for years.

MANNE: You can be hooked on marijuana mentally. A guy doesn't physically need it just because his mind has developed a need for it in order to relax and face the things he has to face.

GIUFFRE: But with heroin, it's a physical thing, you have to beat that physical side to whip it, and once you're into it, it's pretty hard to stop. I mean that you get physically sick when you try. But as I understand, with marijuana, there is not this kind of sickness when you don't have it. You have a craving like you have for cigarettes or liquor, that's all.

C. ADDERLEY: I'd like to know—is it true that there is such a device as a card or some such thing that certain people at certain levels, can get from doctors or from the government that allows them to use narcotics legally?

DR. WINICK: Not officially. Not legally. But deals are made with informers. In other words, how can you find out that a guy is taking drugs? He's not going to tell you. Well, someone must tell you. Who tells you? An informer. How do you reward this informer? One way is to give him immunity from arrest. Another way is to pay him in drugs, and thus sustain him.

COHEN: There is a third way which is very prevalent in New York City and which has resulted in the arrest of a number of jazz musicians. Informers are given police cards and permitted to work.

PLAYBOY: Nat Hentoff, you've given a lot of study to the cabaret card system. Will you explain it before we go on?

HENTOFF: Well, anybody who plays in New York City—and it's unique to New York City, so far as I know—anyone who works in a place where liquor is sold—that's a waitress, a hat-check girl, a musician I guess even my cat—has to have a card from the licensing division of the police department before he can work, and that means that anybody who applies has to go down and get mugged, and fingerprinted. He has to renew the card every two years. In addition, if he has a criminal record he then also has to get a card from the State Liquor Authority. The cops in New York operate on whim more often than not. Guys have been denied cards because they've been arrested maybe eight years ago—but not convicted. It's a thoroughly iniquitous thing.

N. ADDERLEY: What's the meaning of iniquitous?

HENTOFF: Lousy.

COHEN: Now, to get back to informers: if you know a well-known musician with a record of convictions, and he is performing in New York City, the presumption is that he has a police card or a State Liquor Authority card. How do you reconcile that with the fact that you know that he has a record of convictions? You may rest assured that this musician is rendering a service to the police department.

DR. WINICK: Now wait just a moment. I really can't accept the insinuation that a musician who's been convicted of something in the past—a drug violation—and who is working in New York, must therefore be assumed to be an informer. I think that's most unfair.

HENTOFF: That's the first time I've ever heard of this.

C. ADDERLEY: I've heard of it.

GILLESPIE: A guy gets arrested now and half an hour later he's out of it. I told you—musicians, if they're heroin users, they'll turn in their mothers certain.

COHEN: A certain well-known musician was given a deck of heroin by another very well-known musician with a criminal record performing in New York. The man who gave the heroin did not have a police card—that I know. He had a very impressive criminal record. But he *was* performing in New York and his performances *were* being advertised. Within a few minutes after being given the heroin the first musician walked down Broadway and was immediately pounced upon by the police. He then came to me.

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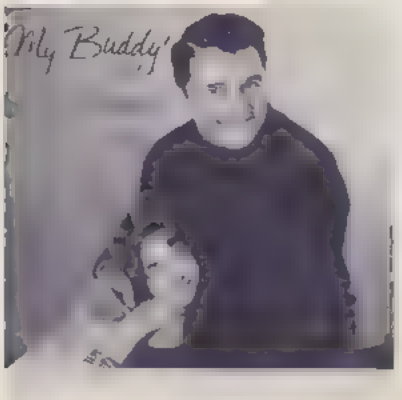

LN 3660/BN 557 — MY BUDDY
Buddy Greco

on EPIC records

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I found out that every time a musician is convicted somehow or other the second musician appears to be in the locality. The second musician himself — who is a notorious pusher — is never touched.

KENYON: I wouldn't know a pusher from a puller.

WINICK: Of course. Max, you've reported this man's name to the police and called their attention to —

COHEN: Certainly not.

C. ADDERLEY: Tell *me*, so I can avoid him.

N. ADDERLEY: If you make it illegal for a man to work at the only thing he knows how to do, then the only thing left for him is to rob, cheat, steal or sell his mother. And he'll do any one of them, if he's an addict, to get the narcotic.

PLAYBOY: From what you've been saying, police activity in this field seems to be a mixture of obtuseness, brutality and corruption — with no regard for the welfare of the addict himself.

KENYON: This is one of the problems that American society one day must make adjustments for or straighten out in some way. There's not a human being alive who, at some time or other in his or her life, doesn't make some kind of mistake and — God knows — an accident or a mistake should be something that can be paid for, or lived down, instead of being pointed out every time you turn around. I think that once a man pays his debt to society for a past mistake — whatever it is — he should be permitted to live like others again and not have these ugly things to contend with for a lifetime.

TAYLOR: I think it was Dr. Winick who once said that drug addiction is the only illness he knows of that's treated by the police department.

PLAYBOY: Billie Holiday is a notable example. While she was on her deathbed the police were trying to arrest her for dope addiction. The sad thing is that addiction is treated as a crime instead of as what it really is — a disease and a social problem. Can we ever hope to solve the problem in this way?

COHEN: No, I don't think so.

GILLESPIE: Narcotics is a big business proposition. If it were legal to buy narcotics, you wouldn't have to spend all that money and you wouldn't have to bribe policemen.

BENTOFF: Some cops would lose their homes if it weren't for the narcotics market.

TAYLOR: It's impossible to work at night and see these people around in various places where you're working and not have some awareness that this is very definitely big business. Who controls it?

BENTOFF: Who do you think? The hoods.

C. ADDERLEY: An ounce of heroin in Lebanon costs five dollars. In the United States, that ounce will sell for $6,000.

(continued on page 117)

PLAYBOY

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PLAYBOY ON TELEVISION

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I'm an old hand at playing the field, and I generally know how to handle most situations, but here's a toughy that's new to me. At dinner the other night, a friend and his wife happened to come into the restaurant and, at my invitation, joined me and a new date for a drink. The girls got on so well that we had dinner together. After dinner, my friend and his wife asked us if we'd spend the weekend as their guests in the exurbs, and we accepted the impromptu invitation. My problem is this: I've been to this couple's weekend parties and practically all the guests were married. Those that weren't always had an arrangement, and it was taken for granted that they'd share a room. I don't know the girl I'm going with that well — yet — and I don't know whether to tip her off, consult my host, or just play it cool and see what happens. Any comments? — T. J., New York, New York.

This situation, while unusual, is not unique. It calls for high-level diplomacy of the first order, however. We have to assume that (a) the girl is not an out-and-out prude or she would not have accepted the invitation to begin with, and (b) she must enjoy your company enough to share a weekend with you. Therefore, we suggest you broach the subject first with the girl — but delicately. You can say there's been some misunderstanding and your hosts have provided only one room for the two of you and you'll certainly do your best to straighten things out, but if there just isn't the extra space available, well that'll kill off what looked like a first-rate pastoral weekend. You have now gambited the matter neatly into her hands. She is faced with the alternative of one room or no weekend. If she demurs on your hosts' space-saving plan, you've sacrificed nothing and saved yourself a lost weekend in the country. If she goes along, well, your only problem will be to remember to take a nice gift for your very thoughtful hosts.

Everything was going along nicely with my girl until she asked for a cocktail called The Yellow Fever. When I admitted I'd never heard of it, she suggested I join the cubes in my refrigerator. Was she putting me on or did I goof? — A. W., Newport, Rhode Island

You goofed. The Yellow Fever consists of one ounce of yellow Chartreuse on the rocks in an old fashioned glass, plus the juice of one half of a chilled lime. Stir.

The origins of the titles of jazz tunes often intrigue me. Can you tell me how *King Porter Stomp* got its name? — T. B., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

"King Porter Stomp," according to composer Jelly Roll Morton, was named for "a very good friend of mine and a marvelous pianist now in the cold, cold ground, a gentleman from Florida, an educated gentleman with a wonderful musical education, much better than mine, and this gentleman's name was Mr. King, Porter King." Unlike this sort of dedication, some jazz tunes are titled quite casually. Like the night at the Reno Club in Kansas City in 1935, when the Count Basie band was closing out a radio set with one of its riffs. When the announcer asked for the title, Basie glanced at the clock and said, "Just call it the 'One O'Clock Jump.'"

About six years ago I worked for a firm in another city and got fairly deeply involved with one of the secretaries (yes, yes, I know — you shouldn't mix business with pleasure). I've had good luck since: a job here in a new town with many opportunities, frequent promotions, hefty raises. Now, the old firm wants me back — in an executive position and at a handsome salary. I want the new job, but I've found out the old flame is still there and has confided to a friend and former colleague of mine that she's heard about the offer I got and is planning a *big* welcome for me. In retrospect, I guess I may have made some vague promises about marriage. But I've outgrown the girl, lost interest in her, and certainly don't want her jeopardizing my business career or — to be frank — lousing up my bachelor life. How do I handle this sticky wicket? — B. P., Des Moines, Iowa.

Cheer up, friend, the wicket is not nearly as sticky as you might think. Six years is a long time and certainly some sort of a romantic statute of limitations can be applied in this case. If she hasn't found another guy at this late date, it isn't because she's been waiting for you; she had no way of knowing you'd be coming back. In fact, rumors to the contrary and male ego notwithstanding, you may find, after you see each other, that the feelings of apathy are mutual. Take the new and better job, and if she asks any questions or makes any demands, be candid with her. It's kinder in the long run.

Is it possible to order prints directly from the Louvre, or from other famous art museums in Europe? — J. J., Seattle, Washington

Certainly you can, but there's no need to foot import duty and postage costs when you can secure almost any print you wish right here — from your local art museum, art galleries, decorators or major department stores. They all have facilities for ordering the prints you want and supplying them to you at a price less than that you'd pay if you entered into international correspondence for them.

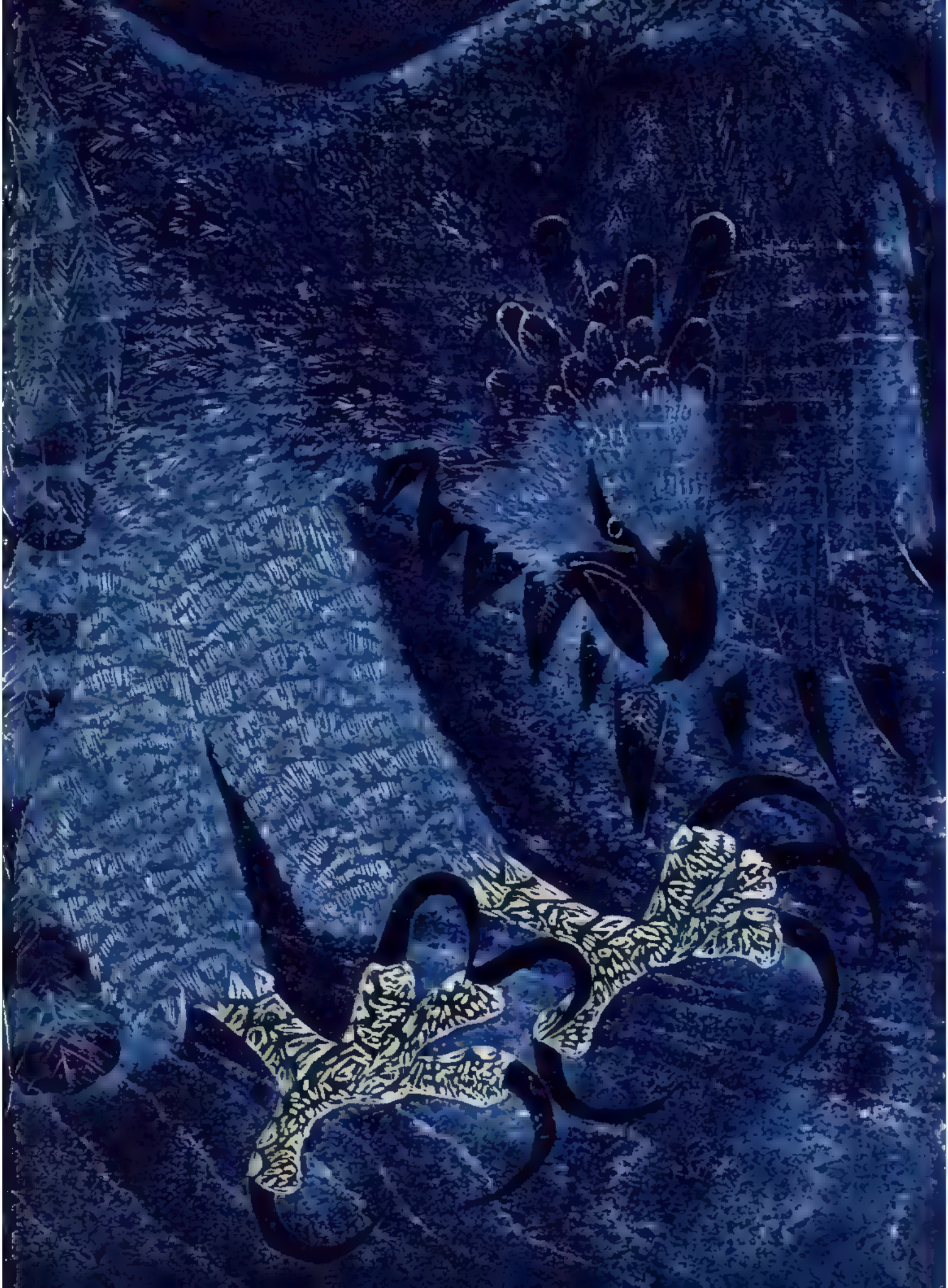
What is the protocol of the corsage? How formal does a social occasion have to be in order to require a corsage for my date? Do I have the florist send it or do I take it with me? How do I know if the corsage I select will harmonize with my girl's dress? Is it OK to ask her what color dress she's wearing? — R. D., Buffalo, New York.

We are inclined to consider the whole corsage business as a bothersome antediluvian holdover. There are several situations, however, in which the corsage is de rigueur, and one of them is the formal dance. But even these affairs are getting less formal, and the giving of flowers more discretionary. If you insist on playing the courtly beau, here are some rules of the road. Don't go overboard; a small corsage is the safe move no matter what the size of the female or how formal the affair to which you're squiring her. Send the corsage, by all means; it's a timesaver and avoids the awkward "For me? It's bee-oo-ti-ful!" business. It's an adventurous (and foolhardy) guy who doesn't find out the color of his girl's dress before financing the floral offering; besides, she may have an allergy and say no to flowers altogether. Incidentally, one of the posher arbiters of the social graces considers the use of the word "corsage" (instead of "flowers") as veddy plebeian, but we have nothing against the word, just the custom.

Are there particular times when a breast-pocket handkerchief is essential? And should it be squared, pointed or just leisurely gathered? Also, is a colored handkerchief appropriate? — M. N., Miami, Florida.

The breast pocket handkerchief is always appropriate and — oftentimes — essential as well. White is the preferred color, although silk squares in neat patterns add a spark to that solid suit. As for folding, select the technique in terms of your physical type. If you're slender, the squared fold is fine. If you're short, the pointed ends are most effective. If you're tall, try the leisurely-gathered method.

All reasonable questions — from fashion, food and drink, hi-fi and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette — will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on this page each month.



the killer came thundering toward its prey, a hundred feet a second

fiction **By T. K. BROWN III**

HARPY

THE VAST AREA KNOWN AS THE GREAT PLAINS of the United States is a belt about six hundred miles wide between the Mississippi River and the mountains of Wyoming and Colorado. An ocean of land, mostly flat, sometimes with waves of hills, it rises in swells to the west, a dozen feet to the mile, league after league of earth becoming gradually more arid, until it is a mile above the sea. And then suddenly, west of Denver, it gives up its gradual climb. The escarpments of the Rocky Mountains burst from the plain and leap into the air, tier upon tier as far as the eye can reach, to snow and glacier.

The first row of these tremendous hills is known as the Rampart Range. Over the crest of this range, in the trough between it and the higher one beyond, lived a man who had got rid of his woman who was bad for him, had manned an eagle, and had found himself.

• • •

He was on the side lawn, by the hawk house, the peregrine on his glove and tearing the pigeon from his fingers, when he saw the convertible speeding up the valley toward the house, a plume of dust behind it. He knew immediately who was driving the convertible and that this was the difficult hour he had been expecting for almost a year. He eased the bird to the perch, where, with the food under her foot, she continued to pluck and rend. He limped down the slope to the driveway. As the car pulled around the circle he saw that she was wearing the green Alpine hat with the rakish white feather, his gift to her in Innsbruck. What had he said to her then, those three thousand years ago? *To Marian, maid, in everlasting; from Robin.* Well, it was typical of her to wear it now.

He was at the car when it stopped.

"Good afternoon, Marian," he said, without smiling. "Are you planning on a little visit? I see you have two bags in the back seat."

A little frown crossed her face and he knew he had disrupted the opening lines she had been rehearsing all the way from Denver.

He continued: "You would come back, you said, when I asked you to come back, and not before. But I have not asked you to come back. Why are you here?"

She got slowly from the car, with the ancient grace and easy command that now no longer commanded him, and when she was standing even with him on the lawn her huge eyes searched his face, trying to pierce him, and then dropped to his leg.

"You sent for me," she said, and raised her hand a little from her side, to point where she was looking. "That happened to you day before-yesterday, about three. Oh Robin, it came to me that you'd been hurt, as clearly as if you'd sent me a wire. I thought at first a car had hit you, but then I knew it wasn't that. But something dark and heavy and dangerous hitting you in the leg."

What she said was true, to the very hour. A sort of terror struck him, that he would never be free of this incredible woman whose intuition could reach out from a distance and fiercely take possession of him.

It must have shown in his face. "That's why I'm here," she said. "I had to come. If we still have this thing — Robin, *no other two people have this thing.* We can't just throw it away after a stupid quarrel. Or anyway, it isn't so bad that we shouldn't talk about it a little, is it?"

"You put me in a difficult position, Marian," he answered. "There's nothing to talk about. We had a good thing for a while, and it blew up, and there's nothing left of it except a lot of memories, some very good, some not so good. And," he added, "apparently this crazy radar of yours."

" 'A good thing for a while,' " she quoted, letting her eyes go damp and tender. "Robin, how can you put it like that? For three years we were *one person.* One person in two bodies."

"Yes," he said. "You were the person, I was one of the bodies."

"You say there's nothing to talk about. But you see we are talking already, and on a very essential level. Robin, let me stay for a few days."

He knew he had nothing to lose, and it was easier than being cruel. He turned and called, "John!"

John appeared at the door of the hawk house. He was a young man of twenty and a full blooded Cheyenne. His grandfather, when a boy of sixteen, had helped cut down Custer on the Little Big Horn, and John's father, on the reservation in South Dakota, still had a pair of cavalry boots and some ancient dollar bills to prove it. John had gone to a white grammar school; later he had worked in a gas station outside Denver, where Robin had found him and made him his foreman. "John," Robin said, "come get Miss Marian's

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE SUYEOKA

bags, please, and ask Mrs. Emlen to take her to her old room. And tell Mrs. Emlen we'll have cocktails in about half an hour."

John came slowly down the slope, wiping his hands on a rag that he then put in his hip pocket. His eyes said nothing as he hoisted the bags from the back seat.

"Hello, John," Marian said. "How have you been?"

"The Cooper's is still bating," John said to Robin. "Been throwing itself off the perch all day. Nothing I can do will stop it."

"Don't worry about it," Robin said. "They get these spells."

Marian had started up the lawn toward the house.

"That woman's no good for you, boss," John said.

"She won't be here long," Robin said. "Now take those bags in while I finish feeding the peregrine, and we'll have a look at the Cooper's hawk. Maybe there's a scrap of meat in the mews that is setting her off."

• • •

In the living room with the two picture windows, one giving on the shadowed valley, one showing now the stark outline of the mountains against the sunset, she had taken up her old position on the couch, legs stretched out on it, back pillowed against the arm; and she was balancing her drink on her knee.

"Robin," she asked, "what was it that hurt your leg?"

He was at the bar stirring a martini. "An eagle," he said, without turning. "I have manned an eagle." Now he limped over and took the armchair "Vicious creature — maybe you'll see her tomorrow. I was training her to the lure — a rabbit. She hit it fine. I let her take a few bites and then made in to her, to get her back on the glove. I guess she was feeling ornery. Anyway, one lunge and she had her talons in my thigh. Touch and go there for a minute. Lucky thing I had my leather apron on. But it'll be all right in a couple of days."

She was staring at him in amazement. "You?" she said. "You are training an eagle? But that's impossible!"

"Not at all," he replied. "Quite a few eagles have been manned for hunting. To be sure, very few of this particular brand of eagle."

"I don't mean that," she said. "I mean, *you*. You were always so shocked by violence and cruelty . . . so afraid of it," she stated.

"Yes," he said calmly. "Well, yes. Afraid is the word for a lot of things I was of. It feels very good to be out of that dismal swamp at last."

"Afraid of me, Robin?" she whispered.

"Of course I was afraid of you," he said strenuously. "Afraid of you most of all. You embodied everything that was wrong with my life. It was so easy to go along with the way you wanted things — so easy and so pleasant. The trouble was that it made me hate myself Well, I've got away from that."

"I have never meant you any harm, Robin," she said. "You know that." She was looking not at him but at the drink balanced on her knee. Now she twitched her kneecap and caught the glass as it slid into her waiting hand. "We had something very wonderful. If I've come back, it's not to truss you up and carry you off. It's to find out, I guess, how tough a fight it will be to get that thing back. And maybe we'll never get it back — I've faced that, too."

She turned her head and stared at him and said strongly, "It wasn't easy for me to come back, Robin. Even when I got the message about your hurt my first reaction was, let him come to me. But I couldn't live with that. That was small, that was pride. So I came to you."

"Wearing that Tyrolean hat," he interjected, "with all its cargo of nostalgia and tender memory. Was that necessary? Wasn't that a bit phony?"

"No!" she cried. "That was to remind you of what we were in danger of losing!"

"Well, it reminded me," he said. "Marian, do you remember when my firm was invited to bid on that housing project in Colombo, Ceylon? And you talked me out of it — such a long way to go, such a small chance of getting the contract? So we went skiing in Austria. Do you remember the million-dollar shopping center in Atlanta we might have got? But it was such a filthy climate in August, you said. So we stayed in bed and had champagne for breakfast. And how many other times when you tempted me to make the less responsible choice. Well, that's what I'm in danger of losing. I've got the architect business back on a sound footing now. I give it my time and it gives me money and spiritual satisfaction. No green hat is going to change my mind about whether I am losing something or gaining something."

"Goodness, Robin," she said in a tiny voice. "You do sound determined. Will you call the constable and have me put out?"

"No," he said. "I'm not afraid of you any more."

• • •

She visited him that night.

He was lying awake, letting his mind stray up and down their last furious quarrel and parting, hearing again the final things he had said — weighing them in his emotions, to make sure that they still rang sound, and finding no regret, no wish to turn back. She opened his door softly, uninvited by any word or nuance, and came to his bed. She was naked.

"For auld lang syne, Robin, it would be sweet to lie with you again."

She took her place beside him; she simply took it. And — was it reflex? was it something stronger? — he put his arms around her.

"Ah, Robin!" she said. "I know you must have been thinking about us. Baby, let it simmer awhile on the back of the stove. It will smooth out and the answers will come."

"The answers have already come," he said.

She began to search his face with her mouth: his forehead, the verge of his hair, his eye, his nostril, his lips. "Yes," she whispered. "Maybe. Oh, Robin!"

And she did her best to put sand under all his foundations in that hour.

• • •

She was gay at breakfast. Apparently she felt that she had gained command. "What are we going to do today, darling?" she asked.

"I don't know what you may choose to do," he said, "but I have a day's hard work at the drawing board with two clients and shan't be back till dinner."

"Clients? In Denver?"

"Oh, I forgot, that happened after you left. I've moved the firm up here into the woods. We have quite a plant half a mile up the road — office building, guest house, and quarters for the staff. Very fine advertisement for the sort of buildings we can design. We still have a small liaison office in Denver, but now the customers come to us."

"I see," she said. She laughed nervously. "I guess it was stupid of me to think everything would be the same. After all, it's been nearly three years. I mean, you taking it easy in your eyrie up here, while the business went on by its own momentum. Somehow I got the idea from what you said yesterday that training this eagle was your life."

"It's my hobby, not my life," he said. "What ever gave you that crazy idea? Since you left I've become a working man."

He took the car up the road to the office. By noon he had sewed up the contract for the restaurant in Colorado Springs. The other client telephoned to say he would have to postpone his visit for a week. Robin had lunch with Alison in her apartment, one of the compound of units for the staff. She was a lean, blonde type, smart, hired as a draftsman but obviously destined for higher status. They had been to bed a few times — nothing serious, but she had attained the right to ask questions.

"The grapevine has it that your old flame is back," she said. This was a question.

"Just for a day or two," he answered. "Just a visit."

"Uh-huh," she said. "Sort of nostalgia for the scene of ancient conquest? Like Legionnaires going back in middle age

(continued on page 104)

"This model won an award in an Italian film for the best supporting role."

"If Hollywood is dead or perhaps the following

My first bosses in Hollywood (1925) were Jesse Lasky and B. P. Schulberg, heads of Paramount Studios. I wrote an opus for them called *Underworld* — the first gangster picture. Hector Turnbull produced it. George Bancroft, Clive Brook and Evelyn Brent starred in it. Messrs. Lasky, Schulberg, Turnbull, Bancroft, Brook and Miss Brent are dead.

When I look at Hollywood, I see chiefly a line of hearses carting off heroes and heroines, wazirs and earth-shakers. What a noise they made, and what fast exits. You saw them one day hopping around full of glitter and glory. Came another dawn and they were gone.

The illusion was they all died young. Half of them did. But the people of the movies don't grow old. They don't even mature. Whatever their years, when they keel over they all seem to fall out of the same lusty chorus line.

Lasky, dying, was the same fellow I had met thirty years earlier — pink-cheeked, popeyed, naive as a porpoise and quivering with the hallucination that the movies were a great art. The mighty Schulberg, brought low in his final years, was still the pipe-smoking, Byronic ex-newspaperman I had met on my first sortie into the celluloid capital.

I helped cast my first picture. Producer Turnbull showed me a hundred stills of possible heroines. I picked the one with the largest bosom. I was sure of my ground because there were no falsies in those days. In fact, there was an anti-bosom mania in the land at this time, not shared by me, which caused the Hollywood sirens to flatten themselves out like hoecakes. Why, God knows. It may have been the first wave of Lesbianism sweeping the republic. There was such a whooping for female purity going on in this silent-picture era that one felt something sinister must be at the back of it. But I am not certain.

For my gangster hero-villain I picked Bancroft. I watched him acting on the set of *White Gold*, a movie about sheep. William K. Howard was directing it. Howard was one of the first artistic souls driven to drink by the idiocies of moviemaking. My Chicago newspaper compañero, Wallace Smith, wrote for Howard. Wallace was a fellow of parts — artist, story-writer and fine journalist. He was also driven to drink. Howard and Smith both died young. Alcoholism.

I picked Bancroft to play Bull Weed, the gangster scourge of Chicago, because he looked like the gunmen I had known as a reporter. He turned out to be as unlike them as a Methodist bishop. Despite the strong, wicked look he could put on and the ruthless leer he had for the cameras, he was a childlike human, mild spirited and fanatically obedient. I learned later that most of the actors who specialized in villain parts were of this stripe, as perhaps were those who cooked up the bloodthirsty yarns in which they performed.

But I started counting hearses. Whoever has known Hollywood since its silent days and is still able to huff and puff and look around, can see as long a line of last chariots as can I. But I'll stick to my own litany, and beat my own drum. I count only the men and women who were involved in the seventy movies I have written for Hollywood.

I imagine that most of those connected with the silents and early talkies I wrote are underground. I recall chiefly Chester Conklin, who starred in *The Big Noise*; Erich von Stroheim, who starred in *The Great Gabbo*; Lionel Barrymore, who directed *The Green Ghost*; Myron Selznick, who was my first agent and hornswoggled the studios out of great sums for my works. All dead.

Conklin and his whole tribe have disappeared. Harry Langdon, Ben Turpin, Charlie Chase, Fatty Arbuckle and a dozen more are dead. The survivors, Charlie Chaplin, Buster Keaton, Harold Lloyd, are also out of play as comedians.

The talkies harpooned them all, for an obvious reason. Writers are not as funny as clowns. We can make up comic situations and amusing lines, but even with the Marx Brothers playing them they come out half flapdoodle.

There was another factor: when the talkies came the bosses took comedy making out of the comedians' hands. They "improved" it by putting in wailing tenors nobly in love with unhappy ingenues, and adding a chorus line of flying crotches. And laughter turned up its toes.

But it is one of Hollywood's brightest laurels — that during the great decades of its silents it made the world laugh as never before in history.

dying as a moviemaker, are some of the reasons."

By Ben Hecht

My first talkie director, Von Stroheim, was a rarity in the movies. He was actually what he pretended to be an *aficionado* of wickedness. His bedside reading was the report of lurid sex matters by Krafft-Ebing He dreamed of bringing all the fancy perversions to the screen. As they often say of dreamers, he was ahead of his time.

The silents were as void of sex as a tomato-can label. The villain was always trying to seduce the heroine, but missing by a mile. Occasionally, an unfaithful husband appeared in a plot. He invariably ended up a raving alcoholic with his business shot and his collar undone, crawling back on hands and knees to a forgiving wife.

A British visitor named Elinor Glyn tried to awaken Hollywood to the possibilities of sex — on the screen. of course Outside the realm of art, the town could have shown Madame Glyn cards and spades on the subject.

La Glyn had written a novel. *Three Weeks*, in which a high-minded but glandularly disturbed London girl lay in a clinch with a Russian duke for twenty-one days. They favored a polar-bear rug for their arena d'amour. The authoress was imported at great expense as an expert.

I never worked with Madame Glyn but my bride, Rose Caylor, did. They collaborated on an opus called *Ritzy* for the It Girl, Clara Bow. Though lacking a polar-bear rug, it was a good picture and in the right direction. It made the bold statement that a girl who went to bed with a man before marrying him did not have to commit suicide or enter a convent.

I was less successful as a sex emancipator. In the hearses I count is my first movie collaborator — Michael Arlen He was another London import. We worked on a story called (by us) *American Beauty*. In it, we advanced the theory that a bright young woman could emerge from three sex affairs and still be fit to marry our hero. But we had gone too far. The script startled the sultans in the front office.

"We can't afford to alienate our movie audiences by telling them the truth about themselves," said Schulberg.

That's the way things were in the Twenties. Ninety percent of our functioning citizens were leading impure lives but were firmly on the side of the ten percent who weren't. The only thing you could get away with on the screen was murder. The same American who organized societies to keep the screen free of sex hanky-panky sat happily chewing his butterscotch bars and applauding a picture in which the cast exterminated one another with guns, knives, poisons, hand grenades and brutal torture devices.

One of the oddities I found in the movies of the Twenties was the male star known as a screen lover. He did all the kissing and women swooned over him — on the screen. Millions of women in the audiences also swooned over him and cuddled his image in their lonely minds.

Top man among the screen lovers was Rudolph Valentino. As a reporter, I had interviewed him in Chicago. Dorothy de Frasso (Countess) told me his story when I got to Hollywood. She had fished him out of a New York dance hall where he was one of the "ten-cents-a-dance" male partners. They had everything in the early days of the century, including a first-rate World War.

Unable to get him a job in movie town, De Frasso engaged him herself as an extra waiter at her black-tie shindigs. Director Fred Niblo, one of her guests, spotted the soup server and invited him to the studio for a screen test.

"It made him a great man, in a way," said De Frasso, "the cute bastard went up and up. There must have been a hundred million women in the world of assorted ages all dreaming of going to bed with Valentino. And the poor boy used to cry on my shoulder over his miserable love life. The woman he loved didn't love him. He confessed it was partly his fault. All the publicity hoopla about his being the greatest lover of the screen had raised hell with his nervous system so that he was fast becoming a washout in the hay."

As Epictetus said, you can't have everything.

This was and still remains one of the occupational hazards for movie actors. Off-screen sex in Hollywood is usually in the hands, so to speak, of the town's agents and producers. Having no talent to confuse or sidetrack their glands, nor fame enough to stun them, they are creditable bedroom performers.

A bevy of actor names, living and dead, cry "foul" to these findings. Chief among them is dashing Leslie Howard. My apologies to Leslie. And to Tommy Meighan, Norman Kerry, et al. *(continued on page 130)*

a crazy mixed-up id

boy meets girl, girl meets shrinker

fiction By SAM GOTTESFELD

THE MORE I THOUGHT ABOUT IT, the more the whole bit with Seena seemed like an experiment in masochism.

Mine.

What else but masochism to want to marry a high-strung, stubborn, introverted, unpredictable, neurotic, gorgeous brunette with a built-in debt factor of sixty clams a week?

Sixty smackers. That was the tidy little sum Seena regularly forked over to Siggie. Siggie, the unseen. Siggie, the omnipotent — he haunted my courtship of Seena like a duenna, a jealous suitor, a possessive father. He was her analyst.

Minus sixty bucks a week. What a dowry for an underpaid ad copywriter like me! Catastrophic. What was worse was having to submit to the ignominy of Siggie's playing Monday-Wednesday-Friday-night quarterback to Seena's stream of consciousness broadcasts of my strategy d'amour.

I needed this like a flat tire on a weekend. Still, I was smitten with Seena. And, I suppose, for such unrestrained emotional commitment you just have to suffer. It would have been so much simpler if, say, I'd decided to woo Alice. Now, there was an uncomplicated wench.

"Zip me up, Freddie, will you?" Alice chirped as she flitted into the living room of the flat she shared with Seena.

Zip I did, clumsily. This, then, was the condition to which I'd been reduced: trusted handmaiden to little Alice Alberts, runner-up in the Miss Steeplechase beauty contest of 1954. I, Fred Henley, erstwhile lothario of the office stenographers' pool, Greenwich Village Don Juan, slick seductionist of the Whaler Bar. Unmanned!

In a rebellious expression of stifled virility, I pinched Alice's little rump. Even her "ouch" was unsatisfying — the mild squeal of annoyance of kid sister for big brother.

"Control yourself, Freddie. Seena will be back soon. Her session ends at seven."

Alice was a saucy little blonde with a quick tongue and a monolithic middle-class compulsion: she had to get married before she was twenty-five (original deadline, twenty-one) to a handsome devil with, of course, dough. For such a catch and such a catch alone would she barter her precariously maintained virginity. Perfectly normal, well-brought-up American white-collar girl — Alice. Not neurotic enough for my taste. And she wasn't Seena's cup of Lipton either.

They'd met at opposite ends of a panty girdle during a bargain counter tug-of-war at Ohrbach's. Ever since, their tenuous friendship was a test of two-way stretch. They were a mismatch from the start — a hasty marriage of expediency based on no common interest other than that both needed an apartment, and neither could afford more than seventy-five bucks a month rent.

The flat which economic necessity forced them to share was a high-ceilinged job which cried out for Victorian vintage furnishings but made do with wrought-iron modern culled from Foam Rubber Heaven during "unbelievable" clearance sales.

"I hear he's a real dreamboat," Alice said hopefully, slipping into her coat. "Wouldn't it be wonderful if he were?"

"Another blind date?" I groaned. "Third one this week. Tell me, sweetie, don't you think you try too hard?"

"I wouldn't talk if I were you," she shot back, her face coloring.

That hit me like a wet towel in the face. I suspected that my panting pursuit of the elusive Seena Wickers was becoming more and more a case of the stupid greyhound chasing the mechanical rabbit. But I hadn't realized it was quite so obvious — least of all to Alice.

I changed the subject.

"Good luck," I said half-heartedly, "and be careful."

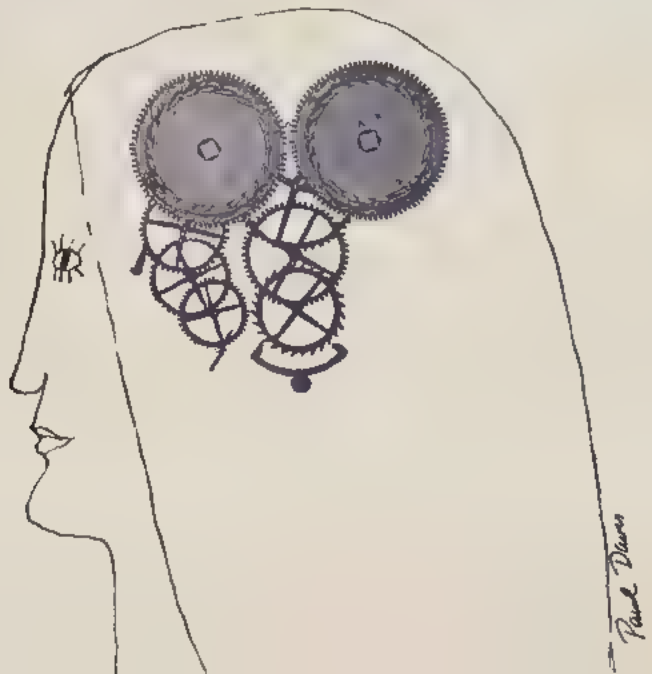
"Who wants to be careful?" she said, bouncing out like a high school cheerleader. "Besides, I have a hunch tonight I'll hit pay dirt."

I was glad to see her go. Her unflagging optimism was depressing. I picked up Seena's copy of *The Basic Writings of Sigmund Freud*, and stuffed myself like a colic infant into the black canvas diaper pegged on wrought-iron legs, which passed for a chair.

I had done this before — scan the sacred pages of the master — while waiting for Seena to leave the disciple's couch. The words flew up at me like stones cast at an infidel — libido, infantile sexuality, erogenous zones, anamnesis — and bounced off my skull. Maybe the answers were there, coded in psychoanalytical argot. But I couldn't decode them. I would have to solve Seena without recourse to and in spite of the ultimate authority. I slammed the book shut, and made myself a Scotch and water.

Seena showed up a while later,

(continued on page 140)



bantam bounty for the Yuletide gifts

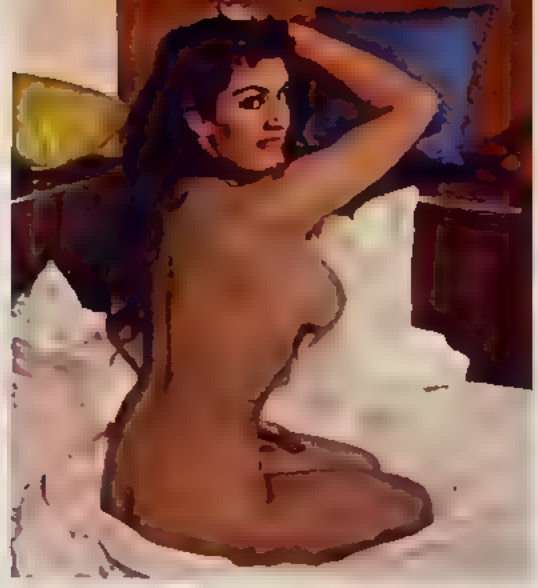
A wee Christmas giftie can loom large indeed in the eyes of the be-gifted if it's as carefully chosen as those shown here. Smallest of its kind, the Sony transistor TV set has an 8" screen, works on batteries, 12-volt DC, or AC, $250. Clockwise from it: Globe Pocketphone, transistorized walkie-talkie has one-mile range, $125 the pair. Essway collapsible silver-plated cups, leather case, $15. Iwan Ries walnut cigar humidor, $13; walnut tobacco humidor, $6; Pipo pipes, from $5 to $18. Sonar transistorized depth indicator, $115. RCA auto-marine phonograph, $52. Alfred Dunhill antique-leather book bar, $85. Leica 35mm camera with Visoflex II, reflex housing and 90mm f/2 Summicron lens, $531; extra lenses — 35mm f/2, $174, 50mm f/1.4, $198. XAM-1 stereo speaker system gives remarkable sound for its small size, two woofers, two tweeters, in walnut, $127. Italian leather-covered hangers, $14 each. Gerber stainless steel steak knife set, walnut case, $38. Cartier's calf belt, gold buckle, $135. Individual espresso coffee pots, $10 set of four. Schmid International espresso cups and saucers, $8 set of six. Salem barometer, polished brass, $30. Mohawk Midgetape Professional 500 transistorized tape recorder, $360 with microphone. Portuguese cordial, cocktail, dinner wine glasses, $8 set of 8. Tiffany's 15-jewel clock in clear plastic, $55. Shure Professional M232 tone arm, $30. Hamilton automatic and electric wrist watches, $375 with gold band, $150 with leather band. Cartier's ultra-thin evening watch, $500. Silver and teak cuff links, $15. Cartier's gold cuff links, $130. Rubeck's leather cigaret box and table lighter, $35.

june wilkinson repays a favor to her favorite men's magazine

THE BOSOM REVISITS PLAYBOY

WE FIRST MET BRITISH BEAUTY June Wilkinson back in the summer of 1958, when she dropped by the Playboy Building in Chicago to say hello. We were so taken by her English accent and her staggering configuration (43-22-36) that we promptly called in our photographers to shoot the first picture story on the then-teenage temptress to appear in a U.S. publication (*The Bosom*, September 1958), in which we proclaimed her frontage "the first Bosom worthy of a capital B." Soon after her initial trip Stateside (she'd come over on a short-term visitor's permit), June returned to America and this time transported her magnificent measurements to Hollywood, where she discovered her fame had preceded her in the form of the PLAYBOY photo feature. She promptly became the most photographed pin-up girl in America, a featured actress in several films (including *Thunder in the Sun* and *Macumba Love*) and subject of a second pictorial survey by PLAYBOY (*The Bosom in Hollywood*, August 1959). The Bosom thus busied herself with ever more movie, television and personal appearance assignments, but she didn't forget her friends in the Windy City and she stopped by to say hi again recently during a publicity tour through the Midwest for one of her latest flicks; then she took time out to repay PLAYBOY for past favors by welcoming guests for a week at the newly launched Playboy Club and appearing on *Playboy's Penthouse*. June had a ball the entire time. And, as these photos suggest, so did we.

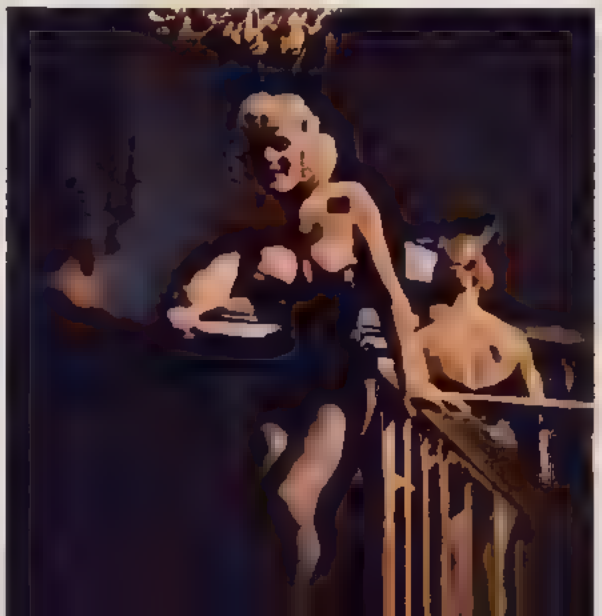
Left: a new, blondified June Wilkinson, fresh from Hollywood hooray, posed for the PLAYBOY photog just two years after she made her debut in these pages.



Above: when June first visited us, we were smitten by her dramatic dimensions and shot this photo of the tempting teenage treat in the Playboy Building.

Above: between scenes on *Playboy's Penthouse*, June put her magnificent measurements to work, balancing two full glasses of champagne to the delight of the entire TV cast.

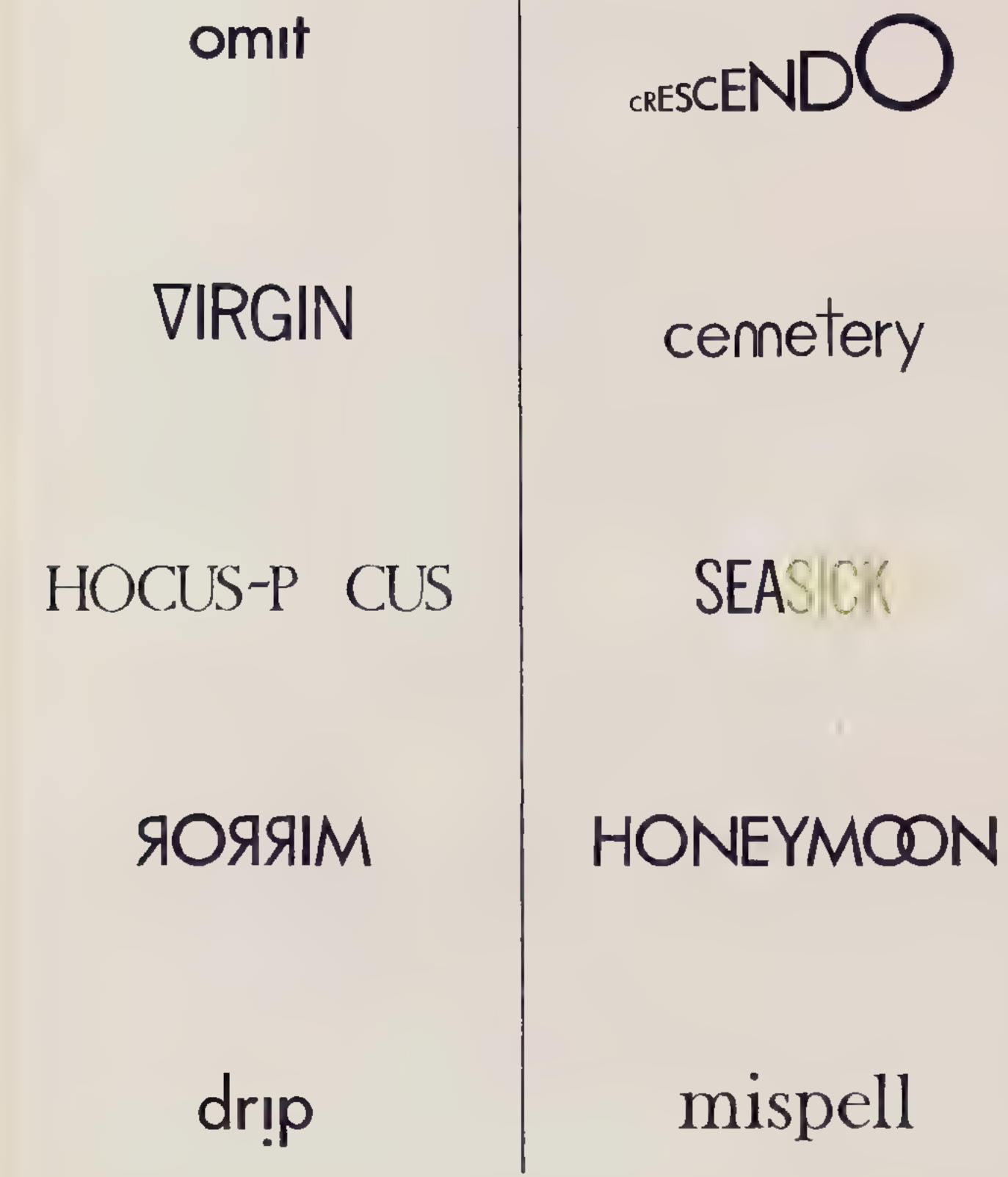
Below: the Bosom in Bunny costume, complete with ears and cotton tail, welcomed members to Chicago's Playboy Key Club, first of a projected world-wide club network.



humor By ROBERT CAROLA

WORD PLAY

more fun and games with the king's english in which words become delightfully self-descriptive



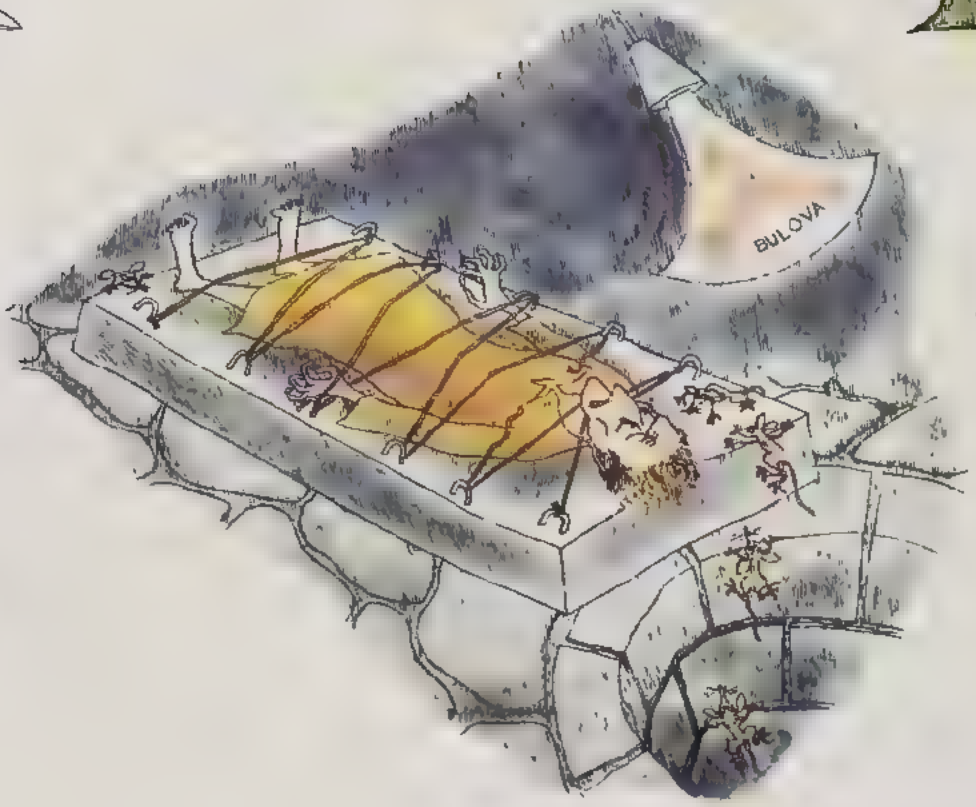
large
largess
for
the
yuletide

largest speaking, there's nothing like an outsize gift to brighten Christmas giving. Largest of its kind, Sidney Rubeck's giant pepper mill stands a full 57½ inches tall; the top half does the peppering job, the bottom half serves as a floor stand, made of Philippine mahogany, $75. Clockwise from it, the matched pistols are Smith & Wesson 44 magnums, biggest handguns made; the set costs $280, but can run as high as $5000 with gold inlaid engravings shown. Picault's earthenware casserole is a whopper, $45. Rehobeam of Moët & Chandon champagne is brut imperial, $55. Huge hourglass has mahogany frame, stands 25 inches high, $40. Harman-Kardon's Citation II stereo control center—$159.95 in kit form; $229.95 factory wired; walnut case, $29.95—teams with Citation II twin stereo amplifiers to produce 60 watts of virtually distortionless sound per channel; $159.95 in kit form, $249.95 factory wired. Bonniers' Danish teakwood salad bowl, handmade, extra large, $125. Voss stag-handle barbecue set, stainless steel working ends, five pieces, $125. Alfred Dunhill's giant leather tote bag, $100.

playboy's favorite ghoul revisits edgar allan's old haunts

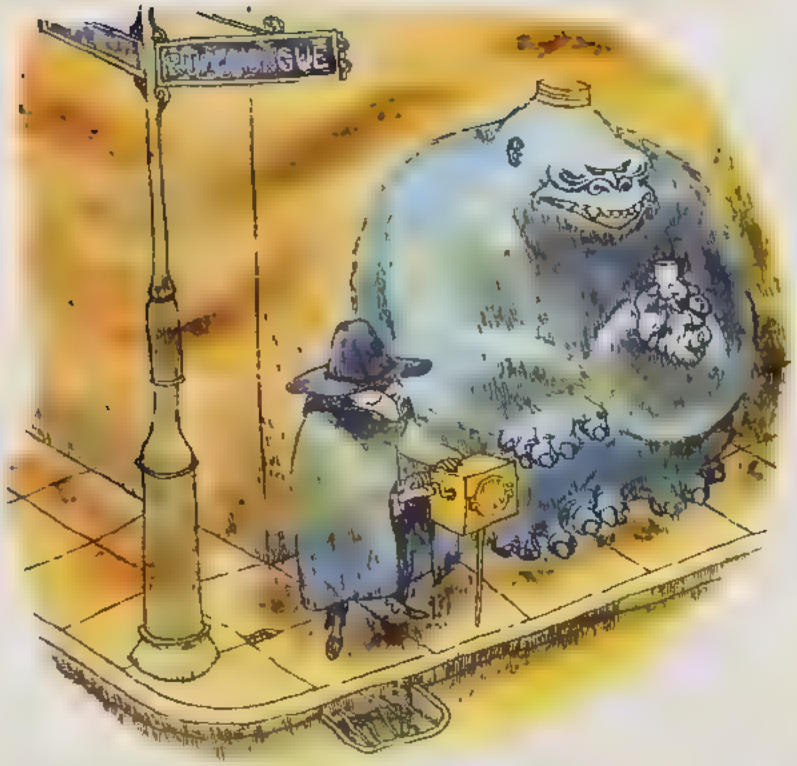
POE

"I think I have just the house for you, Mr. Usher."

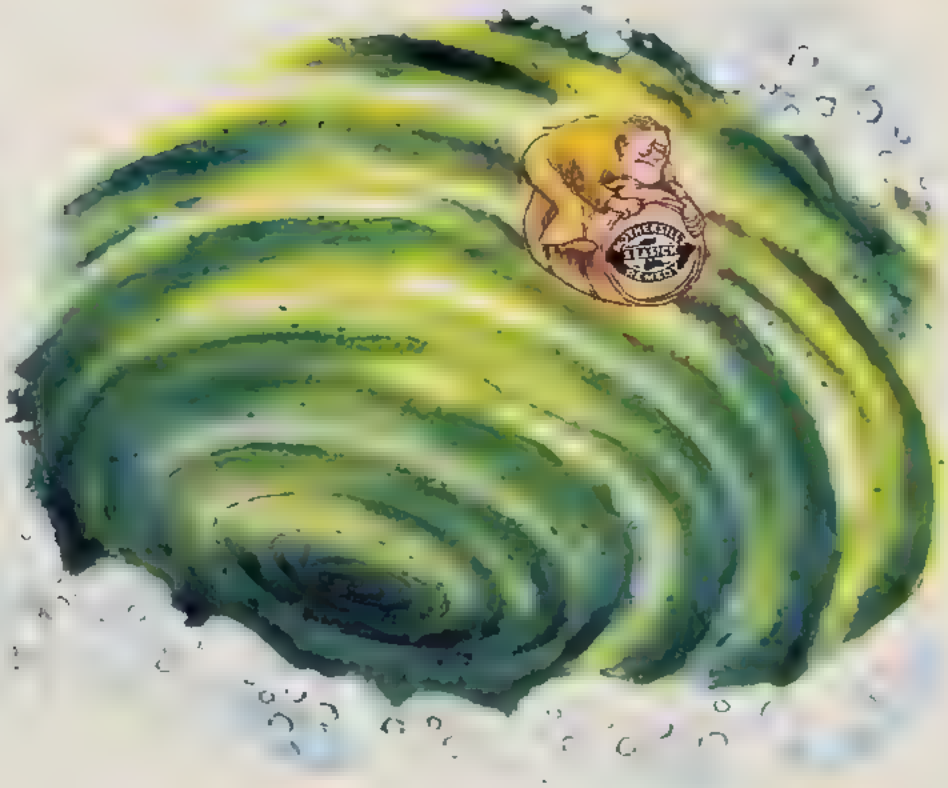


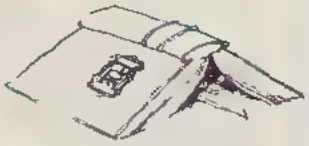
THIS SEASON OF THE YEAR, "when churchyards yawn and Hell itself breathes out contagion to this world," when the quick-of-eye can glimpse gaunt forms on broomsticks etched against the baleful yellow moon, we thought it appropriate to ask our master of the mirthful macabre, Gahan Wilson, to view the remains—and lively remains they are—of a kindred spirit, Edgar Allan Poe. The gloomy Mr. Poe renowned the world over as the author of *The Tell-Tale Heart, The Murders in the Rue Morgue, The Cask of Amontillado, The Gold Bug, The Masque of the Red Death, The Pit and the Pendulum, A Descent into the Maelstrom, The Fall of the House of Usher,* etc., and as the most unimpeachable authority, living or dead, on all things fiendish, living or dead—proved gaily grisly grist for Gahan's mill, as you can see for yourself.

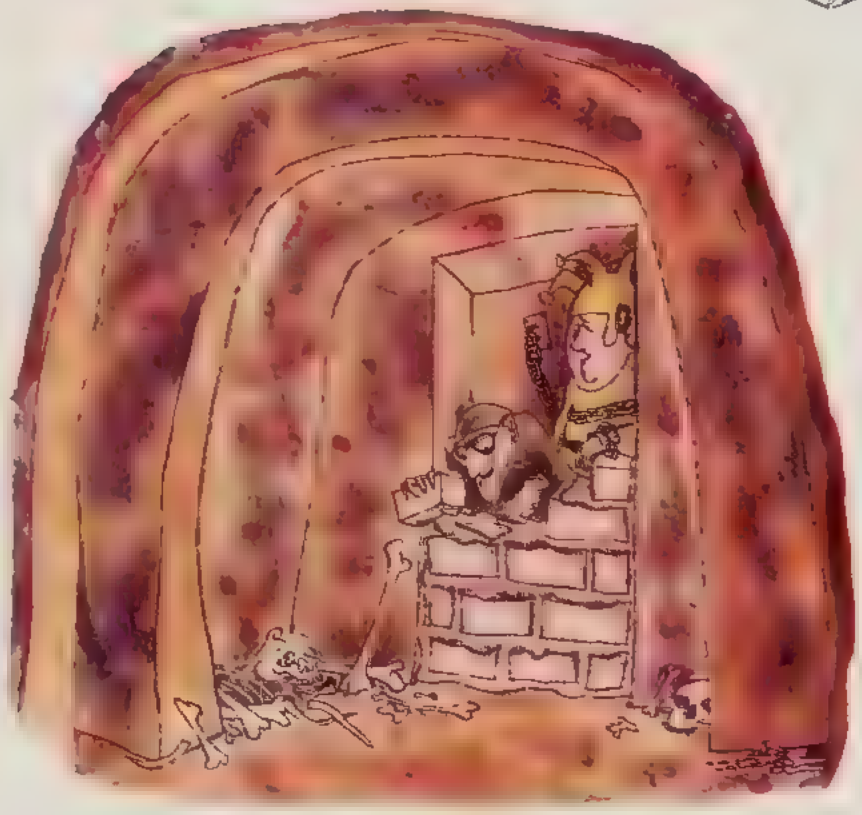
By Gahan Wilson



"Well, you certainly managed to spoil that party for just about everybody!"

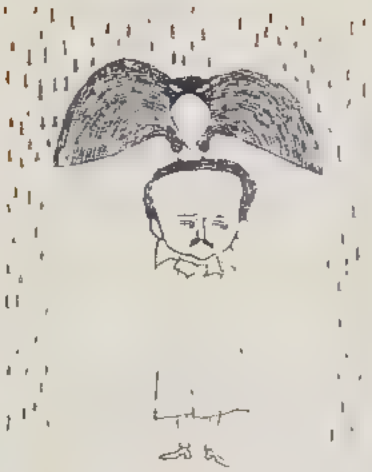






"It's really none of my business, Montresor, but are you sure you're going about this in the right way?"

"Will you please cut the 'Alas, poor Yorick' bit and open that chest?"



"Why, there's nothing wrong with the old gentleman — his heart is as sound as a dollar!"

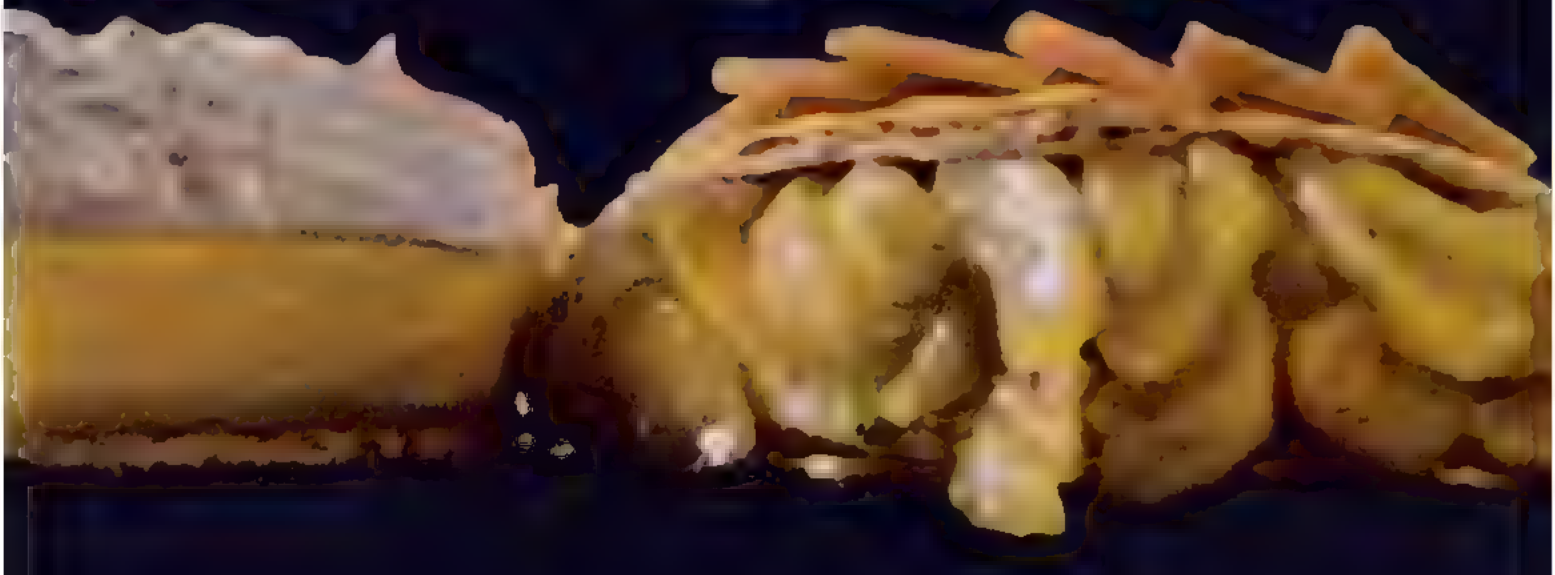
it's simple as simon to be

Pie need not be in the sky — that is, crusty creations warm and aromatic from the oven are not unattainable to the male host and need not involve him in that nightmare of rolling pins, aprons and flour-whitened hands one remembers from the dear old days in mom's kitchen. Hearty pies with flair, zest and a unique personal touch can be yours with an absolute minimum of effort; and let's say this right at the outset – few foods are more satisfying than good pie. It is not without reason that it's been glorifying man's table for more than six centuries, since the monarchs, merchants and maidens of medieval England first framed filling with crust. In those days, apples, blueberries and the like hadn't invaded the pie realm; in fact, pie wasn't the dessert staple it's become to contemporary chefs. It was a main dish. Fourteenth Century chefs baked their pies – huge affairs with just an upper crust – in rectangular shapes. All manner of flora and fauna were tucked into the "trap," the pie pan of its time, by cooks with unbridled imaginations. A typical recipe, circa 1394, lists pie ingredients including: pheasant, bear, capon, partridge, pigeon, rabbit, chopped liver, heart, sheep kidneys, eggs, pickled mushrooms, salt, spices and vinegar. In the Seventeenth Century, Charles I set some sort of a British standard by demanding a pie that blended frogs, eels, pepper, nutmeg, ginger, currants, gooseberries, grapes, raisins, pineapple, orange juice, sugar and butter – in three

your own pieman

EASY AS PIE

food By THOMAS MARIO



layers topped with pastry and iced with confectioners' frosting. Two hundred years later, *The Good Huswife's Jewell* noted a more modest pie creation requiring boiled and strained quinces, vegetables, roots, yolks of eggs, sparrow brains, wine and spices. Never quite satisfied, the English urge for pie novelty led to the debut of the "surprise" pie. It was brought to the table with meticulous fanfare, opened ceremoniously and rarely forgotten. Out of the pie leaped live frogs, squirrels, terriers, foxes and, as we all know, four-and-twenty blackbirds. On at least one occasion, a dwarf — armed with sword and buckler — popped out to run the length of the banquet table, dueling an imaginary foe along the way. The serving of pie continued to be a gala affair for years, with pie-baking a basic part of every holiday celebration. All was serene in the dough domain until Oliver Cromwell came into power. In a puritan outburst, he banned the eating of pie as an obvious form of pleasure verging on idolatry. For sixteen years pies were bootlegged at best, until 1660 when the Restoration leaders lifted the ban. Eager to resume pie-producing festivities, the English devised a brand-new pie — baked in a round tin with all ingredients "minc'd." This was the pie that made its way to America aboard pioneer ships. The pastry and pie fillings were old-English style, but early American cooks soon introduced key innovations. George Washington's cook, according to the President's *(continued on page 118)*

PHOTOGRAPH BY DICK BOYER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILL ELDER

nostalgia By WILLIAM KNOLES

GIRLS *for the* SLIME GOD

a belated tribute to the burgeoning beauties who brightened the science-fiction of yore

"ORGY OF SEX IN PRINT" were words uttered not long ago by an elderly educator who was denouncing, of all things, current science-fiction. Avoiding, for the nonce, the question of what's wrong with an orgy of sex in print (other than its being a poor second-best for an orgy of sex in the flesh), this fragment of the educator's jeremiad must have caused considerable scratching of heads on the part of science-fiction addicts under thirty, or in the neighborhood of thirty, or in the Congressional District of thirty. Everyone knows that science-fiction today is about as prurient as a thesis on quantum mechanics. Just this year, Kingsley Amis, in his survey of science fiction, *New Maps of Hell*, went on record as deploring the puritanical tone of the genre and honing for a few stories in which Topic A might raise its lovely head.

What the elderly educator was probably remembering was the science-fiction of the Thighful Thirties. In those days, a lot of s-f magazines *were* pretty broad minded, if only pictorially, and any pretty broad who ventured beyond the Earth's gravitational field could expect to meet a choice of fates, all more colorful than death. That era is long gone, but some of us still remember the Thirties, fondly, as The Golden Age of Space Travel. The s-f magazines, back then, weren't called *Galaxy* and *If* and *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*. They were called -- near as we can recollect -- things like *Shocking Solar* *(continued on page 80)*

SMALL WONDER

JONI MATTIS isn't the sort of voluptuous female we usually choose as Playmate of the Month. She has that young and fashionable look you'd expect to find between the covers of *Seventeen* or *Glamour*, which is understandable, since these are just the sort of magazines in which Joni makes her living as a model. But petite Miss Mattis (she's 5' 2" tall, weighs less than 100 pounds, and looks like a sixteen-year-old, though she's actually twenty-one) possesses one of the most provocatively perfect faces ever to pass through PLAYBOY's portals, and a personality to match, so we simply couldn't resist this change-of-pace Playmate. Joni makes her home in Chicago, appears regularly on *Playboy's Penthouse*, and also works part time as a Bunny at the Playboy Club. We feel confident that readers will welcome Miss Mattis' little-girl freshness and charm as a small but wonderful Miss November.

petite miss november proves
what they say about small packages

PLAYMATE PHOTOGRAPH BY JERRY WHITE

Joni's classically stunning features and petite high-fashion figure lend themselves beautifully to her quick-change glamor whirl. One minute she's lolling languorously between takes for a back-to-college fashion feature; a puff of smoke and she's delightfully décolletéed for an appearance on *Playboy's Penthouse*.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

When her friends got word that Betty, a beautiful young starlet, had married Homer, an elderly gentleman worth ten million dollars, they all sent her Get Will cards.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines:

Alcatraz as the pen with a lifetime guarantee.

both *bigamy* and *marriage* as having one wife too many.

comic strip as a burlesque queen who tells jokes while she peels.

hula dance as a shake in the grass.

individualist as a man who lives in the city and commutes to the suburbs.

orgy as group therapy.

suburban husband as a gardener with sex privileges.

well-proportioned girl as one with a narrow waist and a broad mind.

Sign at the entrance of a nudists' colony: "Please bare with us."

It was while they were crushed together in passionate embrace that Harry decided the psychological moment was at hand to tell Marge.

"Honey," he whispered, "I want you to know that I think you're a wonderful person, and that I certainly appreciate your — uh — company, but as far as I'm concerned, wedlock is nowhere."

In reply, Marge uttered only a small sigh of pleasure.

"I mean," Harry went on doggedly, "you're more like a sister to me."

At that, Marge's lovely eyes opened, and her lips parted in surprise.

"My God," she murmured, "what a home life you must have!"

Girls who don't repulse men's advances advance men's pulses.

The difference between a wife and a mistress is night and day.

Whether or not a girl in a rented bathing suit attracts a lot of attention depends primarily on where the rent is.

Marriage is like a long banquet with the dessert served first.

After a pleasant picnic in the woods, Mark described his girlfriend as the down-to-earth type.

Mrs. Farnsworthy felt bereaved but sympathetic when she got the news that Juliette, her jewel of a French maid, was leaving to get married.

"Ah, well," she said, seeing the glow of happiness on the girl's beautiful young face, "I am overjoyed for you, Juliette. You will have it much easier now that you're getting married."

"Yes, Madam," said the girl, with a tingle of anticipation that made her trim figure tremble, "and more frequently as well."

Heard any good ones lately? Send your favorites to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill., and earn an easy $25.00 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment goes to first received. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"Really, Mr. Barrington — we're touring castles now. Independent activity doesn't begin until four o'clock."

SLIME GOD *(continued from page 71)*

Stories and *Horrible Atom Tales*, and the covers, unlike the mechanistic covers of today, throbbed with life, blushed with the pink of fair flesh. The stories always seemed to have titles like *Girls for the Slime God*, and one or more of the girls involved customarily loosened the straps of her golden space tunic, letting it slide down her ripe golden body, past the golden curve of her hips and the soft golden flesh of her thighs, then turned to the hero, her full golden breasts quivering with emotion, and asked if he *still* believed she had the sacred Martian moonstone on her — all by page three at the latest. A dozen pages later in this issue of the hypothetical *Fearsome Future Fiction*, in another story, *Men for the Slime Goddess*, a different lass would be impelled to loosen the straps of her silver space tunic, letting it slide down her ripe creamy body, past the white curve of her hips and the soft ivory flesh of her thighs, turning to our hero finally, her full alabaster breasts quivering with anticipation (any resemblance among stories was not accidental — at half-a-cent a word, writers *had* to take short cuts).

A quivering bosom was no novel sight for a Thirties s-f hero. Space Girls expressed most of their emotions through their pectoral muscles. Bosoms swayed, trembled, heaved, shivered, danced or pouted according to their owners' moods. In fact, if a hero in those days had been a little more observant and had carried a tape measure, he could have saved himself a lot of trouble. When he opened an air lock and a gorgeous stowaway fell out, uniform ripping, it usually took him five or six pages to find out whether she was a Venusian spy or not, whereas the reader knew at once. If her torn uniform revealed pouting young breasts, she was OK — probably someone's kid sister. If she had eager, straining breasts, she was the heroine. But a girl with proud, arrogant breasts was definitely a spy — while a ripe, full bosom meant she was a Pirate Queen and all hell would soon break loose.

In case Kingsley Amis is beginning to distrust our memories of yesterday's Space Girls, it might be wise to eschew the vague and hypothetical and come up with a few living specimens. Why rely on memory — poor frail human thing — when second-hand magazine dealers can, for a price, confirm our hazy recollections? Sample, please, a passage from *The Angel from Hell*, which a dust-swathed December 1939 issue of *Marvel Science Stories* has yielded:

He saw an eerie being. A winged woman! Or was she a woman? Her body was a woman's . . . the sweet curves of it were shiny with a yellow velvet down. The breasts were firm round golden bowls, quivering to the effort of her wings. And he wanted her. He forgot all her strangeness, and saw only the golden breasts, the alluring contours . . . He thirsted for the feel of her golden body in his arms. He made a groping movement toward her . . .

Yes, this was the era of the racy pulps — when lusty BEMs (Bug Eyed Monsters) lurked on every asteroid, and many a lad reached adolescence believing that M.D. and M.Sc. meant Mad Doctor and Mad Scientist. Space travel may have been primitive in those days — but few of today's s-f heroes can match the sheer virility of the old Space Captains. Maybe they weren't nimble-witted, and it's true that they moved chiefly by involuntary reflex action — but they were men who thought nothing of blasting a path through Saturnian Space Pirates with no more equipment than a riveted space cruiser, smoking rocket tubes, and a hot navigator (38-24-38). When one of those boys brought his battle-scarred ship in for a landing on Jupiter he was *tired*, and it wasn't just from the fighting.

His navigator had a rough time, too; lacking radar or UNIVAC, she had to feel her way cautiously around the Solar System. Meanwhile the hero was using the same technique on her, with less caution.

It's about time somebody paid belated tribute to the voluptuous young females who pioneered the Solar System via the old pulps. Despite all hazards (penicillin had yet to be discovered) they poured into space in their faceless thousands. (It's possible they *had* faces, of course, but pulp authors seldom bothered to describe the girls above the neck.) Girls shipped out as navigators, space-reporters, astro-geologists, stowaways, proud-and-rich-daughters-of-the-owner-of-the-space-line-taking-their-first-trip-into-space, Pirate Queens, or just plain — well, unplain — crew members.

It took guts. Life for a Space Girl in those days was no bed of galactic roses. To begin with, their uniforms were defective. You'd think a metal-fabric bikini would be pretty durable. Not so. Two days out from Earth, the ship would lurch to avoid a meteor, and the girl would be catapulted across the cabin into the hero's lap to the sound of ripping fabric. From this point on she was ninety-eight-percent exposed to cosmic rays, the hero, and any stowaway villains.

And there was little purpose in her finding a fresh uniform. For even on pioneer flights, when girls still wore sturdy terrestrial garments, a complete outfit averaged little more than 1.5 pages in space — and in the heat of action the half-life of any garment could be measured in sentence-fragments. Any efficiency expert worth his salt would have ordered all Space Girls to strip to the skin hours before countdown. It would have saved untold time and effort later.

Consider the heart-breaking (and futile) attempts of space-journalist Lorna Rand to shield herself from the hot eyes and sweaty palms of Space Captain Shawn, the hero of a 1938 *Marvel* yarn, *The Avengers of Space*. Even before the good ship Eagle takes off, an accident *played havoc with the girl's dress, ripping it nearly off her slim body. For a second Shawn felt the warm firmness of her half-bared bosom against his cheek . . . his pulse beat faster at the touch of his hands upon her rounded, vibrant body . . . her milky thighs gleamed whitely . . .*

His throat was dry. His heart was pounding like a trip hammer.

(Space Captains in the 1930s suffered grievously from attacks of dry throat, pounding heart and moist palms. The equivalent syndrome in Space Girls included icy spinal tremors and — obversely — hot breath.)

Involuntarily Lorna shrank a little . . . lifted her hands in a protective gesture . . .

Fortunately for Lorna, the hero's attention is distracted by the need for a fast take-off (conspirators are stuffing dynamite under the Eagle's tail fins). But even with the ship spaceborne, she has to wait four pages before the hero grudgingly finds her a khaki shirt and slacks. And as for privacy — -

At the door he turned, involuntarily. . . . The girl had slipped off the tattered remnants of her dress and was nude save for flimsy underthings. The pale cones of her breasts swayed as she bent over, slipping a slim foot into the trousers. Shawn was trembling a little, his muscles weak as water. The girl was a vision of loveliness, rousing all the passion in him. He stared fascinated at her supple form, took a half-step forward . . . his palms moist with sweat.

Lorna, surprisingly, manages to keep clad until the Eagle lands on Mars, where Shawn and his crew encounter a chilly reception. Lorna, however, is greeted with considerable warmth, and it isn't long before Martians and reader alike can admire *her rounded breasts and the lithe curves of her young body revealed in utter nudity!*

With some difficulty, Lorna manages to dress herself in a Martian kirtle. But there is worse to come, she has the BEMs to contend with. The BEMs that roamed space in the old pulp magazines remain a source of constant fascination to the scholar. BEMs came in a wide variety of styles. The elite resembled Technicolor lobsters suffering from ele-

(continued on page 144)

attire **By ROBERT L. GREEN**

On TV's *The Untouchables*, Eliot Ness and his fellow feds are attired each week in what was practically the civilian uniform of the big, bad Twenties — the three-piece wooly suit with matching vest. Feds and felons alike wouldn't be caught dead without a properly-buttoned vest, and it was indeed a sartorial hallmark of the era. Gathered here for a special PLAYBOY shooting, Robert Stack and a couple of cronies model the new breed of vests: elegantly contemporary, eminently non-matching and damned good looking. Stack's own is a wool weskit by Hylo, $12. The shotgun-bearer sports a checked number by Carroll & Company, $25. The machine gunner's vest is a foulard by Moss Sportswear, $9.

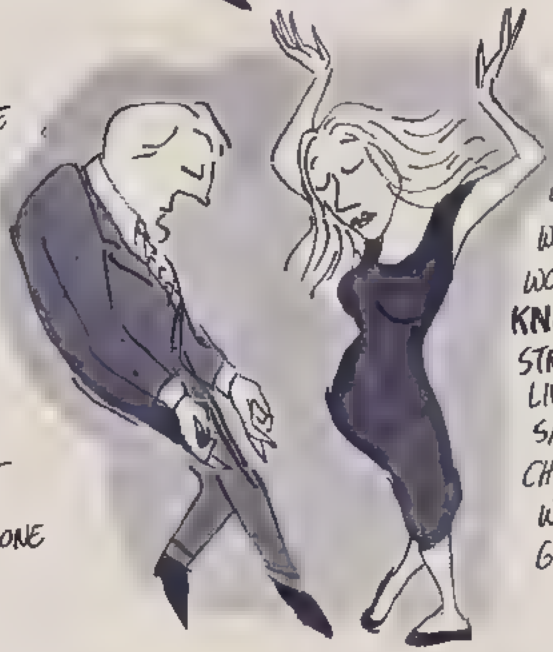
The Untouchables' touch with vests is reflected below in a whole array of strictly-1960 versions, from the classically simple to the richly flamboyant. Worn with the new country suit, the vest can match on one side and contrast on the other. A variation is the matching vest and jacket, with the trousers the contrasting item. You can go from there to a matching coat and trousers and supplement them with a reversible vest, one side coordinating, one side contrasting. Whatever your preference, here are the fabrics to watch for: wool (including Shetland and tweed), leather, corduroy, velvet, flannel, tie silk, madras, doeskin, hopsacking, burlap, brocade and jacquard. Styling ranges from the standard six-button models with pointed bottoms and traditional four pockets, to those with four or five buttons and rounded or straight-across bottoms. Double-breasted vests reflect English and Continental influences,

and are wholeheartedly recommended. Regardless of your choice, two practical points are pertinent: when there's a nip in the air, there's extra warmth in the waistcoat—and its handy pockets serve a host of purposes. In our line-up of armed agents, you can survey, from left to right: an imported etched-pattern cotton Heeksuede vest, reverses to rust, with flap-faced pockets, adjustable back strap, by Marshall Ray, $10. Gold velvet vest, reverses to brown cotton velvet, with two flap-faced, two welt pockets, foulard print back, by Mayhoff of Baltimore, $15. Cotton tattersall vest, reverses to wine-color cotton velvet, by Moss Sportswear, $10. Madras plaid corduroy vest, reverses to bronze, adjustable back strap, by Marshall Ray, $8. Cotton velvet vest with matching lining, open side vents, three welt pockets, by Hylo, $15. Silk rep vest with black lining, open side vents, four welt pockets, by English Sportswear, $15.

The Dancers

BY RIGHTS WHAT THE AMERICAN PEOPLE SHOULD ELECT IS A STRONG MAN. SOMEBODY WHO CAN STAND UP TO KHRUSHCHEV – CHA CHA CHA YOU LIVE AROUND HERE?

I ONE THIRD AGREE WITH YOU. IT'S CERTAINLY A VERY INTERESTING PERIOD TO BE ALIVE IN I CAN'T IMAGINE WHEN IT WAS MORE INTERESTING CHA CHA CHA AROUND THE CORNER.



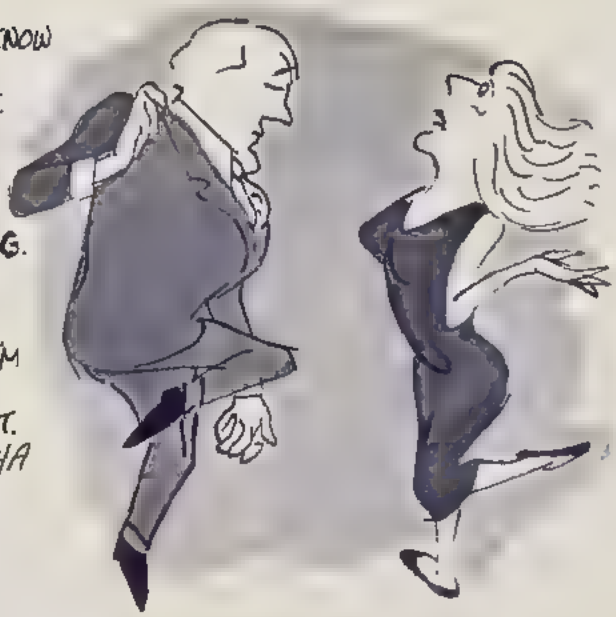
YOU DON'T HAVE ALL THE FACTS I'D RATHER HAVE LIVED IN THE TIME OF WASHING – TON WASHINGTON WAS A STRONG MAN. **HE** COULD HAVE STOOD UP TO KHRUSHCHEV – CHA CHA CHA YOU COME ALONE OR WHAT?

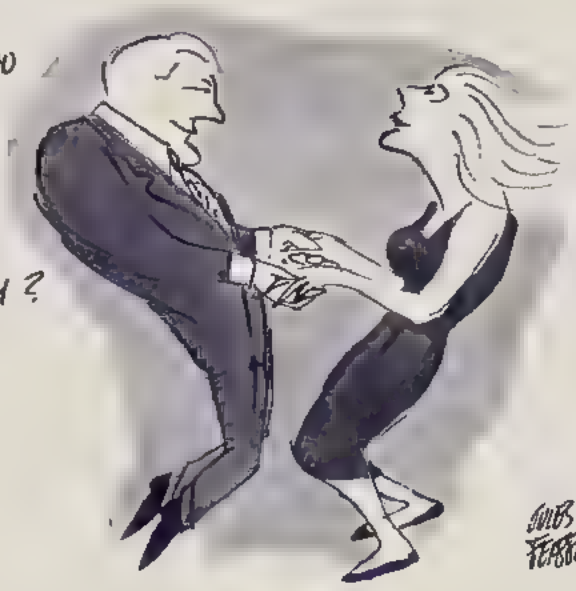
I ONE HALF AGREE WITH YOU BUT WHAT WORRIES **ME** IS WOULD WE HAVE **KNOWN** HE WAS STRONG IF WE LIVED IN THE SAME TIME? CHA CHA CHA WITH MY GIRL FRIEND.

THAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE. IF YOU'RE STRONG YOU'RE STRONG! YOU CAN'T ARGUE ABOUT **THAT!** YOU BETTER READ UP ON YOUR HISTORY. CHA CHA CHA YOU GOING HOME WITH ANYBODY?

I THREE QUARTERS AGREE WITH YOU BUT WHAT WORRIES **ME** IS – IS IT **ENOUGH** TO BE STRONG? YOU HAVE TO KNOW WHEN TO COMPROMISE ALSO. CHA CHA CHA WITH MY GIRL FRIEND I GUESS.

THAT'S A VERY DANGEROUS STATEMENT. DON'T YOU READ THE NEWSPAPERS? I'D RATHER GO TO WAR TOMORROW THAN COMPROMISE ON **PRINCIPLE** I'LL COMPROMISE ON **ANYTHING** EXCEPT PRINCIPLE.
CHA CHA CHA
UM. WHY DON'T **I** TAKE YOU HOME?
OH I NINE-TENTHS AGREE WITH YOU BUT WHAT WORRIES **ME** IS SHOULD WE GO TO WAR IF WE KNOW THAT NOBODY'S GONNA BE LEFT WHEN IT'S OVER?
CHA CHA CHA
SURE. IF YOU WANT TO.


YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT. SOONER OR LATER YOU GOT TO SHOW YOU'RE **STRONG**.
I DON'T KNOW WHERE **YOU** STAND BUT I'M **AGAINST** APPEASEMENT.
CHA CHA CHA
YOU LIKE CHINESE FOOD?
I TWELVE-THIRTEENTHS AGREE WITH YOU. IT'S TOO COMPLICATED FOR ME. IT'S TOO BAD GEORGE WASHINGTON ISN'T ALIVE.
CHA CHA CHA
I LOVE CHINESE FOOD.


YEAH? YOU KNOW WE GOT A LOT IN COMMON.
CHA CHA CHA
YOU READY?
I ONE-HUNDRED PERCENT AGREE WITH YOU.
CHA CHA CHA
ANYTIME.
JULES FEIFFER

playboy on the town in
ACAPULCO

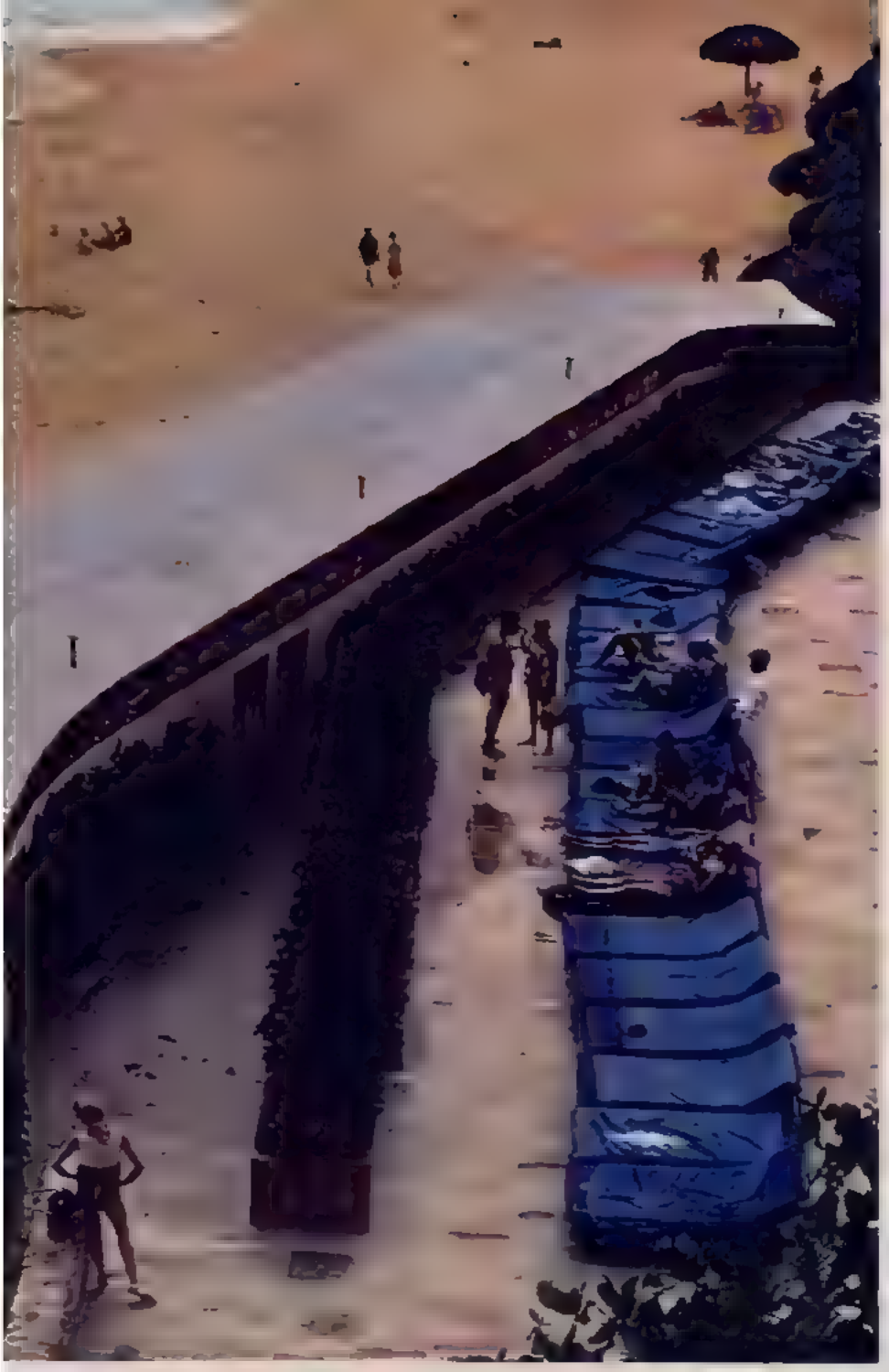
a cosmopolite's guide to mexico's romantic riviera

MAYBE YOU'VE SEEN IT on the late show: Betty Grable (remember her?) is a secretary from, say, Trenton, Ohio, enjoying one week's vacation south of the border. Before the first musical number is quite over (Carmen Miranda, in a hat made of bananas, avocados, a cheese blintz, hibiscus and parrot feathers, singing a lyric that seems to consist exclusively of the sound chee-chee-chee-chee), Betty is hopelessly enmeshed in an ambivalent relationship with a rich Latin gigolo played by Cesar Romero or possibly Don Ameche with gray stuff at his temples and an inappropriate George Givot accent. George Givot may be on hand, too, to provide comic relief, and José Iturbi is sure to pound out the *Ritual Fire Dance* on a lit-up piano, unless Xavier Cugat and Lina Romay happen to be operating that side of the street. By the final fade-out, Betty is in the arms of Romero/Ameche and the whole cast is singing, "If you're romantic, chum, pack up your duds and come to Acapulco . . ."

Corn doesn't grow much taller than that, but in the case of Mexico's Acapulco (less than ten air hours from anywhere in the U.S.), you can safely swallow it — cob, husk and all — secure in the knowledge that Truth has not been too severely bent. For Acapulco, today, is a dazzling amalgam of half a dozen screen extravaganzas, unabashedly corny, gorgeously unreal, glossy with luxury, awash with Technicolor, athrob with Latin rhythms, inhabited by dark-eyed *señoritas*, Ohio cuties on vacation, and on-the-make operators from both south and north of the border. The song says "You put your cares in hock and throw away your clock in Acapulco," and that's no lie: Acapulcans swing around the sundial. The song further describes Acapulco as a place "where you can be as lazy as a daisy drifting in a blue lagoon": blue lagoons are indeed to be had and nobody frowns upon indolence. It claims "You're wide awake at night, because you do your dreaming in the afternoon": Acapulco night life is truly wider awake than night life anywhere else. And, finally, if you doubt that "when the moon is new, it's like a honeydew," you've obviously been having so much fun you haven't had time to look up at the sky.

The travel folders will tell you it is a land of magic landscapes sparkling like a jeweled setting around the rich blue crescent of its bay. It is. They will tell you that golden beaches glisten in the sun and rocky cliffs

Fun in Acapulco is a round-the-clock way of life. Whether you dig a frolic on a shimmering strand or the heady delights of flaming rum at a smart terrace restaurant, this romantic Mexican riviera is for you. Right: El Mercado, the bustling native market, offers handmade items of every description.



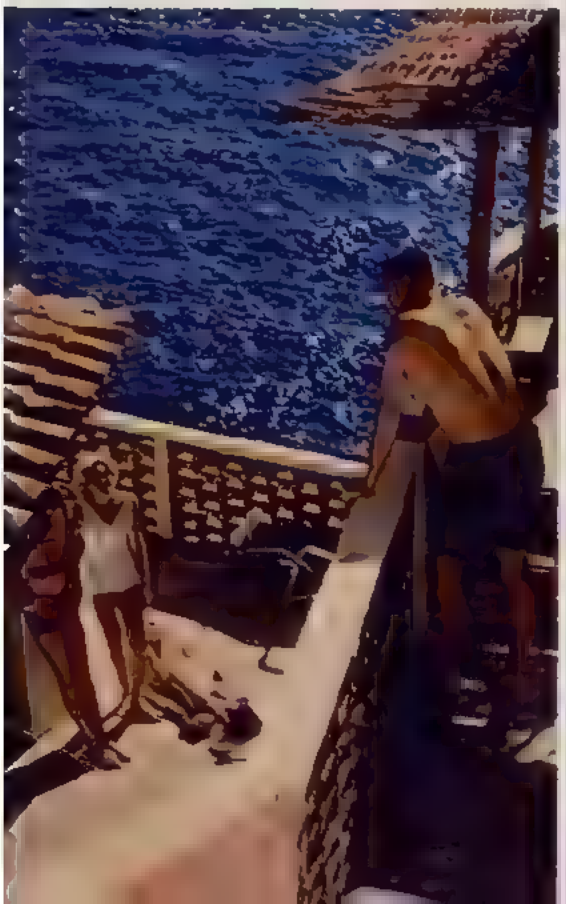
Left: sun worshipers take their ease at El Presidente's cabaña area, handy to both ocean and pool. Bottom left: the view is delightful when the shutters are thrown open. Above: a high-on-a-hilltop town house with a view of both Acapulco and the bay. Below: guests at El Mirador hotel are transported by funicular down to a swimming pool hewn out of rock.

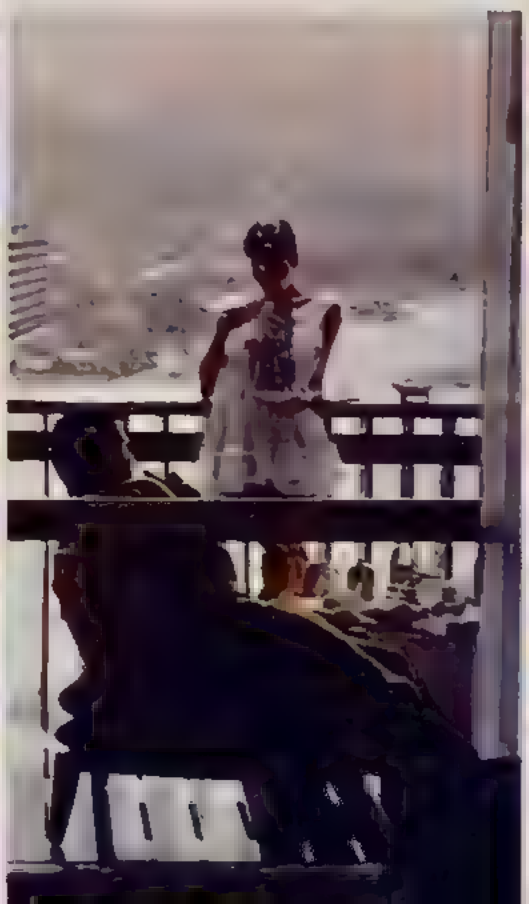
Above, l to r: a sampling of Acapulco's coolest, most-called-for concoctions: *Pink Daiquiri*—lemon juice, grenadine, rum; *Las Brisas Welcome Drink*—gin in fresh coconut; *Sol y Sombra*—tequila, port wine, fruit juices; *Piyi*—tequila, rum, pineapple juice in fresh pineapple. Below: for the amphibiously inclined, Acapulco Bay is a perfect playground for water skiing, speedboating and surfboarding.

drop precipitously into the ocean. They do. We know, because we were there recently.

We arrived, as does most everybody, on the one A.M. Aeronaves flight from Mexico City. Acapulco, on the western coast, is a one-hour hop by air, six smooth hours by luxury bus or, in your rented car, a pleasantly scenic 265-mile romp over good highways. Tooling into town via taxi from the airport, we caught our first view of the

Above: the famous pink jeeps of Las Brisas Hilton make socializing between its spread-out pink casitas (some with private pool) speedy as well as simple. Below, left to right: stucco cottages perched cliffside at El Mirador, oldest and most authentically Mexican of major hotels, include picturesque private terraces at moderate rates. Fancier terraces, at loftier tariffs, are available at plush, new El Presidente, which also boasts a nightclub, restaurants and big fresh-water pool. In sharp contrast is "the philosophical life," which may be pursued at Catalejo's, home of Acapulco's one-man art colony, Isidro Covisa. Two hefty meals, a hammock in a coed open-air dorm, beards and bongos—all can be yours for a scant $2 a day.





bay's curvilinear panorama. Those small lights twinkling on the water (our cabby informed us in impressionistic English) marked the dugouts of native fishermen luring pompano, red snapper and mackerel off the bay's bountiful bottom. From across the bay, sparkling neons promised non-stop good times.

"Oh, you will like Acapulco much, *señor*," enthused our cabby, a José Jiménez type.

"*¿Por qué?*" we asked.

He turned around and flashed us a smile like a Wurlitzer accordion, complete with black keys. "Because," he said, "it swing, *señor*, it swing!"

"Watch the road," we advised—in English, because we didn't happen to know the Spanish for that useful phrase. While we're on the subject, let's dismiss the problem of the language once and for all. You don't have to speak it like a native—and unless you do, don't make the mistake of dusting off your high school Español and maybe getting laughed at. Most of the people you'll be hobnobbing with or who will be serving you speak some English, and it's best to let them practice on you rather than you on them. Of course, an occasional *Buenos días* by day and *Buenas noches* by night will do you no harm, nor will *Por favor* for please, *Muchas*

Left: in season, *aficionados* flock to the Plaza de Toros for a Sunday-afternoon *corrida*. Less-bloody entertainments to be enjoyed include fireworks during religious fiesta (above) and partying aboard a private yacht (below).

gracias for thanks, *¿Dónde está?* for where is it, *¿Cuánto?* for how much and *¡Muy buena!* for dig that chick. So ends PLAYBOY's Short Course in Functional Acapulcan.

(While we're at it, let's get a couple of other chores out of the way so we can enjoy the city without worrying about trivia. Mexican money: the peso is pretty stable, at twelve and a half to the dollar. Just remember that one peso equals eight cents. Tipping: follow the same fifteen percent rule you follow in the States; drop one peso

Left: at sunset, a chartered schooner, with plenty of fresh coconuts, liquor and native musicians aboard, leaves the Club de Pesca hotel for a cruise across the bay. Half an hour later, at a calm anchorage off a small island, the couples go ashore for the fun of a beach picnic (below). There's dancing in the bonfire's flickering light, swimming by moonlight (sans suits if you wish) and a pervading air of contentment.

Upper left: Acapulco's most sumptuous dining spot is El Presidente's Focolare where, to the ever-present strumming of soft guitars, you can feast on the likes of Langostinos à la Bordelaise, Carne Asada Mexicana and a superb assortment of Mexican cheeses and pastries. There's also a terrace for cocktails. Above: at La Rue, an unusual French restaurant that occupies the top balcony of the jai-alai *frontón*, you can watch the *pelota* being fired across the 100-foot-long court while you sip your cocktail in comfort. This fast, exciting Basque game also serves as an outlet for the visitor's gambling yen. Below: night life in Acapulco can be as posh as Manhattan's, but you dress far more informally here than in the States. Jacaranda is El Presidente's smart new club and, like many after-dark spots, it is partly out of doors, partly in, to take full advantage of Acapulco's salubrious night breezes and star-bright skies. The roar of the surf nearby and the infectious cha-cha beat of the orchestra make for a heady melody indeed.

for the smallest services. Mexican cops won't be offended if you tip them for watching your car. You won't have much use for coins—forget about them. Sundries: before leaving the States, you'd be wise to latch onto a six-month Tourist Card by visiting the Mexican Consulate nearest you or an office of the Mexican Government Tourist Bureau and presenting proof of birth or citizenship plus three bucks. And, yes, you'll need a smallpox vaccination certificate. If you're a forgetful type like us, you'll be glad to know that, if worse comes to worst, you can get a Tourist Card at the border, and if you didn't remember the vaccination you can get the needle on the way back into the U.S.)

Meanwhile, *(continued on page 120)*

For night people, Acapulco offers a delightful assortment of divertisements. Top: sophisticated Armando's specializes in menu and music tuned to American tastes. The pianist, an expatriate Gringo from New Jersey, tackles all requests in supper-club style, from *Muskrat Ramble* to *Clair de lune*. Center: at Casa Raquel, one of the town's more tastefully furnished brothels, one can drink at the bar to the strains of Mexican music from the jukebox, make small talk with the girls under a lighted tree, or simply retire upstairs. Bottom: the beautifully terraced tiers of La Perla, the restaurant at El Mirador. Featured here are the Clavadistas de Quebrada, a company of divers who twice nightly make 136-foot leaps with torches aflame.

After a night of watching flamenco dancer Leonor Amaya (upper left) at the Fontana, one of Acapulco's loveliest outdoor restaurants, or the sinewy gyrations of Talva (upper right) at Rio Rito's in the red-light district, you can greet the sun on a near deserted stretch of beach.

"It's your wife. Shall I ask her not to bother you during business hours?"

the ancient art of wagering and winning whilst one foot rests on the rail

games **By STEPHEN BARR**

A BAR BET is a bet that you make with somebody at a bar. The purposes of a bar bet are: (1) to show what a clever and engaging chap you are; (2) to get the other fellow to pay for your drinks. Since jovial bonhomie and good fellowship are important ingredients of social drinking, you do not try to make a substantial killing with a bar bet. Of course, if you don't care about niceties of that sort, go ahead, *get* yourself punched in the nose after a nasty argument with a lush.

The props for these bets are the things one would naturally have at hand at a bar: bottles, glasses, matches, cigarettes, money, paper, pencil, and so on, including an obliging bartender. For instance, a good many bars have hard-boiled eggs lying around waiting to be bought. You can work up a good bar bet around such an egg. Buy one, and ask the bartender to bring you a fresh one too. Now get them mixed up, so nobody knows which is which.

"Hey, which one do I eat?" you ask.

"Beats me, Mac," the bartender says. "You should of thought of that earlier."

You turn to the fellow on the next stool, who has been following your antics with interest. "Can you tell them apart?" you ask.

He picks them up, weighs them in his hands, shakes them, holds them up to the light, and whatever. "There's no way of knowing," he declares.

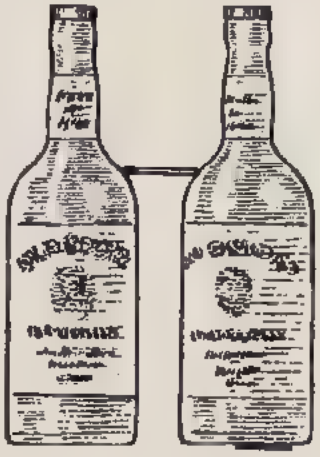
"Tell you what," you say. "I'll buy the next round if I can't pick the hard-boiled egg without cracking either one. You buy the next round if I can. OK?"

He subjects the henfruit to further intensive scrutiny. They are as alike as two eggs. "There must be some catch," he says, "but go ahead." You see, he will go for this if the stakes are small, merely from curiosity, even though he suspects he is being taken.

And he *is* being taken—that is inherent in every bar bet. You spin either egg on the bar, stop it with your finger, and instantly release it. The raw egg will start turning again. With serene composure you order your second gin and Compari on him.

A build-up of some sort is generally required to get a bar bet accepted. If you had come out cold with the assertion, "I'll bet I can tell a hard-boiled egg from a fresh one," you wouldn't have found a taker. Similarly, there's little use in offering point blank to bet somebody that he can't do something—he will suspect, quite correctly, that he can't. You have to work up to it.

The very best way to bring a bar bet home is to challenge the other fellow to perform some feat, let him try in vain, and then offer to bet that you can do it. Having proved that it is "impossible," he is almost certain to take you up. A good one of this type involves arranging two bottles, a coin and a match, as shown.

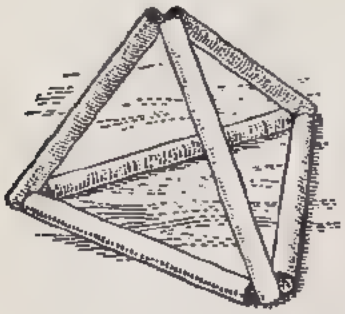


You defy him to remove the coin without touching the match and without causing it to fall. His efforts are unavailing, and he readily bets that you can't do it either. Whereupon you light the head of the match with another. It will stick to the bottle and you then lift the other bottle and retrieve the coin.

(Right here is the place for a word of warning. *Sometimes the match doesn't stick.* With most of these bets it will

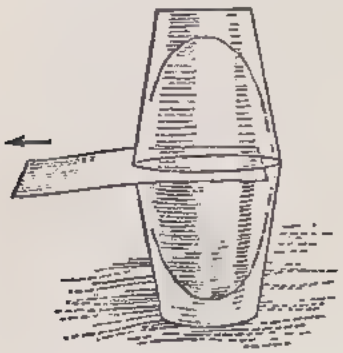
sometimes happen that something goes wrong and you lose. In such cases your attitude should be: so much the better. All the more chance that this poor foolish fellow will take you up on your next proposition.)

A wheeze with cigarettes: bet that with six of them he can't make four equilateral triangles with no leftover lines. When he passes the ball back to you, you set them up like this, with three cigs forming a triangle on the bar and the other three erected as a tripod above them. The cigarettes will stand up more easily than you might think.



The solution may elicit complaints that they're not all flat on the bar, but who said anything about flat?

A bet that requires a rather steady hand, and hence should be proffered before you've won too many drinks with other bets, is this: Fill two shot glasses *brim full*, one with whiskey, one with water. Ask your gull to exchange their contents without using any sort of container and without spilling more than a negligible amount. He has a dollar that says it's impossible. You now take a small piece of stiffish paper — part of a magazine cover, say — and lay it atop the shot glass filled with water, where it will stick by capillary attraction, permitting you to deftly turn it over and put it upside down exactly over the whiskey shot glass. Then you gently draw the paper from between the glasses until a tiny gap is made, through which the whiskey will flow up — being lighter — and replace the heavier water. Like this:



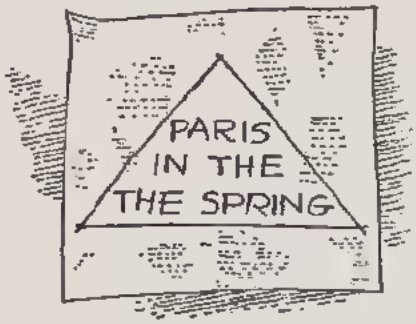
Incredibly, the two liquids don't mix! Better practice this at home a couple of times before your first public appearance. And don't try it with gin: you can't see it; nor with a liqueur: it won't work.

When you see the bartender about to throw away an empty liquor bottle, ask for the loan of it and a straw. Use the straw to fill the bottle with smoke, and challenge someone to get the smoke out in less than a second. Whatever he tries (including filling the bottle with water) will take far more than a second. Now, of course, you bet that you can do it. Bet accepted, you simply drop in a lighted match. Spectacular. (Note: be sure the bottle is at room temperature and that it has dregs of hard liquor in it.)

Another category of bar bets involves wagering the other fellow that he can't do something so apparently simple that he is certain he can do it. His ego becomes involved — particularly if you have beaten him at one or two of the bets described above — and he is likely to grasp the opportunity to put you in your place.

For instance, bet him he can't light all twenty paper matches in a match book with one strike each on the scratch surface of said match book. The odds against him are astronomical, provided you set a reasonable time limit — say five seconds a match — and have him tear out all the matches first, "to save time." Actually, having all the matches handy will tend to make him hurry, and haste will make him break some of the matches; this is bad for him, good for you. Try it a few times just to convince yourself how little chance he has.

Or write the following on a piece of paper, but don't let him see you write it. Show it to him for *two* seconds, and bet him he can't repeat the words correctly. The chances are very good that he will muff it.



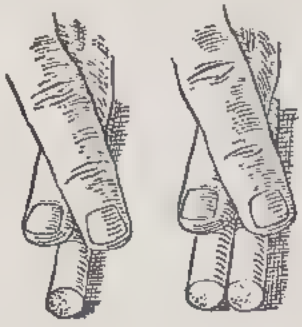
There are other word combinations that work well, too, but remember that they *must* be placed in the drawn triangle with the repeated word on different lines. You can use BEWARE OF THE THE DOG OR THE BIRDS AND AND THE BEES in place of the illustrated example.

After he's had a couple of drinks (and incidentally, getting your opponent somewhat lubricated is one of the basic tactics of barbetsmanship), you might try the following list of words on him, which you have conveniently in your pocket. Assure him that they are all words of common knowledge and bet him he can't read them off at a normal rate of speed, pronouncing them all correctly on the first try.

CATS
MEW
FEW
SEW
EWE
AWE
AWFULLY
AWRY
ANGRY
SIMPLY
PIMPLY
IMPLY
IMP
MEN
MENIAL
DENIAL
GENIAL
CALL
SALLY
ALLY
FIREFLY
REALLY
MEALY
STEELY
RELY
ENTER
SPLINTER
WINTER
LETTER

The MEW FEW SEW EWE AWE sequence puts him in an alert, slightly nervous condition, so he'll have trouble with AWRY, IMPLY, DENIAL, ALLY, RELY and INTER. The first time he hesitates be sure to cry out, "No more pauses!" He's almost bound to go wrong before he's finished.

While he's recovering from this defeat, place two cigarettes on the bar, get him to cross his fingers — all the way over — and bet him he can't tell by touch alone whether he's touching one cigarette or two. Explain that the cigarettes will lie parallel to his fingers, not at right angles. He closes his eyes; you remove one cigarette and guide his hand to the other so that it lies between his crossed fingers, with both of them touching it.



He will say it is two. Then do it with two cigarettes, each finger touching one. Sure enough, he gets it wrong again.

(continued on page 128)

a low-budget american "art" film heralds a new wave of cinematic sex

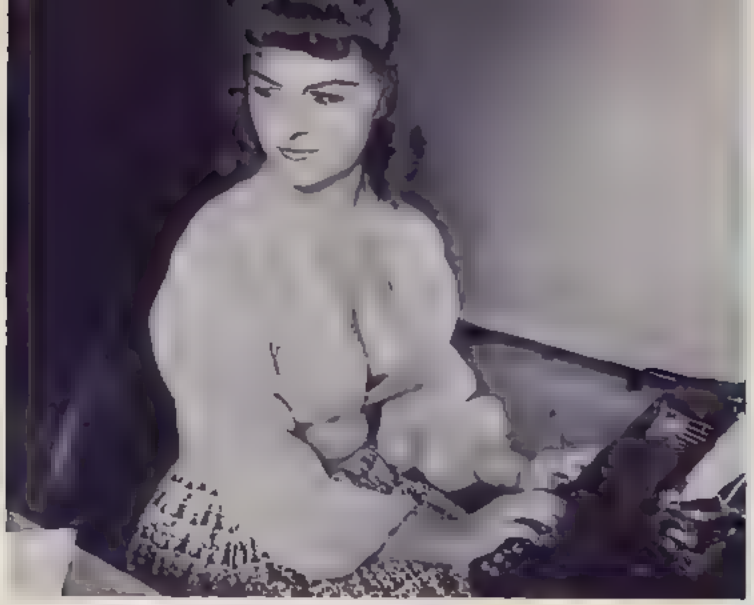
THE IMMORAL MR. TEAS

IT USED TO BE that European film makers had pretty much of a monopoly on cinematic nudity and sex. Their products—good, bad or indifferent—have long held the world-wide reputation for revealing far more of the female form than anything produced here. No more.

There is today a group of independent, low-budget producers, ambitious Americans all, who have made broad encroachments in the areas of nudity (sex, we assume, will come along later) on the screen. No Oscar hunters, the members of this West Coast wave are cranking out commercially conceived "art" films concerned mainly with cute chicks dressed in nearly nothing. What's more, these films are being distributed nationally, to the delight of backers and moviegoers alike, and doing big box office at the art houses where they play.

Vital to the warm climate in which this exotic cinematic bloom flourishes is the new liberal attitude of the federal courts toward film censorship. In a series of recent decisions, the courts have ruled: (1) that local censorship of movies, as long practiced in many parts of the U.S., is unconstitutional because

The Immoral Mr. Teas, as the film's narrator explains, is all about "the simple, uncluttered fellow who merely lives from day to day." In his humdrum routine, delivering dental supplies, he's tempted by the sexy creatures he meets along his route. Then, under anesthetic in a dentist's chair, a fresh fillip is added to his life: the voluptuous dental assistant suddenly appears before him in the nude.



Dismissing the incident as nothing more than a dream, Teas wanders into his favorite lunchroom (below) to discover that his new faculty makes watermelon-eating difficult. Fearing that he's going off his rocker, Teas tries to ignore a pretty secretary (above and right), stripped to the buff in a thrice. He escapes to an idyllic fishing retreat, only to find that filled with frockless femmes as well.

it is a form of prior restraint which circumvents due process of law and puts the problem of censorship in the hands of local police officials or a few of the local citizenry, instead of in the courts where it belongs, and (2) that nudity per se is not obscene. These recent decisions have opened the door to a great many foreign films that can now be shown in their uncut versions throughout most of the country for the first time. And the portal had not been too long open before a few independent U.S. producers decided to step inside.

Several of these began producing sex cheapies and turned to naturalism for inspiration – pseudo documentaries shot in steaming jungle atmospheres where little or no clothing is the custom; and educational explorations of nudist camps and the sunbathing cult. Some, like *The Immoral Mr. Teas*, actually boast something of a plot.

Produced by Peter A. De Genzie (PAD Productions), directed and photographed (in color) by pin-up lensman Russ Meyer, *The Immoral Mr. Teas* is a good-natured, if heavy-handed, comedy about an ordinary fellow who develops a most extraordinary ability: most men mentally undress women from time to time, but Teas is able to accomplish the feat in a disturbingly real way. Teas is a milquetoast, shy and retiring, caught – as the film's narrator explains – in the "mad, impetuous, senseless, driving bustle of the city." In our world of "higher buildings, automatic autos, more potent pills, bigger stomach-aches, quicker liquor, faster freeways and tighter underwear," Mr. Teas takes off on his humdrum rounds – delivering false teeth to dentists by bicycle.

Aside from being hit on the head by a

Thoroughly upset by these inexplicable experiences, the shy Mr. Teas makes an appointment with a psychoanalyst who turns out to be, to no one's surprise, a very attractive young miss, bespectacled and conservatively clothed, but naked as a Jay bird a moment after Teas reclines on the couch. Philosophically, he then decides to stop fighting and accept life as he finds it, which isn't bad.

hula-hooping neighborhood child and being made generally jumpy by the bulging figures of the women he meets each day in his work, things are going along smoothly enough for Mr Teas until the afternoon he tarries in a dentist's office, where he often makes deliveries, to have a tooth of his own extracted. Under the influence of the anesthetic, he has a hallucination that seems half real, half fanciful. The dentist extracts an enormous molar, the size of a bicycle handle, and the bountiful, brunette dental assistant standing next to him suddenly appears stark naked. Passing the experience off as a dream induced by the anesthetic, Mr. Teas returns to work, wanders into his favorite lunchroom, only to discover that the blonde behind the counter is in a similarly embarrassing state of undress, though she seems blissfully unaware of it. The illusion – if illusion it be – is pleasant enough, but Teas fears that it may be only the beginning of some more serious mental disorder. He attempts to escape to the woods and the solitary pleasure of fishing, but there the visions become more intense: all the girls he has met in his workaday world appear before him and frolic about him in the water clad in naught save sunshine. At this point both Mr. Teas and the movie's plot tend to come apart, and only Mr. T manages a recovery: a visit to an analyst does the trick, but not in the conventional manner. Mr. Teas is not cured at movie's end, but after the analyst – who turns out to be a scrumptious, bespectacled miss – loses all her clothing, he decides to stop worrying about his new-found gift and simply make the most of it. As the film's narrator sagely comments, "Some men just enjoy being sick."

"Not until you take off that silly hat."

Ribald Classic

New translations of two Seventeenth Century German folk tales, *Unrecht Kopf* and *Der Dornbusch*

MAN VS. WOMAN

ONE DAY Woman and the Devil were fighting tooth and nail. The Divinity, hearing this battle, said to his lieutenant, "I am acquainted with the natures of these two well enough to know that they will not quit until both of them are utterly destroyed. Go quickly and try to separate them."

The lieutenant said, "I do not think that will be an easy thing to do. How shall I go about it?"

"Do as you see fit."

The lieutenant went down to the world below and tried persuasion. The battlers did not stop their fighting. He tried to command them, but they paid no heed. Finally he decided that the situation called for immediate and drastic action. He drew his mighty sword and, with a well-aimed blow, severed the heads of both combatants. Then he returned to the heavens.

"Were you successful?" asked the Divinity.

"Yes, my lord."

"Tell me what you did, so that next time I may do the same thing."

"I cut off their heads."

"I think that was going a bit too far," said the Divinity. "Return quickly and place their heads back on."

The lieutenant rushed to carry out the command of his master but in his haste he made a mistake and placed the Devil's head on Woman's neck. This terrible error has never been rectified and explains many things.

• • •

MARCUS and his beautiful wife Cornelia had been married for less than a year when one day she fell into a fit and physicians had to be summoned to administer to her.

After many hours of trying to revive her, the physicians went to Marcus and told him that they had pronounced her dead. After much lamenting, the husband ordered a long burial procession to be formed to carry the body to the village cemetery.

As was the custom, the servants wrapped the body in a silk shroud and four men carried the body on their shoulders. Slowly, the procession started walking to the cemetery with the bereaved husband following behind them, crying his misfortune to the people of the village. The cortege followed a narrow path across the fields and at a turn in the path the bearers brushed a thorn tree and a thorn pricked the dead wife.

Suddenly she was restored to consciousness and to her husband, and they lived together for fourteen years.

Marcus, returning home one night, was met by his servants and told that his wife had fallen into another fit. Once again the physicians were summoned and once again they pronounced the woman dead.

For the second time, there was much lamenting in the house of Marcus and for the second time a funeral procession was formed. The body was carried toward the cemetery with the crying husband following the procession. As they approached the thorn tree at the turn in the path, the husband stopped his lamenting long enough to look up and say,

"Look out for the thorn tree, friends!"

— Translated by H. W. Stephens

HARPY (continued from page 54)

to Château-Thierry to see all the crosses?"

"That's about it," he said. "Nothing to get excited about."

"I'll scratch her goddamn eyes out if I get close enough to," Alison said.

"Tut tut," he said. "Play it cool."

He took a look around after lunch: everything was moving smoothly and there was nothing urgent on his desk. He found his afternoon free. He drove back and found Marian sitting in a chaise longue in front of the house. She jumped up when she saw him. "You're early," she said.

"Yes. A client failed to show. That gives me time today to get some food for my birds with John. You don't have to come."

"But I'd love to come," she said. "On horse?"

"On horse," he said. "You won't like it."

"I'll get ready," she said.

Half an hour later they were walking toward the hawk house. She was again wearing the magic green hat. John had already saddled two of the three horses and was standing with them in the drive. The third horse had only bit and reins.

"Does he still show off with that bareback routine?" she asked. "I wish you'd get rid of that savage."

"He says a Plains Indian doesn't need a saddle and he's right. Call it showing off if you wish."

"Why are we going to the potting shed?" she asked.

"It's where I keep my birds now," he replied. "The magnificent peregrine you saw yesterday, a merlin, a Cooper's hawk, a prairie falcon, a little burrowing owl I threw a net over before he could get back into his hole; and my eagle."

He pushed open the door and they entered. The birds sat in a row on a long two-by-four with burlap wrapped around it and hanging to the floor. As they went in, the birds stirred, all but the burrowing owl, which stared at them stupidly, the way an owl should. The merlin, as they approached, moved his head in quick small swings, bright-eyed, and opened his beak wide to emit one thin weak cry, almost a squeak. The prairie falcon moved his feet about as if trying to find a comfortable stance, stepping on his swivel and the leash that tied it to the screen perch.

"Hello, girls and boys," Robin said, his face lighting up. He went to the prairie falcon and extended his forefinger. The falcon reached out and took the tip of his finger gently in his beak, and immediately let go. He smiled. "That's their greeting in the wild, beak to beak."

Marian was looking about with distaste. On the workbench and hanging on the walls were dozens of leather articles, strips of rawhide, hoods with gaudy pompons, leashes, cans of disinfectant, insecticide; the floor was littered with bits of pigeon feathers. In her nose was a smell of leather, blood, and something peppery. "What's that nasty odor?" she asked.

"Dried excrement, mainly."

Suddenly the Cooper's hawk bated, banging her wings against the perch. She lunged into the air to the full length of her jesses again and again, recoiling each time to the same balanced stance. As suddenly as she had begun she stopped; flicked a wing to compose a feather; sat quietly. Clouds of dust rose from the floor; the peppery smell got stronger.

"Exercise," he said. "John thought there was something wrong, but it's only that she hasn't been flown for a week."

"Is that why you keep it behind a wall from the others? Because of this insane flapping? God, what a madhouse!"

A piece of plywood astride the perch separated the Cooper's from the others.

"She's an Accipiter," he said. "The Accipiters are killers, all the time. If she could look down the perch and see four potential victims, and not be able to get to them when she got the urge, she would go crazy and kill herself in a frenzy."

"That would be perfectly OK by me," Marian said. "Filthy blood-thirsty creatures."

"You don't care for my birds?" he said. "Well, come have a look at the eagle." He led her into the back part of the shed, which was partitioned off. The eagle sat on a perch of her own like an enormous croquet wicket. She had been resting almost vertical, now she leaned forward, watching. She shifted on her perch with a faint plucking of talons on burlap and a larger sound of pinions rustling as she raised her wings and shook herself like a dog and seemed to settle herself more comfortably in her harsh feathers. The fearless blank seen soulless eyes observed each move they made. Marian looked at her with loathing.

"Robin!" she said. "You are training this monster? Have you lost your senses completely?"

He went up to the bird and knocked its beak with his knuckle. The eagle dodged and lifted one tremendous horned foot from the hoop. "Ah, none of that," he said. "You put those hooks into me last week and that's enough for a while." The eagle settled back on her perch, never for one instant letting her gaze leave his eyes.

"The harpy eagle of South America," he said proudly. "Larger than the golden, and more dangerous. It fears nothing, has never had to learn the value of fear. And I've trained the beast to obey my will and to come to my glove and to hunt for me. We took five coyotes in the week before my accident."

"And to rip your leg open," she said "and maybe your eyes or your throat next time.' Her face was white. "Something has gone wrong inside you, Robin, to have dealings with this ugly creature. This is not you at all. This is insane!"

She looked at the harpy eagle with abhorrence. Its great hooked beak, with the nostril slits, pointed toward her; the cruel eyes watched her slightest move. A double crest of feathers crowned the head. Worst of all were the feet, monstrous, impossible killers, as big in themselves as the owl she had just seen, hooked and deadly six inches across. This was what had caused her that terrible fright, that afternoon, when she knew Robin had been hurt. She looked at him now with horrid surmise.

"You have changed, Robin," she whispered, "since you let me go."

"Oh yes," he said. "I have changed, all right. Now let's get the peregrine and go out for the food."

Back in the main part of the shed he took the peregrine's hood from its hook. The bird dodged once or twice but made no serious effort to avoid having it placed on her head. He got his gauntlet from the workbench and put it on. He untied the leash from where it was tied under the beam, through a hole in the burlap screen, and nudged the falcon onto his glove, gripping the swivel between thumb and forefinger and wrapping the leash around his other three fingers. They left the hawk house and went to the horses. The bird balanced on the glove with ease, dipping and bowing, her enameled feet set wide apart.

"You have the bag and the tape, John?" he asked.

"You know I have, boss," the Indian answered. He looked without expression at the woman, and there was hostility in the very absence of expression and in the omission of any greeting.

They mounted—Robin from the wrong side because of the bird on his left arm, John in one leap to the bare back of his animal, only Marian in the orthodox way. They set off up the trail behind the house.

"Let's go up on the ridge and look around," Robin said, after they had passed the complex of office and dwellings. "See what activity we find near that patch of alders at the brook, maybe."

"Better we keep to the bushes," John said. "Otherwise the birds all hide in the trees and I gotta climb."

They trotted up the path until it got too steep; then the horses walked. Robin made conversation. "This bird is without much question the most perfect

"More guests came over than I expected. Can I borrow just one more girl?"

creature ever fashioned. *Falco peregrinus*, which no one below the rank of earl could own in olden times. When this bird is aloft, all other life falls still. They've clocked it at two hundred and seventy miles per hour. Nothing in the air can escape it."

"Not even that damnable eagle?" Marian asked.

Robin laughed. "We're going to find that out tomorrow. Oh, what a battle that will be." He dropped his reins and stroked the falcon's back. "Wanderer," he said gently, "shall you kill my eagle, or will my eagle kill you? One of you will die."

"It's a shame, boss," John said. "You shouldn't do it. They're both fine birds."

"I have to know about the eagle," Robin said. "I have to know how much she has in her."

"She's not built to fight falcons," the Indian said, "and no natural falcon would ever go after her. It's a waste and a shame."

"I have to know what that eagle has in her," Robin repeated with great vigor. "Don't you understand? If she wins against the falcon she is the mightiest creature in the world."

"And you are its master," Marian said. "Is that it?"

"Yes," he said. "I guess that's it."

"How wrong!" she exclaimed. "Oh, how *wrong!*"

They came up over the crest of the Rampart Range and reined in. The slope dropped off steeply before them, a scraggy talus of runty trees and sagebrush, down to the plain that spread itself in a great semicircle to the horizon. Far off, a patch of haze announced the existence of Denver. A highway strung itself through the middle distance. At their backs the hills rose, leap on leap, becoming mountains, lean and formidable.

John urged his horse past the others until he had the lead, and took them to the left. They rode for another half a mile, hardly speaking. "This is a good place," he said.

They dismounted in a loose thicket of scrub maple, where birds were seen flitting and passing by. Robin detached the swivel and the leash from the jesses, and lifted off the hood. The peregrine seemed to frown and stared sharply in all directions. Then, with great strokes of her wings, she lifted herself to the top of the air and circled studying what was below her with head movements to the left and right. Now suddenly she stooped, sculling with her wings in a dive of unbelievable speed at a jay. The jay fled headlong into a bush—simply crashed into it at full throttle and disappeared. The falcon veered away at the last possible moment and rang up to pitch again.

"OK, John, let's get that one," Robin said.

"How do you know he can get that one?" Marian demanded angrily. "That bird isn't hurt."

"Watch," Robin said. John went to the bush. The bird was crouching under a branch. He reached in and picked it up. It made no effort to escape. He stripped off a length of masking tape and passed it once around the jay, trussing its wings, and dropped it into the sack.

"No bird will fly or even move," Robin said, "when a peregrine is on the hunt. These trees and bushes are full of frozen birds. And John here is the best frozen-bird-thawer west of the Denver supermarkets."

"And you feed these helpless creatures later to your predators?" she said. "You just take their lives away, like that? For shame! And your name is a bird's name, too."

"Oh, come off it, Marian," he said.

While she stayed with the horses the two men made their way back and forth through the underbrush, with the falcon wheeling overhead. Now and again they reached into the leaves and took out warm frightened life. Once a song sparrow made a dash for it and rose above the bushes. The peregrine stooped on it instantly and struck it in flight. There was a small explosion in the air; feathers burst from the stricken sparrow and it dropped dead to the ground. The falcon dropped also and stood on her quarry. While she was plucking, John made in to her with a scrap of red meat, got his hand between her and the sparrow, and palmed the sparrow when the falcon raised her head to swallow the meat. Then, seeing no more to eat, she went aloft again. After that no bird moved except one magpie that, seeing the falcon darting close, ran up John's pants leg. John took it out and taped it and put it in the bag.

When the area was clean of birds they went back to the horses and Robin tied the dead sparrow to a length of string. Giving a strong call, he swung it in circles about his head. The peregrine dived at once and hit it as it fell to the ground. After a leisurely proud gaze in all directions she bent her head between her hunched shoulders and began to feed.

"Lucky no bird took off down the slope," John said. "We'd be looking for the hawk the rest of the day."

"How many did we get?"

"Fifteen, twenty."

"That's a day's work," Robin said. He went to the falcon and got his gloved hand under the prey, and the bird on his fist. While she fed he attached the swivel and leash to the jesses. After a moment, when she lifted her head to gulp the meat, he removed what was left of the food and replaced the hood.

"I told you you wouldn't like it," he said as they rode back down the trail.

"*You*," she said. "You, taking pleasure in this. That's what sticks in the craw."

"We'll be having chicken for dinner," he said. "How do you like it? Fried? Broiled? Delicious either way. You killed that chicken, you know. You're a carnivore, a predator. What's so different about what you saw this morning? Some butcher feeds you; I feed my birds. What's so different?"

"Being the butcher is what is so different," she said. She reined her horse to a stop. "Robin, let those birds go."

He reined in also; and the Indian, who was leading, rode on a dozen paces and then drew up. He swung about and sat on his horse backwards, watching with a sort of impassive insolence for what the scene would unfold. He had the bag of birds over his shoulder.

"Let them go?" Robin said. "You are sentimental about birds? My hawks are birds too. Creatures of instinct. They can't help it if they need other birds to eat. You'll be eating a bird pretty soon."

"Robin," she cried, bursting into tears, "don't torment me! Let those poor creatures go!"

He saw her cringing in her saddle, hiding her weeping eyes, and he asked himself: is this the woman it cost me such pains to cast off?

"Oh, hell," he said. "John, turn them loose."

John, who could convey contempt without moving a muscle of his face, opened the sack and poured the birds to the ground. Trussed, they tumbled plop plop. She let out a small scream as they fell. Scattered on the ground they cocked their heads this way and that with desperate beady eyes.

"I let them loose, boss," John said.

"Wise guy. Take the tapes off."

John slid off his horse and knelt to the birds. He took the tape from a robin, not carelessly. The tape was covered with feathers and the bird was unable to fly. It fluttered to a bush, and to another; getting away from that hawk. John looked up, not at Robin but at the girl.

"You want the weasels to get these birds, is that it?" he asked.

With a sob she spurred her horse down the hill and out of sight. John began to put the birds back into the sack. "That woman is a damned fool, boss," he said.

"I know it," Robin said. "She'll go away pretty soon."

• • •

Marian stayed in her room the rest of the afternoon; but it was clearly no part of her plan to go away pretty soon. Robin saw her peering from an upstairs

(continued on page 110)

GOOD GRIEF! STILL MORE TEEVEE JEEBIES

lines to lampoon the late-night television flicks

THE TOP RATINGS you've awarded our three previous *Teevee Jeebies* have inspired us to sponsor yet a fourth! The method to our madness has been, and still is, to tune down the sound on our set and tack on our own outrageous dialog to the vintage film fare that flits across the screen. The more ludicrously improbable the captions (and this batch takes the Emmy), the more fun for all—as you'll see in these samples from some typical late-night movies.

"Doggone—I stepped in it again!"

"I . . . I've heard that you musketeers always stuck together, but I thought . . ."

"And I say it isn't a brain tumor—I say it's a broken leg!!"

"I warned you, Lou—I told you, 'You can't go around telling everybody you're Red Skelton and signing those checks and . . .'"

"Damn three-inch screen . . ."

"It's a deal then—you don't say anything to the house detective about us and we won't say anything to the house detective about you."

"Freddy, before I leave, I want to say this was one hell of a party!!"

"The men in the rear are dismissed until 1700. You in the front line report to the company barber . . ."

"Gee, Marge, you really love chicken soup, don't you?!"

"Please please—I can't start casting until I finish writing the play!"

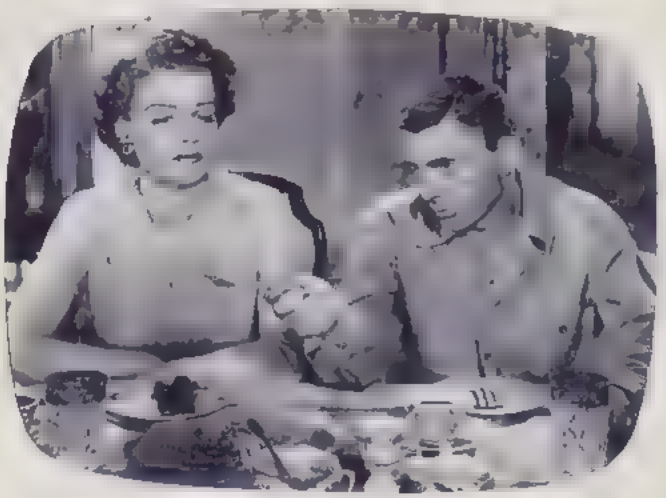
"Well then — have you heard the one about the tattooed sailor and the parrot . . . ?"

"You know, Fran, I guess the main reason I married you is that you remind me so much of my mother."

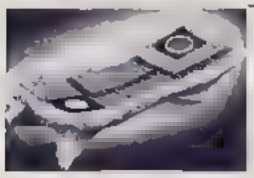
"All year long I open the door for him . . . I get taxis for him . . . I hold his umbrella . . . park his car . . . now Christmas comes and he gives me a lousy buck!"

"So this guy comes up to my counter, Mr. Mitchell — and he asks for a gray handkerchief. I tell him we only carry white handkerchiefs, so then he pulls out this pair of scissors and . . ."

"What do you mean 'That's the way the cookie crumbles'?"



"Sure it's clean, but it doesn't shine. I want that spoon to shine . . . I want to be able to see my reflection in that spoon . . . I want to . . ."



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HARPY

(*continued from page 106*)

window while he gave the eagle a workout on the lawn. It was an exercise in training the harpy to come to the glove on the cadl, and to correct her habit of coming in low, with talons aimed at his belly. For working the eagle he had a special gauntlet, a lacrosse glove with two layers of horsehide up to the elbow and steel chain mail between them and even so, when the eagle came in by the book and grasped his arm in those giant feet that completely circled it, it was always as if he were the prey. When the eagle shifted her stance, picked a foot up and set it down, even in this casual shuffling there was a shearing action that could snap his arm, he knew, if the eagle were the least bit careless about letting go with her foot before she picked it up. And the damned bird had tried to kill him less than a week ago. So it was a pretty tense operation, scooping the eagle up when she came in too low, as she mostly did, and knowing he could get a broken arm or a perforated gut on the next try. And it didn't help any to see Marian up at the window, hating him for whatever proficiency he had and hoping the worst, so that she would have an excuse to take over. What the hell was she doing here, anyway? Whatever tenderness she may have elicited from him last night, she must know she wasn't wanted. She had her intuition to tell her that. Well, one thing he was sure of, there would be no midnight visit tonight.

But in this he was wrong. She came again, as before, and dropped to her knees at the bedside; and this time she had assumed her penitent guise, the little-girl routine he knew so well.

"Robin," she said in her little voice. "I was wrong. I don't understand what you are doing, but I was wrong to take the attitude I did and I am sorry. And I will try to understand. May I come into your bed?" With astonishment he became aware that she thought that this morning's events were part of the old familiar fabric: she had "won" when he had told John to set the birds loose.

"And take the warm part again?" he asked. "No. Go around to the cold side."

This was precisely in the style she had chosen, and she rose and crept around the foot of the bed, the moonlight catching a glimpse of her breasts and flank, and crawled in on the cold side with a calculated shiver, and lay with her back toward him. She waited for his hand to slip over her side and up over the ridge of her ribs to her breast, but he had decided to let her carry the ball she had put into play, and did nothing whatsoever. After a moment she flipped over to face him and, as had always been her way, took over. Her technique was excellent. Later she lit two cigarettes at once, passed one to him, and made her play to nail him to her cross.

"Darling," she said, "do you remember? That used to be always the thing we did after our loving. One of us would light them both and give one to the other. Oh, I remember all the times! Once, on Lake Como, the moon was just coming up behind the hills across the water and we went out on the balcony to enjoy it. Do you remember?"

"I remember," he said. "It was very pretty."

"Robin," she said, "couldn't we go back to Como and Venice and Salzburg and Ravello and Villefranche and Toledo?"

"Toledo, Ohio?" he asked. "No springs?"

"Idiot," she said. She leaned over to kiss him and it was no accident that her breast grazed, and was then squashed down on, the hand he had laid on his chest. "Visit those places again; give ourselves a chance to discover each other again."

"No," he said, "we couldn't do that."

He could feel a little stiffening in all her muscles.

"How can I leave here?" he went on. "Don't you realize that I have a profession to attend to? It's a big operation now, with eight full-time employees."

"You had the same profession three years ago," she said. "It didn't keep you from enjoying life."

"I'm enjoying life right here and now," he replied. "I like my job and the people I have around me and my surroundings and my hobby. I haven't got anything to run away from."

She got off his chest. "What you like most, I think, is feeding songbirds to your birds of prey."

"You are wrong," he said. "I do not enjoy that part of it at all. But I will say that it gives me satisfaction to have mastered a harpy eagle." He paused a moment. "In the entire history of man not a dozen people have taught a harpy to obey them. It has been a tremendous experience to pull off that accomplishment. It has illuminated qualities I didn't even know I had in me."

"It is you who are wrong," she said. "Oh, Robin, I know you so much better than you know yourself!"

"I think not," he said.

• • •

But the experiences of that night must have left her with the belief that she held the upper hand, because early the next morning she took it upon herself to fire the Indian and even to call a cab from Denver to take him away. When the car arrived there was considerable confusion, with John contemptuous of the whole idea and the cabby wanting to know who was going to pay him for his trip. Robin came down from his bedroom into the midst of it and learned

with surprise and anger what had happened

"After his gross insolence yesterday," Marian tried to explain, "it seemed perfectly obvious that there was nothing else to do."

Robin paid the driver and sent him back down the valley. Then he turned on her with fury. "What in the name of God do you think you're doing?" he cried. "Do you suppose you can simply move in here and make dispositions over my household? I should have held that cab for you" — and he waved and shouted at the retreating vehicle, quite forgetting that her own car was in the garage. She had turned very pale and was watching him with great smouldering eyes. He said to John, "Come on, let's get the birds ready," and strode off toward the mews, barely limping now, and left her seething in the ruin of her enterprise. Inside the shed he looked at the Indian for the first time. 'Forget it. Put it out of your mind. I'll handle that end of things. I'm sorry. OK?"

"OK, boss." John said. His eyes flickered with some Indian emotion.

Robin said. "I haven't had breakfast yet. Saddle my horse and tie the telescope on behind. Let the peregrine take a good look at the eagle: then put the hood on and take her down the hill. By the time you have her down on the plain, where I showed you, at the point of the spur, I'll have the eagle on the bluff. When I give the arm signal, strike the hood. Have you got your binoculars?"

The Indian pointed to the bench where they lay.

Good," Robin said. "I'm going to mount the telescope on the bluff. It's up to you to follow them underneath, if they move across country. If they move into the mountains, I'll ride up to some bald spot where the winner can see the lure when I swing it. What do you think?"

"I think you are wasting a good bird either way," the Indian said. "Maybe both. I give it to the falcon. Nothing can get out of the way of that falcon."

"I'll bet you your horse," Robin said, "against two months' wages, that the eagle wins."

The Indian's eyes flickered again. "You mean it would be my horse? My own horse?"

"And I'll keep on feeding it as long as you're here."

"You got a bet," John said. He almost smiled.

Robin went back to the house. Marian was on the terrace, where his breakfast was laid out. He expected to make the arrangements for her departure immediately but, as he might have known, she took the initiative.

"Robin!" she said, with no preliminary. "How could you do that to me? Oh Robin, how could you? I can't take that sort of treatment, you know. From you! I was doing what had to be done and you humiliated me in front of that — that negligible person."

"We will not even discuss it," he said, and his tone must have conveyed an authority that was new to her, for she seemed almost to shrink back. "You were as wrong as it is possible to be wrong. You do not understand the terms under which you are here. And I am sorry to be so inhospitable as to suggest that you make plans to return to Denver this afternoon or tomorrow morning."

"Robin!" she whispered.

I'm sorry," he repeated, "but that's the way it's going to be."

He left his breakfast untouched and went to the kitchen, where he found a chunk of cheddar in the refrigerator and ignored Mrs. Emlen's plaintive cries. Chewing on it he went out the back door to the mews, gathered up his gear, and hooded the eagle. Every time he handled the great bird the excitement was like the first time, and now it was enhanced by his knowledge of what was to come.

"Old girl," he said, "mighty creature, will you leave the sky alive today, or dead?" The harpy shrugged her wings

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and turned her horrid beak this way and that in her blindness. Robin detached the leash from the perch, got the eagle on his arm, and went outside to his horse, which rolled its eyes toward the bird and trembled but had been trained also and did not bolt.

The saddle was rigged with a bar projecting upward and outward from near the stirrup and topped with a semicircular arm rest. After Robin had mounted he placed this bar in position and laid his arm across it. In this way he was able to sustain the eagle's twenty pounds while holding her at a distance. The alternative would have been to brace his elbow against his side, and no one who has had any dealings with eagles would wish to have those talons so close to his body.

He set off slowly up the trail, keeping a sharp eye on the eagle as she teetered with the motion of the horse. Their progress was slow. John would already be at the foot of the range, waiting with the falcon.

He heard a horse coming up behind; turning, he saw Marian trotting toward him. Incredible woman, she had put her magic green hat on her head again and was going to pretend that nothing had happened. She came up beside him and reined in to a walk.

"What a magnificent spectacle you make," she said, "riding with the eagle on your glove. Are you going to the battle of the giants?"

He could not recall another time when her behavior had been so transparent, and he felt shame for her.

"Of course you want the eagle to win," she went on. "That's why you're giving it the advantage of height. To dive down on the little bird."

It was not going to be possible to ignore her; he decided to make the best of it. "You will see. This mighty eagle, queen of the sky, when she sees that 'little bird' climbing toward her, will give up any thought of attack and will herself climb as fast as she is able. The head start is only to make the contest even. Up there in the thin air it will be the falcon that is above."

They came to the ridge; there was John, on his horse, far below, the bird on his wrist.

"The falcon has been trained to stoop on any bird in flight," Robin said, his voice thin with excitement. He dismounted carefully, undid the leash from the swivel, removed the hood, and cast the eagle to the air. She rose in two close spirals and rested, searching for prey. Robin signaled with his left arm; John loosed the peregrine and she rose powerfully up the slope. The eagle, which had tilted down to dive, seemed to recoil; she banked with her great wings, veered off to the right, and climbed steeply, circling in a wide sweep over the plain. The falcon too was spiraling upward, at an incredible rate, seemingly unaware of the eagle.

Robin unstrapped the telescope and mounted it on its tripod. It was a powerful Japanese instrument, binocular, giving an erect image at 120 diameters, with independent vertical and horizontal controls. He had also a pair of binoculars, with which he now followed the flight first of the eagle, then of the peregrine.

"Sometimes they pass quite close to each other," he reported. "They're ringing up over the plain, thank God. The eagle is a jungle bird and wouldn't naturally seek mountains. They're about a mile up and the falcon is gaining."

"This isn't what I expected at all," Marian said. "This seems a very tidy battle, with lots of fresh air between the combatants."

"Stop playing the fool," he said shortly. "One or both of these birds is about to die."

The birds were wheeling upward in wide circles, perhaps half a mile in diameter. Soon the range was too great for the seven-power binoculars and he ungallantly handed them to the girl. The telescope brought them close again. When they had risen about three miles, the falcon finally got on top.

"It must be a shocking experience for the eagle to be the prey," Robin said. "But that's what she is, and she knows it."

When her circle brought her back above the eagle, the falcon suddenly stooped, aiming herself like a bullet at the eagle's broad back. The eagle knew better than to try to evade the attack. Her beak parted in a scream as she rolled over and presented her talons to the diving peregrine and flew upside down. The falcon veered aside at the last moment and began to ring up again in tight spirals. The eagle righted herself and climbed also.

The wind off the mountains carried them eastward as the falcon dived, and rang up, and stooped again and again. Each time the eagle turned upside down; each time the falcon found no way to hit and tried again. They were losing altitude inexorably, and it was only a matter of time before the peregrine would force the eagle to the ground and be able to strike. But, while they were still a mile above the earth, the eagle seemed to lose its panic and start using its intelligence; and, when the birds had drifted almost too far to be closely observed and John had galloped several miles across the arid land under them, the eagle grabbed sideways at the peregrine as she shot by, and the peregrine did not zoom upward to renew the attack but dropped straight down, slowly turning, one wing outstretched above it like a rudder.

There were tears in Robin's eyes as he packed up the telescope and he could not tell what had caused them, sorrow for his dear falcon that was dead or pride for his eagle that had survived the deadliest creature of the air.

"The eagle probably has a broken leg and can't ride home," he said, trying to control his voice. "I'll have to go down with the station wagon right away."

"Robin," she said: and this was a real part of her, that the truth broke through, no matter how grievously it might hurt her cause: "you are a different person from the person I knew and loved. I do not know you and I do not want to know you."

"I may expect, then," he said coldly, "that you will be gone by the time I come back?"

She had mounted. "You can expect nothing from me," she cried, "but what I choose to do." And she took off down the hill.

He followed; found her horse, still saddled, in the yard, but no sign of her, took the station wagon down the valley and met John on the plain coming back with the eagle on his arm: the leg was not broken after all and the eagle was quiet, wearing the alternate hood. John did not need any help.

"She was on the falcon when I came up," he said, "and when I made in to her she didn't drag or carry. I got the glove under her easy. That's a well-trained eagle, boss. I guess I lost myself two months' pay."

"I guess so," Robin said. "Too bad."

"That was some fight," the Indian said. For him this was loquacious enthusiasm.

"Yes. Some fight."

"I should have bet on the eagle," the Cheyenne said. "I don't know what got into me. Our tribe has always put its money on the eagle."

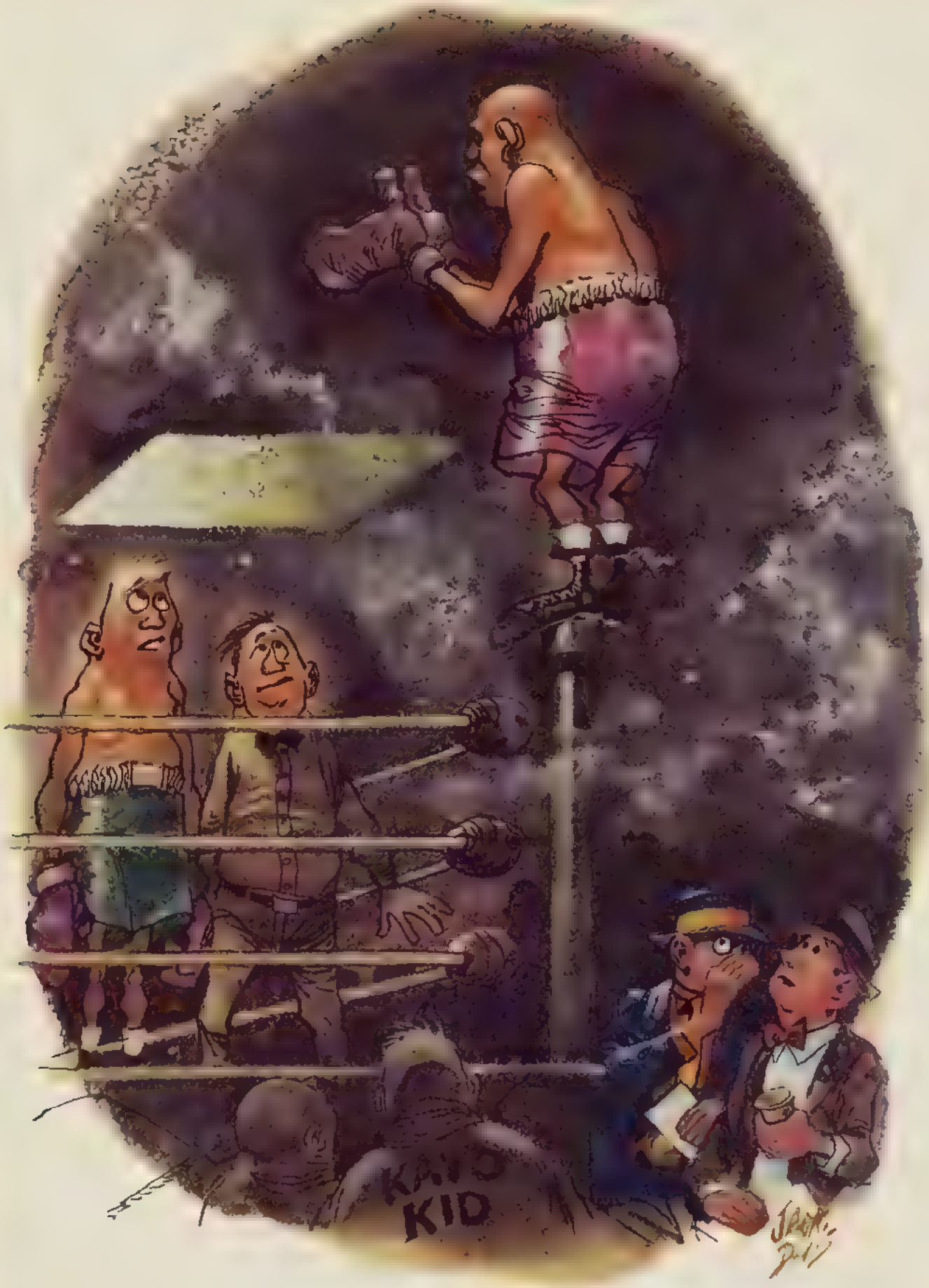
"Well, you were bedazzled by the peregrine," Robin said. "Damn, I hate to lose that beauty. Take the eagle back to the house and feed them all. I want to stay out of sight for a while, till that woman leaves."

"She won't leave," the Indian said. "Not till you call the police."

* * *

The Indian was right. She was still there, hidden in her room, when he returned several hours later. He had his supper with John in the room over the garage and they talked about the fight. That night he locked his bedroom door.

It was about three A.M. when he was awakened by the screams from the hawk house. All his birds were shrieking. He ran down the stairs in his pajamas and out the back door. The lights in the hawk house were on and through the open door he could see Marian methodically working her way along the perch, knocking down the birds with a knout she had made from several leashes. Even



"This fight's fixed!"

as he shouted she disappeared behind the partition and when he reached her she was flailing at the eagle with all her strength. The bird was on the floor by her bow perch, sitting back on her rump, screaming. She supported herself on her wings and held her feet open toward the girl. There was blood on Marian's wrists and breast.

Robin seized Marian from behind and threw her to the floor. She sat up at once and her eyes were blazing with a sort of possession. "I have freed you, Robin!" she shouted. "I have killed them all! Now you can return to yourself!"

John appeared. Robin dragged Marian to her feet, hauled her to the door, and literally threw her out, locking it behind her. Then he ran back to the eagle, which, after a moment, resumed a normal stance and hopped back to her perch.

"Hood her," Robin said. "See if any feathers are broken and if she's hurt. I'll see about the others." With the sick feeling one must have if one's child has been run down, he went to the other room. All the birds were hanging by their leashes. The Cooper's and the merlin, which had borne the brunt of her assault, were dead; so was the tiny burrowing owl, whose worst crime was the destruction of crickets and mice. The prairie falcon was beating its wings feebly and dripping blood. Robin got his gloves and the glue from the bench, lifted the bird to its perch, hooded it, and gently stopped its wounds with the glue. Then he removed the hood. One eye was swollen and closed, perhaps blind. So he had one hawk left, maybe, and the eagle. He went behind the partition, his heart raging with sorrow and anger, and saw that John had calmed the eagle and was examining her for broken feathers. Incredibly there were none.

"All dead but the prairie," he said. "That crazy, obsessed woman. We'll have to start all over."

"The eagle's all right," John said. "She's had quite a day. Shall I take off the hood?"

"Yes. Let's see how she feels now."

The eagle, when the hood was off, roused but did not bate. Her eyes were as unafraid and expressionless as ever; it was as if nothing had happened. Robin turned and went back to the main house.

He found Marian in the living room. She had poured herself a tumbler of straight bourbon and was in a state of exaltation, pacing up and down with long strides. She was disheveled and covered with dirt.

"How glad, how glad I am that it is done!" she exclaimed as soon as she saw him. "It was not easy for me, oh no. I hated it. Killing the eagle was the worst because you loved it most. But it was the only way to save you."

He stood speechless, his chest heaving.

"I could never understand why you were rejecting me until this afternoon when you made the two birds fight each other. Then I saw how you were making two parts of yourself, the big cruel part and the little tender part — of course, the falcon isn't tender really, but only by comparison with the eagle — making these two parts of you fight each other and hoping for the cruel part to win. Oh, it was so clear! How could there be room in you for me while you were dominated by these violent forces? So I had to do away with them, Robin, to open up your path to me again."

He realized there was no hope of getting through to her.

"Oh, I know there will be a period of resentment," she went on, "when you will hate me and want to be rid of me. But that will pass, and I will see you coming back again to your old self, and to me. And I will be by your side to help you over the rough places."

"You will be here?" he asked. "In this house?"

"But of course I must be here. What good is it, however well I read your heart, if I am far away?"

"Good night, Marian," he said. "I am going back to bed now. We'll have more to say to each other in the morning."

Before he went to sleep, for the next hour, he heard her pacing.

• • •

Overnight his determination hardened and became rigid, with deliberate effort he held it over his rage like a lid. Hearing her voice downstairs before breakfast, he called the housekeeper up and had her pack Marian's things in her bag. He carried them down and put them in her car. Then he went around the house to where she was standing on the terrace.

"Marian," he said, "I have put your bags in your car. I want you to get in it now, and drive it away, and never come back. Last night you committed a crime for which I will have you arrested unless you get out of here in the next five minutes."

"But Robin," she said calmly, "*call* the sheriff and have me dragged out of here. Prefer your charges, put me in jail. I know you feel this way now — that's inevitable. I'll write you post cards from my cell every time you stub your toe or cut yourself shaving. And when I'm out of jail I'll come back to where I belong. You can't law me out of your life. There's no way you can get me out of your life."

He seized her arm and dragged her with deliberate roughness to the garage, opened the car door and shoved her in. She did not resist. "Now go!" he cried. She got out the other door and stood facing him, the car between them.

"Robin, you can force me to leave by

". . . and now we come to hypothetical situation number twelve. When this occurs you may abandon your rule book."

calling the police, but that is the only way. I am prepared to withstand whatever you choose to do to me until you come back to your senses."

"Goddamn it!" he shouted, beside himself. "Have you completely lost your mind and your sensitivity? Can't you understand the impossible situation you're creating? Can't you get out of here like a civilized person?"

"No," she said. "You'll have to use force."

"The sheriff will be here as soon as I can get him here," Robin said, and went off toward the phone.

But he did not phone the sheriff, because he recognized the futility of doing so. He put the receiver back on its cradle and went out of the house, along the path to the office. Be calm, he thought, as he walked through the aspens; subdue your emotions for a time; look at this problem with your mind.

He knew this woman — ah, how well he knew her! She was like Beethoven's *Für Elise*, a spiderweb of steel. So gently she seemed to entangle; so relentlessly she held on. It was no use to call the police, she would come back, and back again. Her mind was made up and nothing could conceivably change it.

He was the first one in the building. He drew a cup of coffee from the coffee-break machine and took it to his office. The roughs for a subdivision in Florida were on his desk. All morning he worked on them with total absorption, divorcing his mind completely from the problem that Marian presented. And yet, though he had not given it a moment of conscious thought, it had been curing in his subconscious. By noon he knew its solution.

Back at his house he found Marian in the living room, quite at home, reading Baudelaire.

"I suppose you've unpacked again," he said.

"Yes," she said, "thank you."

"Well, I'm not going to call the cops just yet. We'll leave a little time for the dust to settle and see if we can't work something out."

"Splendid," she said. "I'm sure we can."

"You didn't kill the eagle, you know," he said. "Or the prairie falcon."

"I will," she said.

"Don't try it," he said, "or by God I'll disfigure you."

He went upstairs and rooted around in his closet until he found the other hat, the identical one she had given him in Austria, green felt and white plume. He found John in the stable. "Get a half dozen rabbits from the hutch and cut them up into pieces. We have an afternoon's work ahead of us with the eagle." He went to the mews and hooded the eagle and got her on his glove, the terrible incalculable creature, and wondered with fear whether her experience of the night before had turned her against humankind and whether she would really try to get him this time. But he hardly thought now that what he was doing took nerve and courage, and this was a measure of the great distance he had come since he had set off on his own.

The eagle behaved well and was carried with the jesses pulled tight to the small meadow above the house, while John followed with the bag of rabbit meat. Robin tied the hat to a long string and sent John thirty yards away with it; and when John was swinging the lure in slow circles around his head he unleashed the eagle and struck the hood, and Joan gave the shout that the bird associated with flying to the lure, and the eagle dived straight for the bait with mighty sweeps of her six-foot wings and hit it like an express train almost before John had let it drop to the ground, and clutched it under one great foot, looking imperiously about. Before she could find that the lure was not food, John tossed a chunk of rabbit to her and retrieved the lure undamaged. Then Robin got the feeding eagle up on his glove and grabbed the jesses and let her finish off the morsel. That was the most dangerous part, approaching the bird while she was feeding and had both feet free to strike with. But nothing had happened.

They repeated the exercise throughout the afternoon, gradually increasing the distance rewarding the eagle each time for her recognition of the lure. At about three P.M. they stopped giving the shout signal and merely swung the hat on the string; at about four they stopped swinging the lure and simply hung it on a bush or stump at any point of the compass from the eagle so that she had to ring up and search. She found it every time and attacked it; was not even distracted by a real live rabbit that blundered onto the scene and immediately fled. At about five Robin decided they were ready for a final test. He sent John to fetch a couple of horses and when he came back with them, on one and leading the other, he sent him a mile across the slope with the hat.

"Wear it on your head. Don't move. Throw it to the ground when the eagle approaches, and feed her a good big piece of rabbit. I'll be right behind."

John made his way across the slope, in and out among the pines, until he was in clear sight on the barren patch they had chosen: waiting; an almost invisible speck among the rocks and fireweed where a burn had been. But the eagle, once she saw him, would be able to count every eyelash. Robin prepared her and threw her to the air. She rang up and looked to where the lure had last been shown. Not finding it she rang up higher and stared all about. Suddenly

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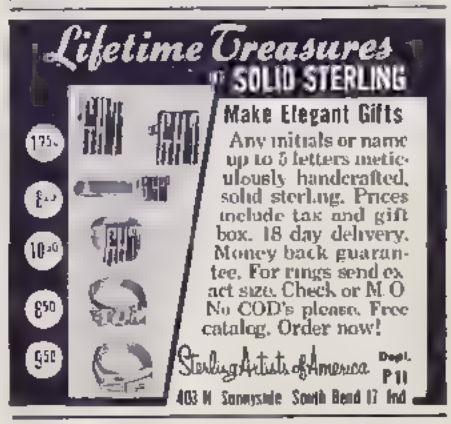


all her forces gathered and she hurled herself aslant the slope, straight toward the tiny spot a mile away. Marveling, Robin set his horse after, some minutes later he reined up beside John and watched the bird as it plucked the food.

"I was scared," John said. "I saw that sonofabitch coming at me and I tossed the hat when she was still a quarter mile away. I dismounted and hid behind the horse. But she went straight for the hat."

"I guess we have her trained to the hat," Robin said.

The Indian put on his very special inscrutable Indian face. "You going through with this, boss?" he asked.

"I think I'll have to," Robin said.

The Indian looked across the mountains loping off to the south, his face immobile. "You'd need help," he said.

Robin understood what he was really saying: that he would do whatever was required of him, for this white man who had treated him as a human being and had allowed him to feel dignity, for the first time in his life. Obviously there was no way to express this. And there was no way for him, Robin, to show his gratitude. Anything he might do would not be enough. But he had to do something.

"That's your horse you're sitting on," he said. "You own it. I've been wanting to give it to you for a long while." He saw a flush spread over the Indian's features and he said strongly, "Damnit, John, stop being the Last of the Cheyennes for once, will you, for Christ's sake? You just gave me a great deal—can't I give you something without you getting insulted? Don't make things hard for me. Now let's get that eagle back to where she belongs."

"OK, boss," the Indian said, and, a most unusual thing, he smiled.

* * *

When Robin came down next morning he found Marian already at the breakfast table telling Mrs. Emlen that, yes, she would like a second poached egg but the toast a little darker this time, please. His heart was thudding so violently, and his spirit was in such agitation, that he was certain her intuition would warn her of her danger. But she perceived nothing.

"Good morning, darling," she said. "Did you sleep well?"

"No," he answered, "I did not. I had too much on my mind."

"Us?" she asked.

He sat down and poured himself some coffee. "Wasn't your radar working? Isn't it working right now?"

She laughed. "But you know it only works when something happens to you. I'm not a mind reader. When you're hurt, it's like an electric shock that goes through me and I get a sort of flash. It's what makes me so sure about us."

"We are so many miles apart," he said miserably. He ate his food in near silence after that, until she finally said, affectionately, "Old Grumblehead."

He summoned his strength and put on a casual voice. "Marian, this is a very difficult situation, as you must know. We have some serious talking to do. I think better in the open. Let's saddle a couple of horses and take a ride down to the plain. We can talk on the way, and there's something I want to show you."

"What a fine idea," she said. "I'll go get ready." And she flew up the stairs. He walked with heavy heart to the yard. I don't, I don't, he thought, I don't want to go through with this.

He found John and he picked up from what he had been thinking. "This may be just a dry run. God, I hope it is. I'll give her every chance to get out. But if it has to be—John, we're taking the horses down to the plain. As soon as we leave, you take the eagle up to the bluff, where you can see us. If I see any other way, you'll have the pleasure of watching us ride horseback. If not—"

For a while he could not bring himself to say it. "If not, I'll give a signal like this." He extended his arm to the side, raised it, lowered it. "Strike the hood and throw the eagle."

The Indian was, if possible, even more inscrutable than usual.

"John," Robin said intensely. "I hate to put you in this position. If any questions are asked, you are just a dumb Indian helping me to train a bird. The bird was supposed to fly down to me and something went wrong. There's no danger to you. I wouldn't expose you to any danger."

"I know, Robin," the Cheyenne said. "Don't worry."

Robin went to the stable and saddled the horses. He led them out and, holding them by the reins, waited for Marian to appear. Maybe she won't be wearing the hat, he said to himself. Maybe her intuition has told her after all. I could not conceivably send her back for the hat. He heard her voice in the house and then she appeared on the lawn, walking toward him in her jodhpurs with her stock under her arm, very chic. Instead of the proper derby she was wearing the green hat with the white plume.

They mounted and trotted down the road a few hundred yards to where the path down the slope took off through the woods. He slowed to a walk as they began the steep descent.

"Marian," he said carefully, "have you given any more thought to what you said yesterday? About yielding only to the police?"

"Why no," she answered. "That's the way I feel."

"I mean, you haven't, in a calmer moment, come to realize that if you want to stay here and I don't want you to stay here there can be nothing but friction and bad times for both of us?"

"No," she said. "I think there will be one or two bad times at first but then I think we can get back to what we used to have and what we both really want."

He was ahead of her on the path and he turned in his saddle to look at her, to reinforce with the eye communication what he was about to say. "Marian, believe me, what I want is not at all what you want. I have said it already, and I will say it again: the life I intend to lead has no place in it for you, and I most earnestly implore you to get out of it."

"I will not get out of it, Robin," she said firmly.

He turned his eyes ahead again and with a surge of confused emotions spurred his horse to a canter down the hundred yards to the bottom. He drew up and waited for her to catch up; and from then on they rode side by side toward the place where they would come into view past the end of the spur.

"Marian," he said fiercely, "I implore you to accept this fact! I simply do not need or want you in my life. You have to realize this or the consequences will be horrible."

"I do not realize this," she said clearly. "On the contrary, I realize that you are a person different from your real person. Ah, Robin, I have known you so well and so long, how can I be wrong?"

They had passed the spur and were in open country.

"You are wrong!" he almost whispered. "Marian, for God's sake and your own sake and my sake, admit it! Get us out of this deadly thing!"

She rode calmly on. "I am stronger than you, Robin," she said, "where it really matters. I will wait you out. I will stay."

In anger, in anguish, in despair, he put his arm straight out to his side, raised it high, and lowered it. She did not see his gesture but something suddenly, at last, seized her attention: at last, too late, her intuition was working for her instead of for him.

"Robin!" she said sharply. "Something is really wrong, isn't it? *Really* wrong."

"Yes!" he said. "Oh God, yes!" For he knew, without looking, that John had struck the hood and had hurled the harpy from his arm, and the great bird had wheeled once, casting her eyes over all she could see, and had aimed herself like a projectile at Marian's neck and was thundering down the slope behind them, a hundred feet a second toward the prey.

"Over there!" he said in a strangled voice, pointing across the plain. "What I wanted to show you. Over there!"

So that the eagle, when she hit with all her weight and speed and dreadful talons thrust forward and opening at the last moment, would not mar the beautiful, once beloved face.

HENTOFF: There's the free enterprise system.

PLAYBOY: Yes, and isn't that part of the solution to the problem, too? Take the profit out of narcotics and you've taken a very long step toward stopping the spread of drug addiction. Who's going to push the stuff, if there's no profit in it? And can't the potential profit be eliminated by making it legal to supply addicts with small quantities of drugs, as needed, under medical supervision, while cures are attempted?

COHEN: The figures show that drug addiction is responsible for approximately fifty percent of all crimes committed in larger metropolitan areas.

HENTOFF: I don't believe that.

C. ADDERLEY: Max says crime, but I heard it in regard to certain *types* of crime — armed robbery, theft, breaking and entering, pandering, prostitution.

PLAYBOY: And it isn't the drugs that cause the crimes, but the need to get *money* to *buy* the drugs. The problem of profit again. Right?

COHEN: Testimony tells us that the average drug addict spends ten dollars to a hundred dollars a day, and he can only meet that financial need by crimes, violence and inducing others to use narcotics.

HENTOFF: I think you'll find the incidence of violence is less than you suspect. There are crimes connected with the need to get drugs, but —

C. ADDERLEY: I don't think that drugs would have anything to do with rape, for example.

GILLESPIE: A guy who uses heroin has no sexual desire. That's what they tell me. The guys that I know say that this blocks out sex altogether —

HENTOFF: And that celebrated man who held up the drug store could just barely hold the gun.

DR. WINICK: Sentences for narcotics violation have gone up steadily on all levels — federal, state and municipal.

GILLESPIE: In some states, if you get caught with one stick of marijuana — fifteen years. And up to twenty years.

C. ADDERLEY: That's what happened to Cindy Barr in Texas. For possession.

WINICK: The law makes no distinction between possession and use. Either you're possessing, or you're possessing with intent to sell, or you're selling. But whether you use it is irrelevant.

COHEN: Philadelphia, I think, lists *internal* possession as an offense.

GILLESPIE: In Philadelphia they had one of my musicians strip down, and they were looking at his arm and I say, "You gonna make us sound bad, can't you wait around until after the performance and take him on down and give him a test." They say, "No. I think we're going to take him now, Mr. Gillespie." I say, "You want us to go out there and sound bad? The guy plays one of the lead horns." So they say, "Well, he's got a mark on his arm." I say, "I got a mark on my arm, too. You want to see it?" And they say no. "Well," I say, "I been vaccinated, we're going overseas. So I got a mark, and you can take me down there." You know, they let him go.

PLAYBOY: The main efforts of the authorities in this country appear to be directed at making the punishment of the addict more severe — that is, putting him in jail for a longer time. Quite different from the British system, isn't it?

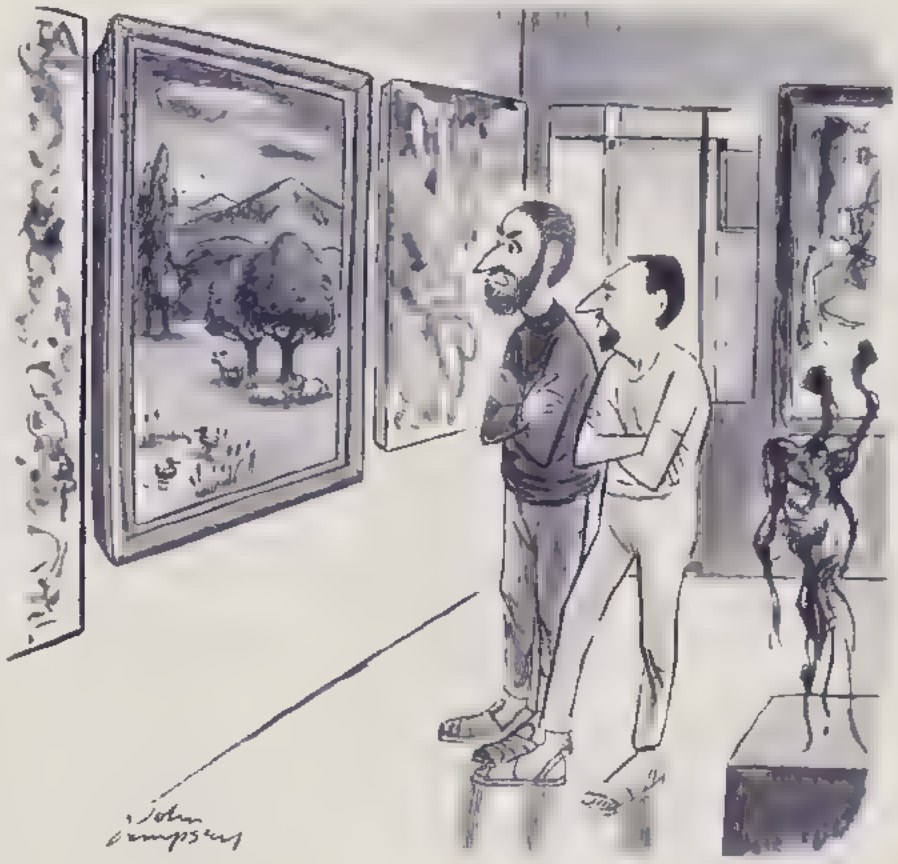
DR. WINICK: The law in England and America is substantially the same. However, the practice is different in that the physicians are encouraged to help addicts to rehabilitate themselves and they are allowed under the law to give them decreasing dosages of drugs. For less than fifteen cents a dose.

HENTOFF: If the physician can do it, he'll reduce the dosage over a period of time. But you never have to go scuffle for it, whereas in this country if a doctor treats an addict by supplying him with drugs in any quantity, he gets busted, and can lose his license.

It seems to me what we've proved is that if you try to regulate addiction by punitive measures, you're going to get more and more addiction, and more hoods making more money. There have been a few doctors who for years have been fighting this. The tendency among professionals in the field, lawyers and doctors, is for a *medical* approach to addiction — having doctors treat the addict. Unfortunately, however, the head of the Federal Narcotics Bureau, Harry Anslinger, is a notably obtuse man; also, if you do this he loses his own kind of power. And the newspapers, by and large, are still pretty uninformed. The tendency is toward a medical approach, but it may take a long time.

PLAYBOY: What about the Musicians' Clinic in New York which some of you helped to set up. This is certainly an expression of an enlightened attitude.

TAYLOR: It was through the efforts of Nat Hentoff that we first discussed the problem at the Newport Jazz Festival, and the Festival gave us a grant of $5,000. We organized a committee to help rehabilitate some addicts. Our committee felt you should treat addiction as a by-product of an illness. Everybody who uses some form of narcotics uses it as a crutch. Now you don't make a man walk any better by taking his crutch away as a first step in his cure. So the thing, as I see it, is to make this a mandatory problem of health and make a man go to a hospital. When we got the committee together, it took us almost eight months before we could actually find a way to help dope addicts without run-



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ning afoul of the law. We got $5,000 to put in the bank and we didn't know what to do with it, because if we got a guy to come to us, we'd have to report it to the police first.

PLAYBOY: Suppose an addict does want help. What can he do?

TAYLOR: Well, let's say I'm an addict, and I want to kick the habit. I can go to my doctor and say, "Look, I'm an addict, please can you help me cure myself?" I *can* do that but he has to report it to the police. He says, "Billy Taylor just came to me. He's an addict." In the next few days I get a visit from the police department and I'm under constant surveillance from then on. And they look for me to lead them to the pushers and the other people. As soon as I turn myself in, I'm really in trouble. I lose my cabaret card; I can't work. It means that I'm *not* going to turn myself in and get all these headaches. I'll try to kick by myself or I'll keep on using.

PLAYBOY: We seem to be doing all we can to make the addict's situation impossible. Is it possible for an individual to kick the habit himself?

GIUFFRE: I have known several who told me that they were just about at the bottom, and I knew them personally and considered their cases pretty hopeless. Yet they completely shook the habit.

MANNE: I've seen guys kick it on their own, but I find that the thing isn't just to kick—that's not the hard part. It's the years following their kicking the habit. The problem is to stay away from guys who would turn them on again.

PLAYBOY: What can other musicians do to help a man who's trying to kick?

ELLINGTON: I hear that the worst evil of addiction is the pain that comes from craving. So, to alleviate the worst evil, the bandleader should at all times have a neat bundle of "C" notes—or credit cards—tucked away in the addict's instrument case.

PLAYBOY: How would you deal with a pusher confronting members of your band, Duke?

ELLINGTON: Ask him for his pilot's license.

COHEN: I'd like to ask Charlie Winick this question, point blank: Would it be possible for the narcotics traffic in New York—or anywhere—to exist, were it not for a certain degree of official acquiescence and passivity?

DR. WINICK: Well, I don't see why not. A criminal's business is not to get caught and, as we know, most of them aren't.

HENTOFF: It seems to me that the volume of narcotics traffic *must* imply a certain amount of, let's say, laxity, to say the least. A cop is much more likely to go after a user than after a big supplier; he might get into trouble if he went after an important pusher.

DR. WINICK: This whole pusher-user thing is confusing and irrelevant. Most push-

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PIE

(continued from page 69)

testimony, turned out scrumptious apple pies. And Washington Irving spoke affectionately of recognizing his "old friend," mince pie, at the holiday board. The apple and mince varieties, as a matter of fact, were early American staples. It wasn't until the early Nineteenth Century that tart fruit pies made their debut. Pie fanciers discovered the joys of sour cherries, rhubarb, lemons and blackberries as fillings; the partiality for these pies became so great that when fresh fruit wasn't available, cooks invented the vinegar pie—stuffed with vinegar, molasses and spices—to replace them. Through the years, American bakers have made the fruit pie their private property. You can shop in the most expensive patisserie in the world and you won't find a serious challenge to this native gastronomical feat. In fact, any European who wants to learn the art of the American fruit pie must indenture himself to a native pie maker for two or three years before he can meet the high standards of American pie culture.

Buying a Pie: From the bachelor's point of view, the key to relishing this hallowed tradition is in the buying. When you buy a pie, first heed the color of the crust. If it glistens, reject it; the unnatural shine means it was brushed with beaten eggs before baking. The egg wash creates a deep brown glow, but it also toughens the crust and gives it a pulpy flavor. Select a pie with a velvety, soft brown crust, a hue the baker achieves either by leaving the dough untouched or by brushing it with milk or cream before baking.

The crust should be tender, of course, but it shouldn't crumble or taste powdery soft. It should break apart in layers. The wispy, leaflike feel is fine in a Napoleon or patty shell, but not in a pie.

The fruit filling—from the smallest blueberry to the largest apple wedge—should be intact, not mushy. It should be from an inch and a half to two inches deep. When you buy an open pie, like coconut custard, pumpkin or pecan, rate it from the bottom up. The crust shouldn't be a rubbery marshland on the bottom. Stay away from the graham cracker crust you find in chiffon pies; it turns to pure flannel in the mouth.

Should you prefer to enter Piedom on a simple, do-it-yourself basis, buy raw pie dough, top and bottom crust—prerolled, cut and packaged with a thin aluminum pie plate for baking. Then buy a prepared fruit pie filling, ready to be poured right onto the bottom crust. The top crust is then fitted into place and you bake till brown. The results should satisfy the most captious pie critic.

You may prefer the even greater speed and simplicity of frozen pie. Those with a basic fruit filling, like apple or cherry, are superior to the one-crust pies like coconut custard, lemon cream or chocolate cream. The frozen pies that require baking are more delectable than those that are pre-baked and need only defrosting. The former provide the warmness, crispness and freshness of a pie that's just been slipped from the oven — assets that can't be over-praised

Pie with Cheese: However you've come by a fine fruit pie, serve it with a snappy hard cheese such as imported Swiss gruyère (*not* the processed wedges) or a slice of genuine Swiss emmentaler. Another choice cheese, well worth hunting down, is imported tilsit; try the sharp German rather than the milder Danish. If you can get your hands on some ripe English cheshire or aged American cheddar, these, too, will add lively distinction to any fruit pie. Stay away from the soft or semi-soft cheeses, like brie or bel paese; they're too mild in the company of pie.

Pie à la Mode: Fruit pie that is a trifle warm tastes better than at room temperature, so it's always wise to coddle a pie in the oven for five or ten minutes before serving. Then, if you place a generous scoop of ice cream on the warm pie, you've got an unbeatable hot-cold combination. Use discretion in choosing ice cream flavors. For instance, try vanilla on warm blueberry pie, vanilla with melba sauce on peach pie or burnt almond on cherry pie

Gilding the Pie: There are, of course, pies sufficiently duked up in their natural state to require no further garnishment. Don't add any kind of spangles to a Nesselrode pie, a lemon meringue pie or coconut custard pie. But the simple fruit pies and even pumpkin pie, which in many areas has always been served with a dollop of whipped cream, deserve a holiday frill In place of the usual confectioners' sugar which is often sprinkled on the top crust of pies, try the vanilla sugar now obtainable in small apothecary jars on spice shelves The three holiday pie garnishes that follow are designed for six man-size portions of pie.

APRICOT CREAM

This liqueur-flavored cream should be whipped up just before serving.

½ cup heavy sweet cream
2 tablespoons apricot liqueur
2 tablespoons confectioners' sugar

In a deep narrow cold bowl whip the cream with a rotary egg beater until the cream is stiff, but not turned to butter Add the apricot liqueur and sugar, folding each in carefully with a spoon until just blended.

RAISINS WITH RUM

¾ cup raisins
1 tablespoon butter
½ cup light brown sugar
¼ cup amber rum

In a small saucepan cover the raisins with cold water. Bring to a boil and simmer two minutes. Throw off the water, draining the raisins well. In a chafing dish (or in the same saucepan) combine the raisins with the butter and brown sugar. Heat slowly until the butter melts. Add the rum. Heat a minute or two. Set the rum aflame. Spoon the raisins over wedges of warm apple pie.

BRANDY HARD SAUCE

2 ozs. sweet butter
¾ cup confectioners' sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon lemon juice
1 oz. brandy
½ teaspoon vanilla

Let the butter stand at room temperature until it is soft enough to spread easily. Sift the confectioners' sugar, and gradually add it to the butter, mixing until well blended. Add all other ingredients. Mix well. Chill in the refrigerator until firm. Spoon over portions of the next mince pie you demolish

ACAPULCO *(continued from page 94)*

back in the cab. José's eyes returned to the road and ours took in the slope of pink bungalows to our right. These make up Las Brisas Hilton. To our left, the orange vapor lights down the shore cast a Dantean haze over the beach of El Presidente, the city's newest, poshest hotel. A delicious breeze was stirring about. The air was not like wine, however. It was much better — pungent and heady with the insinuating musk of pine groves, cup-of-gold bushes and vivid tropical flowers. Ordinarily, the coolness of the breeze might have surprised us in sun-scorched Mexico, but we had done some encyclopedia cramming before enplaning, and we knew the coolness was man-made. Acapulco ("place of reeds") was stumbled upon by the old peak-in-Darien chap himself, Hernando Cortes, about 1530. He and his troops called it *tierra caliente*, the hot land, and later settlers put it down (in both senses) as "a hot and sickly place, an abbreviated infierno." What happened to de-infernize it? In the late 1700s, its governor, José Barrero (may his tribe increase), ordered a huge chunk to be carved out of the hills that then separated Acapulco from the sea. This gargantuan air-conditioning feat was accomplished, and Acapulco has been breezy ever since. These days, it is comfortably semi-tropical, the temperature seldom climbing above 80 during "the season" (December 15 through April 15). The off season (May to December) is generally rainy, and the city should be avoided then by all save sternly budget-minded visitors (hotel rates drop twenty to forty percent). Hay-fever sufferers have a ball all year round because the pollen count remains at zero, despite the lushness of the vegetation (all jungle, you see, no weeds).

Acapulco's *ambiente* — a word that can only be felt, not translated — had captured us from the moment we landed. From then on, the warm sensuous, dreamy atmosphere got through to us, and we didn't fight it. In Acapulco, we learned, rushing around is out of the question, and anything as silly as being on time for an appointment is treated with scorn (the locals are often an hour or two late, and if you've left they'll figure you haven't even arrived yet). Sit back. There's always time for a drink or a bite, or a swim — or to make an acquaintance. "Más tarde, padre" ("Later, dad") is the expression.

• • •

Acapulco has two hundred hotels, with first-class accommodations costing about the same as they do in the U.S. The pleasantest to arrive at is, by all odds, Las Brisas Hilton, where you're greeted with a welcome drink of gin and coconut milk served in a fresh green coconut decorated with hibiscus. If this potation encourages further thirst, there's liquor in a cupboard of your *casita*, mixes and beer in the fridge. Las Brisas is that scattering of hillside cottages we saw on our way from the airport. They're reached by a network of private roads that wind among palms, vines, hibiscus and bougainvillaea ($20 double without pool, $32 with shared pool, $40 with private pool — including continental breakfast). If you have a girl to be alone with, ask manager Frank Brandstetter to reserve one of his most secluded *casitas* in the sky. Between the highway and the bay are the luxury residences of Las Brisas Estates, the *ne plus ultra* of Acapulco's American colony. The owners are an older group, but their parties are definitely in. More winding roads take you down to the luxurious bayside La Concha Beach Club shared by the Hilton's guests and the Estates crowd. (The hotel furnishes chauffeured jeeps, free of charge for going to and from La Concha; you can rent your own jeep at $8 a day to facilitate getting around town.) If you're staying elsewhere, you'll need an invitation to the club or a Hilton Carte Blanche credit card.

For the well-fixed traveler, Cesar Balsa's El Presidente is first choice as the place to meet people who know what's where. Be sure to reserve a terrace room with an ocean view ($28 single, $34 double, with two meals), from which you can see the whitecaps breaking along the beach through your view-wall of glass. Lounging on your private terrace, you'll quickly succumb to the song of the surf and the faint beat of cha-cha from Jacaranda, El Presidente's unique night club, with its dramatic view of bay and sky. If you're not alone, share a suite ($52 single to $76 for four, with two meals) or check into one of the duplex penthouses with small pools. For an extra $10 a day you can have a dressing cabaña, complete with bed, bathroom and folding wall open to the ocean. If you're alone and on the prowl, Acapulco is definitely on your side. Around El Presidente's pool are the sun-washed lounges and thatch-shaded tables of the Palapa Bar, a favorite watering place for unaccompanied girls, some of whom don't even bother renting rooms for their weekend visits. They just take their chances on meeting a hospitable chap. Early in the day, the coolingest drink at the Palapa is a fruit juice concoction called Conga; when alcohol is added, it becomes Rumba. A Presidente is the right blend of pineapple, orange and grapefruit juices, gin and apricot brandy. If you don't find anything — or anyone — to fit your mood, you can stroll up to Cocotal, liveliest of Acapulco's beach clubs and a hangout for entertainers, models and other fascinating fauna.

In Acapulco, they have a felicitous word for beach — *playa* — and three major hotels own large stretches of private *playa*: El Presidente, Elcano and Pierre Marques. The others offer swimming pools, salt-water lagoons and access to the miles of public beach in and around the town. The water is always

warm at Acapulco, but the breakers come in cycles and the undertow is strong enough to make you dig in your heels. Still, it's exhilarating.

The Elcano Hotel, a modern block-style beachfronter ($20 single to $30 double, American plan), caters to a larger proportion of Mexican guests than any of the other major hotels. During the season, its pleasant palm-fronted Bambuco bar and dining room are among the town's livelier hangouts. Between December 16 and January 6 especially, the holiday season, every night at the Elcano is *fiesta* — three weeks of unabated partying.

Hotel Pierre Marques, a corporate cousin of New York's Pierre, is owned by Jean Paul Getty, reputedly the richest man in the world. He has never seen the place, but Dwight Eisenhower has slept there, as have numerous other people of repute. The hotel ($26 single to $46 double, with continental breakfast) is on the beach, and ideal for a rest — isolated, beautiful and, incidentally, a favorite of New York's top callgirls with their patrons in tow. Each of the colorful rooms in the Marques' rambling two-story buildings has its own terrace fronting the beach. Two pools, a golf driving range and clay tennis courts are available, and so is Señora Carral de Palma, the hotel's social directress, who will lead you to whatever sport you fancy, be it wet or dry, indoor or outdoor. On the Marques' beach of a morning, you'll find callipygian cuteniks sipping drinks at the Tortuga (Turtle) Bar, in anticipation of lunch on the Marques Terrace. Besides serving the tastiest hamburger in town, the Terrace also boasts hard-to-find Yucatán style pork tamales, chicken liver omelet à la Caruso and native lobster-tail salad. Dining is elegant in the hotel's Silver Shell, with its tinkling waterfalls and tinkling music.

Oldest and most truly Mexican of the big hotels is El Mirador ($12 single with terrace to $30 double for de luxe cottages, with two meals), a picture postcard jumble of flowering gardens and stucco cottages perched on the very tip of La Quebrada cliffs. Don Carlos Bernard built the first of these cottages more than thirty years ago to accommodate friends who shared his twin passions for Acapulco and deep-sea fishing. He's been building ever since for the growing clique of El Miradorites who return year after year. El Mirador's craggy ocean front has no beach, but a funicular sweeps guests down to a natural-rock, salt water swimming pool. Every dining room in town serves seafood, but none of them can match El Mirador for such curiosities as sea-turtle eggs, *agujón* (a brilliantly green-boned needle fish), barracuda dolphin and the tiny, delectable *ostras*. El Mirador also houses La Perla, Acapulco's most spectacular supper club, whose tables are strung along terraces

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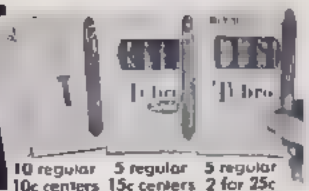

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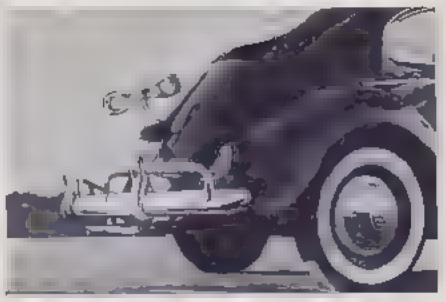

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over the cliffs of La Quebrada.

If you can't go back home without a six-foot plus *pez vela* (sailfish), register at the Hotel Club de Pesca, the only hostelry with its own fleet of fishing boats. Favored months for the sport are November through January, although the International Sailfish Tournament is held during the first week of April and the marlin bite best in August. But you really don't have to fish to enjoy Club de Pesca: also available are speedboating, water skiing, skindiving and surfboarding. With its seven stories of ridged terraces, Club de Pesca ($20 single, $27 double, $50 for a suite, with three meals) looks like a great ship's bridge on the bay. Palms and tropical gardens ring the fresh water pool and assure privacy to the patios of what are euphemistically called Honeymoon Cottages. The Mexican movie colony makes its Acapulco headquarters here, and when the starlets are in town for a location shooting or the annual film festival (November 18 to December 7 this year) the hotel is filled with tempting tidbits.

Before the postwar building boom, Hotel Prado Americas, overlooking the Pacific on the point of the peninsula which shelters Acapulco Bay from the west, used to be *the* place to stay. It's still a dandy hideaway with a complex of Mediterranean-style white-and-blue-columned courtyards and tile-roofed bungalows ($21 to $48 double, with meals).

Up in the hills you'll find Villa Vera, a collection of luxury bungalows with tennis court and pool ($20 to $40 double, with continental breakfast). Its owner, Swiss bandleader Teddy Stauffer, used to be married to Hedy Lamarr and Faith Domergue—serially, not simultaneously. If you like Hollywood-style living, you can have it here, along with some of the big names of then and now.

John Wayne's Los Flamingos ($20 to $82 double, with meals) overlooks the sea from its hilltop. Down below, on Costera Alemán, the main street, is the modestly priced Noa-Noa ($20 to $24 double, with meals) and the comfortable and informal Playa Hermosa ($4 single, $8 double, with continental breakfast).

Some of the American college crowd that takes a semester or two at English-language Mexico City College spends weekends at Motel Acapulco, which has its own swimming pool, restaurant, bar and easy tariffs ($4 single, $7 to $13 double, no meals).

Driving along the Costera out toward El Presidente, you'll pass Condesa Beach and a small sign reading "*Catalejo* (Telescope)—the philosophical life." Down a flight of wooden steps you enter the world of Spanish painter Isidro Covisa and his family, who constitute Acapulco's art colony. For $2 a day you can get two big meals and a hammock slung between bamboo poles in the coed open-air dormitory. This is as primitive as Acapulco gets, with no electricity or privacy, but plenty of dedication to pleasure as well as art. There's lots of long hair, beards and bongos, but they don't belong to the beat set; Covisa threw the beatniks out when they tried to turn his simple scene into a south-of-the-border party pad.

The Acapulco Hotel Association (Apartado 334, Acapulco, Guerrero, Mexico) can supply a complete list of hotels with current prices. The town has no American consulate, but the Mexican Government Tourist Bureau information office on Costera Alemán can help with most problems. The unofficial good-will ambassador and most informed self-exile in Acapulco is a photographer-writer named Ronnie Luster, who can generally be found in the vicinity of El Mirador.

There are twenty-one beaches in Acapulco, the briefest of bikinis are smiled upon at all of them, and there's no telling which beach will be the current favorite of the kind of people you want to play with. Caleta, the busy public morning beach, is the best place to start looking; it's informal, and you can say hello to almost anyone.

Of an evening, you can take a small boat over to the island of La Roqueta, which has its own beaches, an outdoor dance floor for nighttime partying, burros who drink beer (there's no water on the island) and a restaurant specializing in *langostinos*, delicious little crayfish served with garlic butter. La Roqueta is a good spot for skindiving, and a firm called Aqua Mundo (Water World) will pick you up at your hotel, take you out to the warm water in a sixty-foot boat, equip you and instruct you for 185 pesos. They'll also teach you spear fishing, shell collecting and underwater photography.

The winds and waters of Acapulco are meant for sailing and cruising, and craft of all sorts can be chartered at the public docks. For shorter spins, the Barca de Oro, a large schooner, and the motor yacht Fiesta go out for three hours late each afternoon. Once aboard, you'll find music and free drinks, the panorama of Acapulco from the water, and a chance for a swim off La Roqueta. The young lady you may spy in the depths, incidentally, is not a mermaid but a submerged statue of the Virgin of Guadalupe protecting the harbor entrance.

Sundowns are fabled at Pie de la Cuesta (Foot of the Coast), a beach with roaring surf some miles out of town. You can lie in a hammock and sip the popular Mexican *ron castillo*, rum mixed with water, plain or sparkling, and *coco loco*, coconut milk and tequila in the shell. At the other end of town is the usually deserted Revolcadero Beach, a fine quiet place for picnics, nudeniks and such.

You can rent dugouts called *pichi-*

lingues to take you through the lush lagoons of Coyuca and Pupagayo, inhabited by frigate birds, flamingos, toucans and parrots and on the banks by iguana, deer, hare and jaguars. In the native village of Puerto Marquez you'll come across a group of beach stands proffering fresh and cooked seafoods. One Acapulco speciality is *ceviche*, morsels of white fleshed fish such as Spanish mackerel, marinated in lemon juice and Mexican spices.

Hansom cabs are for hire near the section of Playa de Hornos where the fishermen pull up their boats and spread their nets. Take one into the labyrinth of old Acapulco's lanes or to the stone ramparts of El Fuerte de San Diego on the bluff, with its ancient cannon still watching the bay. This massive pentagon, built to protect the Spanish settlement in 1616, has recently been restored and transformed into an outdoor theatre seating 2500. The entrance lies over a drawbridge spanning the moat, through a portcullis flanked, on performance nights, with flaming torches. Plays, ballets and concerts are performed here, including the Pablo Casals Festival December 10-20, when enthusiasts will gather to hear the premier performance of Casals' newest work for cello.

Some of the world's finest matadors have fought bulls in Acapulco's Plaza de Toros Caletilla, which has a *corrida* at five P.M. during the season. The bullfight season varies from year to year, depending on past attendance and what promoters are doing what; but generally, there are probably more *corridas* during January, February and March than any other time of the year.

During the season Acapulco is a big party town, and you ought to be able to snag an invitation to a few of the affairs. Every Tuesday night, for instance, the Club de Yates (Yacht Club) has a buffet and dance for members only — but knowing someone or just looking respectable will probably gain you entry.

It's not difficult to look respectable, by the way. Unlike most plush Caribbean resorts, only a few people ever bother to get dressed up in Acapulco, even after sunset. But we suggest you take one lightweight suit for late dining and dancing, especially on weekends. Be sure to take, in addition to your sunning and swimming gear, plenty of sport shirts, cotton slacks and sandals. You can buy clothes or have them made in a day or two at any of a number of stores in the hotels or around town. La Noa on Hidalgo carries good-looking attire and Alfredo's on Costera Alemán (the broad avenue that winds along the beach) specializes in hand-loomed native fabrics.

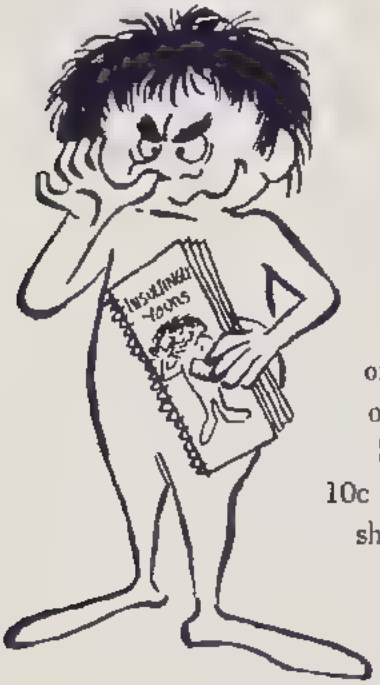
Hotel bar-hopping is the sensible early-evening pastime for a young man in search of companionship and a smooth dance combo. The Del Monte bar is a good place to look for an opposite number and the bar atop the Palacio Tropical gets quite sociable too. Or you might try the Turquoise Room at the Club de Pesca, the Bohio Bar by the pool at Prado Americas or the Caleta Hotel Bar. Next to the post office on Costera Aleman is the Si y No, a drinking man's bar favored by Acapulqueños. El Presidente's snazzy Dali Bar, decorated with drawings by the Salvador of the same name, is always jammed.

• • •

Since almost all the hotels are on full or modified American plan, you'll probably take most of your meals where you stay. Food is uneven in Acapulco, but you can eat well by choosing carefully. Locally caught fish such as *huachinango*, red snapper, *robalo*, sea bass, or pompano are excellent.

The hotels and better restaurants buy their food with a canny eye, and use only bottled water, so you need have little fear of the dread Aztec two-step (or Montezuma's Revenge), famed in song and story. But take it slow your first few days.

Unfortunately most of Acapulco's restaurateurs try to cater to their own impression of American tastes. Lots of steaks and baked potatoes, even though their beef is not the greatest for rare broiling and the potatoes don't bake



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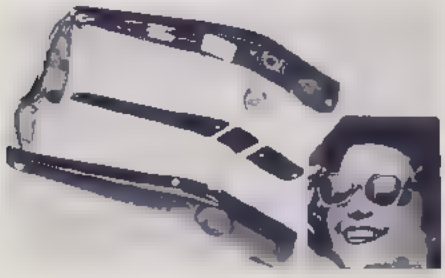

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well. If you can find well-prepared *carne asada*, a spiced, paper-thin seared beef dish, you'll know how good Mexican meat can be.

Funny, but Mexican restaurants are unknown in Acapulco. Not a single kitchen specializes in the great Indio-Hispanic dishes. You can get *enchiladas*, *frijoles refritos* (refried beans) or a Mexican combination plate at some of the hotels, but these are a concession to romantic palates and generally second rate.

For us, the most interesting place to dine well is La Rue, a French restaurant little frequented by tourists. Located in the top balcony of the jai alai *frontón*, its first-row tables afford a perfect view of the Basque game. Play starts at nine P.M. and lasts until after midnight every night of the week, almost all year round. One section of the balcony is a bar lounge where you might try the La Rue cocktail which flavors gin with Pernod and cassis as well as with vermouth. The menu is primed with such starters as lobster bisque and burgundian snails with garlic sauce. As entrees the chef's suggestions (ours too) include frogs' legs provençale, chicken clemenceau or black pepper steak with cognac sauce. Don't resist the chocolate souffle for dessert. Although La Rue stocks French wines, we suggest that you also sample the Mexican vintages. Mexican whites and rosés are very drinkable; the red table wines are not so hot.

People go to see and be seen at Armando's on the Quebrada. It's slick and chattery, with a tiny bar and a pianist from New Jersey rendering all requests. The food doesn't quite come up to the promise of the decor and menu, but the garlic soup is tasty and you can depend on artichokes vinaigrette. Charcoal broiled shrimp diable and the sea bass meunier are also worth your while.

El Presidente's Focolare is the most elegant dining spot in town. This is not the hotel's regular dining room (also excellent), but a separate establishment, with its own bar and terrace for before-dinner drinking. Los Calaveras, a trio of guitarist-singers in dove-gray charros and huge sombreros provide entertainment.

Langostinos à la Bordelaise, turkey terrazzini, kidneys sauté Armagnac Lawrence and *carne asada Mexicana* are among the better entrees, and game is served in season. Try the tasty Mexican cheeses for dessert and, if your appetite holds out, sample the superb selection of pastry. Follow it up with a pony of gentle Kahlua.

At the corner of Costera Alemán and Megellanos is the restaurant Fontana, where you dine on a New Orleans–style flagstone patio. Flamenco dancer Leonor Amava, Carmen's sister and a fine artist in her own right, performs to the accompaniment of guitarist Jesus de los Reyes. The strolling Quartetto Iberia serenades your table with songs of sad Spanish love.

The hefty international menu includes huevos foo-yong and pollo frito estilo sur, otherwise known as southern fried chicken. There is a fine Mexican soup, *caldo xochitl* based on chicken with rice, avocado and hot peppers; and the fresh shrimps with coconut are delicious. The most soused dessert on the menu is *platano caribe*—bananas soaked in flaming rum and apricot brandy—and it's fun to watch as well as eat. Fontana is open only during the season.

Italian cuisine is authentically represented by Dino's, also on Costera Alemán and modeled on Alfredo's in Rome. And finally, there are two simple seafood restaurants right in town: Pipo's near the docks and San Telmo close to the Plaza on the Costera.

- - -

Acapulco boasts two shows that everyone excepting only the most blasé, goes to dig—*Holiday on Skis* at the Club de Esquis, the town's water-ski headquarters, and the High Divers of Quebrada at El Mirador's La Perla. The ski show usually goes on about ten-thirty P.M. Reserve a front-row table, leaving yourself enough time to dine on the open-air candlelit terrace, overlooking the pool and the shimmering bay. It's a grand spot to set the mood for later that night. The complete dinner offers a choice of such entrees as oysters Rockefeller, fillet of red snapper with brown butter and Mexican tenderloin tips. In the club's lounge meanwhile, an Afro-Cuban band will be flaying away. Then, suddenly, the show begins. Colored fountains rise behind the pool; 98,000 watts of light brighten the bay; and the speedboats and water skiers—forty-two of them international champions—flash by to stereophonic fanfares. At the climax, the star of the show soars silhouetted against the skyline, spread eagled under a huge white kite. (Ah there, Cypress Gardens.)

To glom the high divers reserve a table on one of the narrow terraces at La Perla, set in the cliff below El Mirador. While you wait, pique your palate with Piyi, a small pineapple from which you sip rum mixed with fruit juices. For dinner, there's shrimp cocktail with champagne sauce, followed by red snapper fillet papillote, or curried chicken in coconut.

At La Perla there are nightly ten-thirty and midnight dives by the Clavadistas de Quebrada, a company of high divers headed by Raul Garcia, who in summer guards lives at an upstate New York resort. The performance begins with Raul, holding a blazing torch, running down a zigzag path to a narrow inlet, swimming it and then climbing the rock to the top diver's platform 136 feet

above the water. He kneels to pray before a small shrine to the Virgin of Guadalupe, while his helpers ignite torches along the side of the cliff, illuminating the entire scene. The crowd is stony silent. The diver flexes his muscles and off he goes into space. (When poetic Raul joined us for a drink later, he told us, "Every time I dive is the first time I kiss a girl. When I leave the rock I open my arms and when I enter the water I close her in them.") Minutes after his plunge, the *clavadista* stands at the entrance to the restaurant, palms outstretched for a tip.

The tides of night-spot popularity in Acapulco shift quickly by word of mouth. At Guadalajara de Noche, between Caletilla and the *frontón*, you can hear a *mariachi* with three fiddles, three guitars, a bass *guitarrón* and trumpet. The hoarse, twangy, scratchy harmonies of the *canciones rancheros* and *sones* are enhanced by the snap-crackle-pop of an ancient sound system. A young lady wrapped in a flowered *rebozo* pulls on listeners' heart strings with *Qué Bonito Amor*, while the bored charro-costumed *mariachis* play and talk to each other. Then amid much hand clapping and yipping from the beer-drinking crowd, the troupe stamps out the *jerabio tapatio* and *zapatado mexicano*, the Mexican hat and shoe dances.

The Flamingos has the most carefully produced show in town, on at twelve-thirty and two-thirty A.M. The club is on the beach, and one opening number finds a group of near-naked dancers springing ashore from a primitive dugout, with ever present torches aflame. The provocative dancing is reminiscent of Katherine Dunham — not surprising, since the show is directed and performed by her students.

Varadero boasts a variety show with a small line of misstepping chorus girls, corny comedians and an aging Mexican film idol who sings doleful songs. Los Cocoteros at Hotel Hamacas presents a group of jumping Mexican folk dancers at eleven thirty P.M., and Club Bum Bum on Caleta Beach will be in action with a hot band and crowds of dancers.

Be sure to take the funicular from hilltop Prado Americas to dance at Club Cantamar, which serves dinner and has a floorshow during the season. Most hotels close their clubs by three A.M., but Chimy's Jazz Bar on Constituyentes, with Cuban drummer-owner Chimy laying down the beat, stays open until at least four A.M., and the Bambu on Costera Alemán carries on until all the customers have gone.

Remember José, the friendly cab driver who brought us in from the airport when we first landed in Acapulco? Well, we hopped into his cab a couple of nights later and asked him what he recommended in the way of offbeat night spots. He insisted we try Rio Rita's, where Acapulco's sophisticates go to see Real People. Most of the customers are working-class Mexicans, he said, with a jam of tourists arriving for the one-thirty-A.M. show. We went. At tables around the room sat dozens of girls of all colors and ages, waiting for someone to buy them a drink or ask them to dance or to retire into the cubicles behind the club where the major business of the establishment is consummated for anything from forty cents up. The band was off key, out of tune and too loud, but the rhythm section went wild and just watching the customers dance was a treat. Eventually spotlights pierced the smoky air, the dance floor cleared and the professional entertainers were on. "Anything goes" seemed to be the policy, as long as it was calculated to arouse. A Latin dance team, he in tight pants and vest, she in an undersized bikini, demonstrated how to make love during the rumba, mambo and cha-cha. The singer, an endowed and exposed young woman, bumped and grinded out her lyrics while circling the floor. With very slight encouragement, she stopped and shook out a few bars at our table while the crowd cheered and jeered. The star of the show was Talua, a tawny animal with black hair, black eyes and a wild body that went into leaping, writhing, shaking transport during the performance

Casa Raquel, we later discovered, is a better-quality house up in the hills, where the madam herself, looking like someone else's mother, keeps her eye on the proceedings from her position at the bar near the cash register. There's dancing but no show unless one makes private arrangements.

Moonlight cruises? They're called *lunadas*, and are yours for the hiring. Or, instead of cruising, you and your *querida* can anchor at tiny beaches like Playa Dos Amantes (Two Lovers) and swim, build a bonfire, eat, drink, dance, do whatever your brimming hearts desire.

When you take your leave of Acapulco, with your heart sinking slowly in the west, it may occur to you to analyze the unique charm of the place and try to pinpoint exactly what elements made you fall in love with it.

Could it have been that winning combination of tropical topography and Governor Barrero's excellent Eighteenth Century air-conditioning system? Was it the fishing? Was it the food? Was it the music and dancing in the wee hours of the morning? The swimming and lolling on bikini-brightened beaches? That moonlight cruise? The sensuous floorshows in the clubs? The tropical dalliance and romance?

You may boil it all down to that single word, *ambiente*. Or you may simply nod with a smile repeat to yourself, it swing, *señor*, it swing.

"Sure I remember those things, Mom. But what have you done for me lately?"

PLAYBOY PANEL *(continued from page 118)*

ers are little guys, errand boys, not these big monsters waiting in a plush apartment for the men to come in with hundred-dollar bills. Over half the traffic is the little guy who saves two or three thousand dollars, buys a kilo in Marseille and brings it over here and then works with one other guy.

COHEN: The arrests made are mostly juvenile delinquents involved with narcotics and small pushers, but no major distributors, no major importers.

HENTOFF: This is all true, but I think, realistically, if we want progress on this, the area to work hardest on is more medical control of addiction.

COHEN: That is one phase of the problem. Ultimately, you may curb it by medical assistance and so forth — but it's just an ameliorating factor.

HENTOFF: No, not at all. It's a radical, organic approach. But when you have the man in charge of the federal narcotics program so uninformed after all these years about the basic *nature* of addiction, let alone the basic ways to *cope* with it, your whole program is stopped from a federal point of view.

COHEN: Here we have a business process which consists of the raising of narcotics in certain areas of the world, its importation to the United States and its distribution in the United States. Finally it comes down to John Smith who is arrested. The problem is not solved by giving John Smith medical treatment.

WINICK: But you have to accept the fact that a man is sick, that he has cancer, and you do the best you can in the face of a serious chronic disease. These high-order considerations are worthwhile and serious, but someone else works on them while you cope with the chap who is sick.

N. ADDERLEY: That's right, what can you do about the user?

PLAYBOY: How valuable, for example, is the work being done now at the federal hospital for the treatment of addicts at Lexington, Kentucky?

GILLESPIE: You know what they tell me about Lexington? A guy tells me that when he's in Lexington, all they're thinking about is — "When I get out of Lexington, boy, I'm gonna get so *high*!"

TAYLOR: A guy might go in doing it one way. After being put in among addicts of all kinds, he might find fifty other ways to do the thing he was doing before. And he's not helped at all in too many cases. I have talked to many musicians who have been in Lexington. One guy told me: "Well, I went down, and it was my first time. I went voluntarily because I thought I wanted to kick, and it just didn't work out. If you commit yourself, you can leave at any time, so guys went in for a little rest and went on back out, right back into what they'd been."

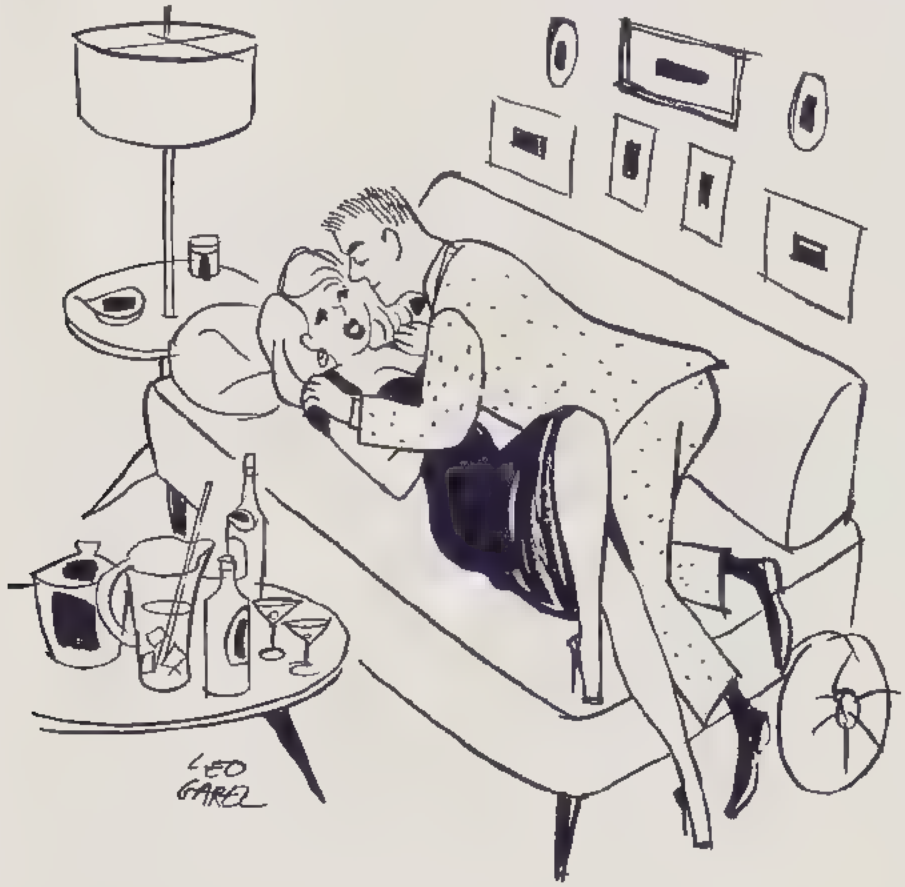
WINICK: It's misleading to imply that you just turn it over to the docs and they'll take over. In other words, what will the doctor *do*, and under what circumstances? The fact is that he doesn't really know what to do. There is no knowledge, really, on the basis of which treatment can be given in a systematic way, and it's misleading to say, "Well, that's it, the doctors will take over." We have forty-seven thousand Americans who are as ill as if they couldn't walk. They are unable to function. Their central nervous system has been substantially modified, at least for a while, by the drug they're using. Now these people need enormous help from the community. They need much more than medical or psychiatric help. They need help in getting jobs, help in getting re-established, help in learning to relate to people and many, many other things.

HENTOFF: I didn't mean that it's a simple matter of just turning it over to the doctors. But there is hardly any research data available on treatment of addiction, and the way you're going to get that is by having doctors treat addicts. So the first thing that has to be done in this country is for that to happen. Then there has to be community education to bring about not only medical and psychiatric help, but economic help, and a change in a complex of things which goes deep into the roots of society.

COHEN: I want to give you what I think are some practical solutions. The Opium Control Commission of the United Nations has specifically charged that five countries are the source of most narcotics supplies coming into the United States: Iran, Iraq, Lebanon, Turkey, Syria. Suppose that we ignore the political situation and say to these five countries, "There will be no foreign aid extended to you and we will create tariffs which will prevent the importation of any goods from your country, unless you immediately prevent narcotics from illegally leaving your countries for the United States." I would also hold any transportation company liable if it permitted the transportation of narcotics into the United States. The third suggestion would be that it be deemed a felony, with the most severe possible penalties, for anyone to remove narcotics from a boat to the shore.

HENTOFF: Isn't that like sentencing a pusher for what the big guys do?

COHEN: In the United States, I believe in vigorous prosecution of major distributors. I also believe there is a need now for establishing a research facility which will study the possibilities of preventing addiction. It may be possible to determine that certain children show a potentiality for turning to narcotics. I think it is possible to undertake a program which can spot these youngsters, and to help



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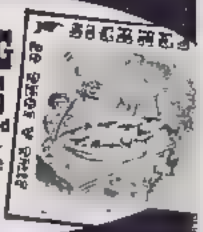

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them with their problems at that time.

DR. WINICK: That kind of prediction has never worked, even in something as gross as the prediction of juvenile delinquency.

COHEN: You know more about this subject than anyone I've ever met—yet you're being negativistic about it. It *has* to be done.

DR. WINICK: If I sound negative about specific proposals, it's because no single program for the elimination of an illness as complex as drug addiction—which carries so much emotional freight in the community—can solve the problem. We need cooperative inter-disciplinary research and action, more local community participation, training the various healing professions in the techniques of dealing with addicts, regional treatment facilities, demonstration centers, and a thorough and vigorous post-treatment rehabilitation program, which would certainly appear to be among the minimum requirements for an attempt to come to terms with this problem. The addict should be viewed as a sick person with a chronic disease which requires almost emergency action.

N. ADDERLEY: I have the final solution. If you want to cut out all of the narcotics addiction and the whole problem, then let's don't be lenient on anybody. Take all the junkies, all the pushers, all the crooks, and throw them all in jail, and there'll be no narcotics problem at all.

HENTOFF: What do you suppose we'll all be on next?

N. ADDERLEY: Then we'll all start taking something else, like grass. Then they'll outlaw grass. Nobody will have a lawn!

PLAYBOY: What you mean is, some people in society will always look for a new kick, for a new escape, from the cares and the stresses of society. And if it isn't narcotics, it will be something else. You can't solve the problems of a complex society like ours with laws alone, you've got to mix in understanding and help for those among us who are a little weaker than the rest, a little more apt to crack under the pressures of a fast moving modern world. The jazz musician, like any creative artist, is apt to be a little more vulnerable to these pressures than someone less sensitive and more satisfied with conformity, but the public image of the majority of jazzmen being involved with drugs is simply untrue. Where it does exist, however, the situation is confused and worsened by official ignorance, prejudice and corruption at both the federal and local levels, with the result that narcotics addiction in this country is treated as a crime, when it should be handled as a medical problem. A disturbing state of affairs, certainly, but one that may, in time, be cleared up by precisely the kind of open discussion that you gentlemen have participated in today. Thank you.

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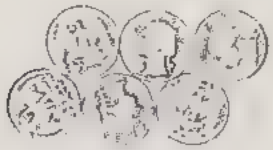
BAR BETS *(continued from page 98)*

(Warning, this is not the sure thing you like to have working for you in a bar bet. A good many people will correctly identify the one cigarette, though the odds are in your favor, so you may find it pays to omit that part of the problem.)

Put down six similar coins on the bar, like this:



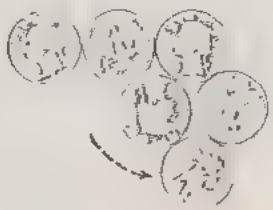
The problem is to arrange them in a perfect hexagon, like this:

and the rules are: (1) move one coin at a time, without knocking any other coin out of position; (2) slide it — don't lift it off the bar; (3) in its new position, the moved coin must touch two others; (4) make the hexagon in three such moves. Now bet him that, *even after you demonstrate how it is done*, he can't do it within three minutes. He must have a low opinion of himself if he doesn't take you up. In your demonstration, don't move the coin directly to its new position — circle it around the others first, to confuse him. And when you set it up for him to try, shift the original arrangement to look like this:

It's the same pattern, and it has the same solution. In case you'd like to tinker with it yourself, here's the solution.

Given arrangement,

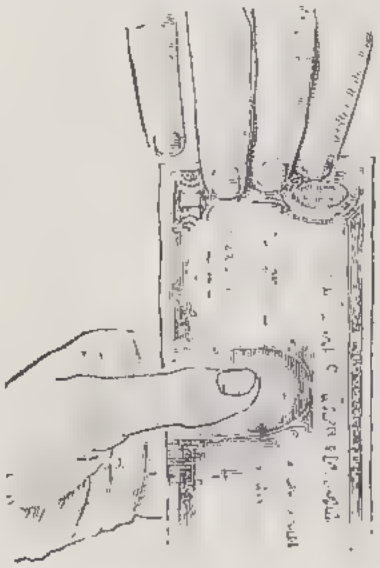
First move (1)



Second,

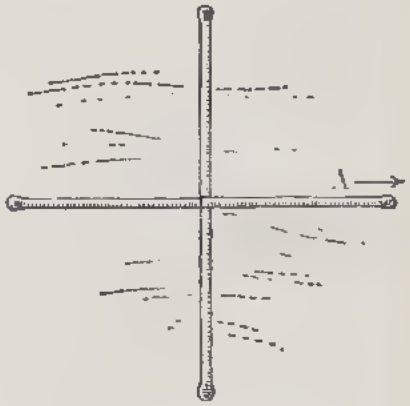
Third.

Along about this time, he should be ripe for revenge — which is just the frame of mind in which you want him for the next bet. "Here," you say, "I'll give you a chance to recoup very quickly." You take a dollar bill from your pocket, flatten it, hold it by one end between thumb and index finger of your left hand. Hold the thumb and index finger of your right hand on either side of the bill, ready to grab it. Release your hold with the left hand and, as the bill begins to drop, catch it in the extended thumb and finger of your right hand, like so:



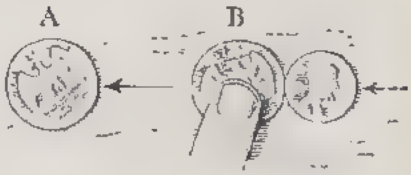
"Easiest thing in the world," you say as you do it a few times. Now you offer to let him catch any number of dollars dropped between his fingers by you in the same manner, telling him he can keep each one he catches but will owe you two for each one that floats from between his fingers, when you release it, before he can grab it. Only stipulation is that his thumb and index finger must be opposite the portrait on the bill, or above it. The simple neurological fact is that he's bound to miss: it takes longer for the nerve impulse to go from brain to fingers than for the bill to drop between them. An additional edge is that your gull will have had at least one drink to slow his reflexes.

A third category of bar bets involves propositions so obviously unlikely that, when you bet you can do them, your bar friend swiftly bets that you can't. A relatively simple example is to make a cross with four *wooden* matches that looks like this:



Note carefully the way they meet in the middle. You bet you can make a perfect square with them by moving only one match. He has probably not noted so carefully the way they meet, and the bet is on. So you slide match A out a tenth of an inch or so, and there's your square, right in the middle, formed by the ends of the matches which had previously been against each other. Small, to be sure, but a square nevertheless.

A bet similar in conception is this: put two quarters touching on the bar, display a penny, and dee are that you will put it flat down between them without touching quarter A, moving quarter B, blowing on them, or upsetting the bar. After the stakes have been agreed upon, you hold B firmly down with one finger and slide the penny hard along the bar to hit it. Quarter A, untouched by anything that wasn't touching it already, flies away to leave room for the penny.



Or there's the bet of who can guess nearest to the date of a coin. You explain to him gently that he will have one guess and you will have two, but to compensate for this he can pick the odds. Don't let him have more than five to one, but make a point of doing him the favor of letting him guess first, since your success depends on his doing so.

If he says "1950," you, of course, say "1949" and "1951." Odds in your favor are about twelve to one.

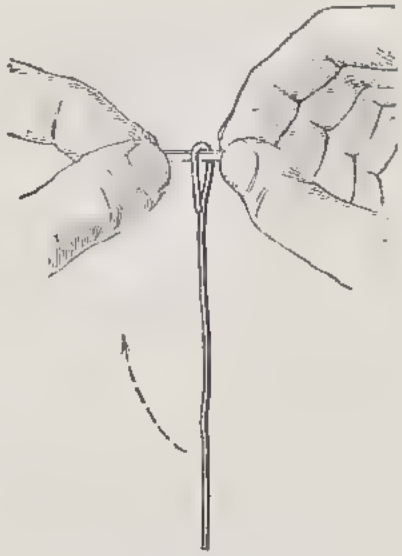
You can almost always get a bet *with odds* out of this one. Put two paper clips on a dollar bill folded in this fashion:

(Turn upside down before pulling.)

Bet that you can pull out the ends of the bill with such dexterity that, no matter how high you hold the bill when the paper clips drop to the bar, they will come to rest touching each other. Results guaranteed — since the clips will be interlocked!

The next one is also a sure-fire winner, but it's a little complicated to explain. Take a paper clip and straighten it out, but leave the smaller hook at one end. Then bend it to close with the straight part like this:

Now break off a half-inch piece of a flat wooden toothpick, from the *wide* end. Hang the paper clip over it and ask your victim to hold it as illustrated.



Tell him you are going to flick it so that it whirls around several times; and you are going to flick it just hard enough so that when it stops it will be pointing up, not dangling down. Needless to say, you want pretty good odds on this one.

Actually, the odds are about thirty to one that it will do what you want it to.

The last category of bets involves those you'll lose, but come out ahead in the losing. One such bet is to borrow a dollar of his, take a dollar of your own, and, holding them up, state, "I'll bet you a nickel you won't pay me $1.50 for what I have in my hand — and you have to make up your mind *right away*, in the next five seconds." If he won't buy, he won't, and you give him back his dollar. But very likely he will, so you lose a nickel and win fifty cents.

And, to conclude this foolishness, induce your friend to place his hat over his drink — a full one — and bet him a dime you can drink it without touching or moving his hat. So you up the hat and down the drink and pay the dime.

This, of course, is a variation on the old dodge of betting a girl a dime or a dollar — depending on her looks and your libido — that you can kiss her without touching her *at all*. In fact, this one is so ancient that maybe the modern young sophisticate on the next stool who has been following your gambling career with amusement and admiration, has never bothered her head with such square stuff. Anyway, it's worth a try. Some beautiful and enduring friendships have flowered from such corn.

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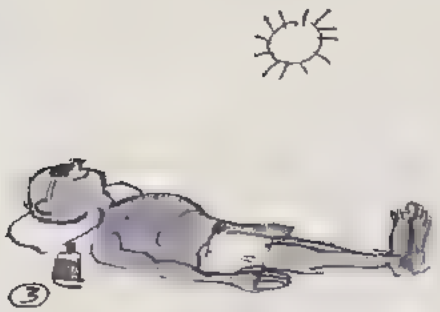
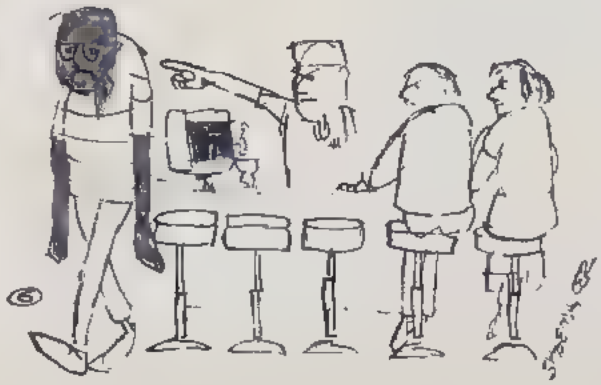
Hollywood *(continued from page 57)*

Lionel Barrymore, who directed my second murder offering, was one of Hollywood's unusuals. He was a first-rate mind trapped in his talent as an actor. His was among the first anti-Hollywood sneers I heard. To wit — his favorite pet was a vulture whom he had nursed and fed since its nestling days. If I remember correctly, he called the bird McGillicudy. Lying sick one day, Lionel looked out of his bedroom window and beheld McGillicudy wheeling and hovering above the house.

"Look at that ungrateful sonofabitch," Lionel wheezed — he had pneumonia — "happily waiting for me to croak. After all we've been to each other. There's a symbol of Hollywood for you."

Skipping to another hearse, it was drink, chiefly, that landed agent Myron Selznick in his. But before the organ played for Myron, he took a large bite out of cinema town, and not for himself alone. He ran our salaries up from a hundred to a thousand percent. Neither greed nor philanthropy drove him. The Schencks, Mayers, Goldwyns, et al., had tumbled his father, the puissant Louis Selznick, from his high moviemaking perch. Myron was out to avenge the deed. He dedicated himself to looting the enemy's cash boxes. He was the only ten-percenter I've known who stood four-square beside the artist against the boss.





In this long ago, Walter Wanger and I were sitting in a nightclub watching the floorshow, headed by Jimmy Durante. "Jimmy would be marvelous in the movies," said Walter. "Can you write him into the script by Wednesday?"

The script was *Roadhouse Nights*. On Wednesday morning, Durante made his debut in it as a movie actor. Helen Morgan was the other star. Hobart Henley was the director. Henley and Morgan are out of play. Henley was a handsome fellow who had shown some talent in the silents. The talkies embittered him. I think he died out of irritation at hearing actors talk.

Miss Morgan was a chorus girl who had parlayed a talent for drinking into stardom. Liquor hoarsened her voice, gave her a mysterious sound and increased her allure for men. Lady drunks were a novelty in her time. She was also a witty girl. George Jessel was among her conquests. She was bawling him out one night, charging neglect and possible infidelity. Jessel interrupted and pointed to a pair of men's shoes, three sizes larger than his own, lying under the bed.

"For God's sake," cried Jessel, "whose shoes are those?"

"Don't try to change the subject," said Miss Morgan.

I wrote a slew of movies under the MGM batons of Louis Mayer, Irving Thalberg, Harry Rapp, Bernard Hyman, Sam Zimbalist and Paul Bern. All dead.

Jack Conway, who directed *Viva Villa!*; Wallace Beery, who starred in it; Victor Fleming, who directed *Gone with the Wind*, of which I wrote the first nine reels in a week; Thomas Van Dyke, who directed *It's a Wonderful World*; Victor McLaglen and Frank Morgan, who emoted in *Let Freedom Ring* — these are in the collaborator hearses I count.

Gene Fowler and I hatched an opus for W. C. Fields and Marie Dressler called *Famke, the Guest Artist*. We also toiled with director John Stahl on a thing called (I think) *Back Street*. Felix Bressart performed in *Comrade X*, which I concocted with Charles Lederer. Jack Gilbert starred with Garbo in *Queen Christina*, another chore shared with Fowler. I "did" *Design for Living* with Ernst Lubitsch; worked on a Jean Harlow saga with Paul Bern, and plotted frequently with Edmund Goulding.

Also *Lydia* for Alexander Korda; *Convict Lake*, in which Ethel Barrymore starred; *Foreign Correspondent*, that held what was perhaps the best perform-

ance of Albert Basserman. I plotted *The Shop Around the Corner* with Lubitsch. Margaret Sullavan starred in it.

Of these names, Lederer—a hardy fellow—is still on the census-taker's rolls. The rest are underground.

Ethel Barrymore stood for a dying tradition in Hollywood—the tradition that you had to be a good actress before you could become a movie star. Margaret Sullavan was another member of that tradition—smiling Maggie, with her light snuffing out at its brightest.

There were two Alex Kordas—the elegant gent of London society and the slippery dealmaker of Hollywood. I knew the latter. We admired each other, he because he felt certain he could cheat me; I because I never minded being cheated in Hollywood, particularly by literate fellows. This was because I always felt I was being five or ten times overpaid for the easy chores I did. It's difficult to get outraged with the boss who pays you thirty thousand instead of sixty for two weeks' work.

Louis Mayer stuck it out for quite a time. He might have lived forever had "they" let him sit on his Metro throne and fan the air with incomprehensible pronouncements.

He once said to me, about a Spencer Tracy movie that I had been called in to salvage after a disastrous preview, "Here's what I want you to do to this picture. Watch me closely." It was one A.M., in his Kubla Khan office at Metro. He rose, walked gingerly to the grand piano at the other end of his domain, picked up a small silver vase containing a single rose and moved it to his desk.

"You see," said Mayer, "what I have done. I have brought that flower from darkness into the light. That's what I want you to do to this picture. Exactly what I have shown you." Tears filled his eyes. "We can all go home now," he said, "I think I have solved our problem."

Mayer was not only a gifted double-talker but a man of eerie power. He gave. And he took away. If he didn't seem to make much sense, neither, I'm sure, does the Grand Lama of Tibet. He, Louis, was a force. Nevertheless, "they" kicked him off his throne, and into his hearse.

L. B. Mayer was not of the Hollywood royal handful whom only death could demote. Louis, for all his royal purple, was a hired hand, like the rest of us.

In Hollywood, only puppet kings reign. A handful of vaguely known leading stockholders do the crowning and uncrowning. There are a few notable exceptions in my hearses—Harry Warner and Harry Cohn. I'll save Cohn for later.

About Warner—he was a naive and stubborn old boy. Although he went to his studio every day for forty years and more, he knew less about movies than the Abominable Snowman of the Himalayas. He knew only about money. And

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he had one charming side: he thought everybody he saw was rich and happy.

Just what this movie king did in Hollywood I never knew, except once. He summoned the FBI agents to have me run out of town for my activities as a pro-Palestine propagandist. I was whooping it up for the Irgun, who were known as the Terrorists. A few years later, he beamed on me as a luncheon companion in his commissary. Either he thought I had reformed or, more likely, he never was quite certain I existed.

Irving Thalberg was not a force but a talent. A frail fellow, large-eyed, naive, unlettered Irving could plot like Dumas and Dickens. The town produced only two other such Roman candles, David O. Selznick and Darryl Zanuck.

After having guided MGM into existence almost singlehanded, Thalberg took a first holiday in ten years. He went to Europe. When he returned to Metro, he found that he had been deposed as the magician ruler of the realm. A few months later he caught a cold and died.

Paul Bern, remembered for having committed suicide as the impotent bridegroom of Jean Harlow, the great cinema sexpot, did no such thing. His suicide note, hinting that he was sexually incompetent and had therefore "ended the comedy," was a forgery. Studio officials decided, sitting in conference around his dead body, that it was better to have Paul dead as a suicide than as the murder victim of another woman. It would be less a black eye for their biggest moviemaking heroine, La Belle Harlow. It might cramp her box-office allure to have her blazoned as a wife who couldn't hold her husband. It was a delicate point of the sort that is clear only to the front office theologians of a great studio. The weird details of this "suicide whitewash" are in the keeping today of director Henry Hathaway, who was Paul Bern's protege.

Harlow's death was also an odd one. She had had polio when a girl of fourteen, and had recovered from the disease, but it impaired her cough reflex. She was unable to cough up anything foreign that drained into her system. While working on a movie, an infected tooth dripped its poison into her body. She died from it.

Miss Harlow was the first big sex-symbol of the talkies. Her platinum blonde coiffure launched the hair-dyeing industry in the U.S. She also brought the female bosom back into vogue. Jean took her fame seriously. She wore no brassiere under a white satin blouse. Before making a public appearance, she would rub ice on her nipples to improve her appearance.

Wallace Beery, a Metro Savoni, was one of the few actors with whom I ever quarreled. It was on the *Viva Villa!* set. He was acting Pancho in a German accent.

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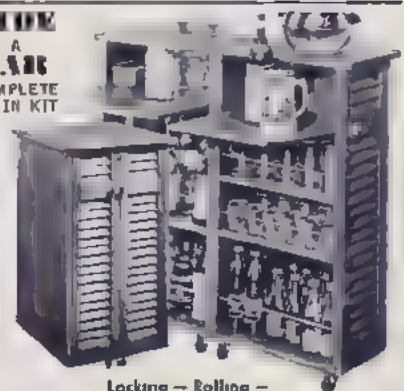

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Jack Conway, the *Villa* director, was one of the best of the town's unsung talents, like his friends Victor Fleming and "Woody" Van Dyke. Unlike today's directorial marvels, they were long on talent and shy on publicity handouts. Drinking, fornicating, gambling were their basic diversions. They scorned press build ups and found their fame in their salary checks and in the eyes of their own kind. Oddly, fame wasn't what they were after, no more than were Sam Zimbalist, Bernie Hyman, Irving Thalberg and the others of that gone-to-rest galaxy. Moviemaking was an end in itself. Everything else, including marriage, infidelity, riches, headlines, was secondary. They "made" movies in restaurants, at dinner parties, in swimming pools, in bed, in bathrooms, on love hegiras, hunting trips, in theatre lobbies and in Doctor Menninger's Clinic for the Disturbed.

Most of them were fun to work for or with. One of the exceptions was Cecil B. De Mille. Agent Fefe Ferry, also in my hearses, had sold me to De Mille to work on a circus story he was preparing, *The Greatest Show on Earth*. I was employed for three weeks. My work consisted of sitting in De Mille's office five hours a day and listening to him talk. He said nothing that made any sense. He seemed like some excited child amazingly misinformed on all subjects. I'm sure he thought the world was flat and that the sun circled the earth.

At the end of my third week, I broke my long silence.

"I was once an acrobat in a circus," I said. "I did a trapeze single in the Harry Castello Shows."

"I'm not interested in that side of you," De Mille answered. "What I want is a writer."

Fefe called me the next morning with the news that I was "off the picture."

Ernst Lubitsch was another problem-boss to work for. He put a dozen writers into the hospital. Knowing his record, I avoided working with him for years. I finally took a job with him that I was sure even Lubitsch couldn't make difficult. It was to write a screenplay for Noel Coward's *Design for Living*. It was a comedy, full of correct plot turns, bright characters and good jokes. It would be child's play to chop it down to movie length and throw in a few "exterior" scenes to add a look of action.

"I can't stand this fellow Coward," said Lubitsch, as we sat down to work in my Nyack home. "He writes like a cheap vaudevillian." Ernst had picked up this information from critic George Jean Nathan, who was conducting a pogrom against Noel. "I don't want to use a single line, or scene, or character, or whatever he has in that lousy play." All this in a broad Viennese accent which Ernst thickened year by year. He thought it made him stand out as a thinker. "So I want you to write me everything brand new. And ve vill show up this Mister Coward for vot he iss — a nobody."

I learned later that Coward had insulted Lubitsch by refusing to see the great director when he came calling backstage.

One of my biggest Hollywood victories is that I didn't go to the hospital writing the *Design for Living* script. Lubitsch went. I had figured out a way to confuse him. I always handed him four or five versions of each scene. Having to tear into these sapped his strength. He sneaked off to the Harkness Pavilion, pretending he had the flu. While he was laid up, I finished the scenario. I also struck a blow for Coward. I stuck a number of his bright lines from *Hay Fever* and *The Vortex* into the script.

Jack Gilbert was knocked off by the talkies. They broke his heart, because he couldn't talk. He lingered in his several palaces for a few years, collecting his ten thousand dollars a week, and suffering. He threw thousand-dollar bills at whores, waitresses, scrub ladies, at almost any female who smiled at him between his suicide tries.

Jack Conway had "invented" Gilbert. He had pulled him out of the extra-ranks and made him a star. When Conway started slipping as a Metro topnotcher, Gilbert was at his own glittering peak and intended to stay there.

"If you'll play in my next picture," Conway said to him, "it will restore Mr. Mayer's confidence in me."

"I couldn't, possibly," Gilbert answered. "I need a top director."

Conway, who could fist fight two Gilberts with one hand, contented himself with a phrase. "Ungrateful pup," he said, and walked away. A few years later, Gilbert and Conway both died, after lying around heartbroken as movie discards.

Vic Fleming and Van Dyke had the satisfaction of dying before they were booted out of their glory-seats.

Fleming was a tall, handsome male with fine muscles. He had some Indian blood in him, and a lot of poetry. And he was five times more sexually attractive to women than any of the Gables and Tracys he directed. I remember him once at lunch at the writers' and directors' table in the Metro commissary. There were a score of high-salaried geniuses on hand. The topic under discussion was, "how many great lays have you known?" A half-dozen semi-spavined experts had had their say. They had offered figures from fifteen to forty-five.

Come Fleming's turn, he said, "I've only known one good sexual female type — the woman I love and am married to."

Van Dyke was the fastest of the direc

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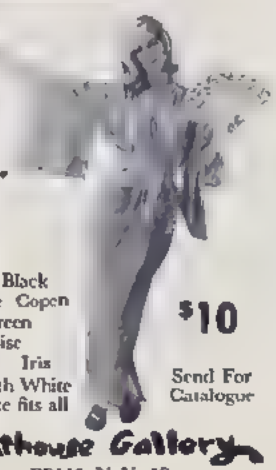

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tors in the Metro genius-stables. He could shoot a reel of film while such colleagues as Willie Wyler and George Cukor were still trying to get a properly spoken single speech out of an actor.

Jimmy Stewart once asked permission to leave a Van Dyke set. "I have to go to the bathroom," he said. "Go ahead," Woody said, "we'll shoot around you."

Our picture *Farnke, the Guest Artist* didn't get made for two reasons — Dressler and Fields died. Fields was Fowler's favorite self-destroyer. No man ever worked so patiently at wrecking his soul and body as did this prince of comedians. A Mississippi of gin sluiced through him in his declining years.

Fowler visited his ailing crony shortly before his death. He found Fields sitting in the garden reading the Holy Bible. "I'm looking for loopholes," Bill explained, shyly.

A last look at the old Metro salt mines before I resume counting more hearses. Fowler and I were a "writing team" in the Selznick unit. Boss David's office was downstairs. He insisted Gene and I have a secretary, like Irving Thalberg's writers had. We were against it, explaining to David that we were sensitive about women and didn't like to see them enslaved. Selznick was adamant. And thus Bunny appeared. She was our secretary, but she quickly became a Metro highlight.

Casting director Ben Piaza had produced her for us. We had assigned him to find the most voluptuous, non-intellectual blonde in the cinema world.

Bunny was all that. We then costumed her, removing her brassiere and lingerie and wedging her into a skintight red satin ball gown, with practically no bodice. We put a vase containing two dozen American Beauty roses at her dimpled elbow.

We also redecorated our office, fitting it out like a fine brothel with red drapes over the window, erotic pictures on the walls, and drenched it each morning with perfume.

Bunny couldn't type or answer the phone. She sat in lovely silence reading movie fan magazines, skipping all the hard words. Our office filled up with sightseers. Producers, directors, writers, actors, choked the anteroom for a glimpse of our secretary. With the studio stages, dressing rooms and offices teeming with sirens, our Bunny was the only girl in town. Under instruction, she spoke to none of the pilgrims. We asked only one service of her which she performed with fine efficiency. At four o'clock each afternoon, she arose from her chair and moved languidly down the stairs to boss Selznick's office. Arriving at its side door, she pressed the secret button that opened it, and addressed our harassed chief.

"Mr. Fowler and Mr. Hecht would like to know what time it is, Mr. Selz

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nick, if you don't mind," she said. We had written her dialog.

Bunny ended a bit mysteriously. Louis Mayer, in his robes of state, came to our office to listen to a reading of the movie Gene and I had written. I did the reading. Bunny sat at my side, holding a dozen American Beauties in her lap. We thought it would soften the great man's mood.

At the end of the reading, Mayer said, "A very interesting story you have there. I appreciate your reading it to me." His face was kindly but his voice was abstracted. Mayer left. And so did Bunny, it being way past her bedtime. And that was the last we saw of Bunny.

I don't understand the association, but another Louis Mayer incident comes here to mind. It was the day before Christmas. There was a tradition at Metro that at three o'clock on this day all the MGM males ran out of their offices and grabbed and kissed all the females who had the temerity to show themselves. The corridors became full of squeals and mating cries.

I was escorting Helen Hayes back to her Metro dressing-room when this preholiday whoop-de-do erupted. A score of moviemakers came galumphing out of their lairs, with their lips pursed. A few of them espied Miss Hayes and a foot race developed between Louis Mayer and Charlie Lederer. Mayer won. He seized the astounded Helen (she was not up on Metro traditions) and kissed her, hammer and tongs. Helen responded coldly to the great man's caress. She sank her teeth into his neck and drew blood and a roar of pain out of the wounded kissing bug.

To my hearses again, carrying off my moviemaking collaborators — Irving Pichel, who directed *The Miracle of the Bells*; Gregg Toland, who photographed *Wuthering Heights*; Charles Vidor, who directed *Farewell to Arms*; Leo Spitz, who produced *Gunga Din*; Don Hartman, who presided over *Roman Holiday*. And Harry Cohn, under whose fe-fi-fo-fum banner I wrote, directed and produced one of my favorite scripts, *Angels Over Broadway*.

Cohn was the most unloved of the Hollywood grand sultans. An unusually large crowd attended his funeral services. Sam Goldwyn explained the phenomenon with the now classical utterance, "Everybody wanted to make sure he was dead." Bosley Crowther, in his book *Hollywood Rajah*, quotes Sam for this comment on L. B. Mayer's funeral. Having heard Goldwyn make the observation in his home on the evening of Cohn's burial, I correct Mr. Crowther. On second thought, Sam wasn't above using a good joke twice.

Cohn, despite the rages he inspired, was a likable man. There was a straightforwardness and simplicity to his skulduggeries. He put up no hypocritical front of being a gentleman, as did nearly all the rest of his co-potentates. He was descended from the little boy who liked to pull wings off flies, and a leg or two off a spider. But he bore his victims no ill will. Malice was unknown to him. He loved life, which was moviemaking, and he diverted himself by outwitting the greeds and crooked ambitions of all who came smirking into his office thinking they could make a monkey out of him. That was Harry's version of all callers and employees at his Columbia Pictures Studio.

The casualty rate at Columbia Studios was rather high. It was Harry's closest friends who seemed to go first. Among them was another collaborator of mine, Henry Sylvers. He produced *Her Husband's Affairs*, in which Lucille Ball got all the laughs. Lederer and I had written all the jokes for the male lead, played by Franchot Tone, but a Phi Beta Kappa key (Franchot is the only movie actor who sports one) is no match for a comedienne.

An incident that illumines Mr. Cohn's odd likableness, in the midst of his depredations, is the Marilyn Monroe incident. Miss Monroe was not yet out of her chrysalis. Disasters and defeats were still assailing her. She had weathered one suicide try, been found hopelessly unpromising by Twentieth Century Fox and dropped from its bit-player payroll. Nearly every time she managed to get an audition for a small part, the thing ended in a hundred-yard dash or a wrestling match. Marilyn, a sturdy young girl, always won these events, but not the parts.

Suddenly hope filled the fine Monroe bosom again. Her friend Joe Schenck had persuaded Harry Cohn to put her on the Columbia payroll and try to use her in some small part. Two weeks later, a call came from Columbia Casting. Mr. Harry Cohn wished to see Miss Monroe, personally.

An hour later, a shined up Marilyn entered the Cohn lair. Harry emerged in silence from behind his desk, circled his visitor once, picked a photograph from under a blotter and handed it to her.

"How do you like that?" Harry asked.

Marilyn looked at the picture of a hundred twenty-five-foot cabin cruiser.

"It's a beautiful boat," said Miss Monroe.

"How would you like to come with me for a two-day cruise?" said Harry. "We leave in a couple of hours and be back Monday morning."

"I would love to join you and Mrs. Cohn on a cruise," said Marilyn.

Cohn's face filled with anger.

"Who said anything about Mrs. Cohn?" he cried. "How dare you bring up her name! That's the goddamnedest presumptuous thing I ever heard. Who do you think you are, I should invite you on a trip with my wife. Get out of here, you dumb blonde and learn some manners."

Miss Monroe paused in the opened door and said, a little confusedly, "I hope you invite me again sometime, Mr. Cohn."

This was too much for the great movie chieftain.

"You're fired," he cried. "And don't ever come in this studio again."

Miss Monroe walked out in silence. With her walked some fifty million dollars worth of grosses-to-be.

Here's another bevy of performers in movies I wrote who are underground first, Al Jolson, who played *Hallelujah, I'm a Bum*. In taking me to meet Jolson in Miami thirty years ago, George Jessel said, "Be careful about mentioning the names of any singers or comedians. In fact, to be on the safe side, don't mention anybody who's in show business, in whatever capacity. Even if he's selling umbrellas in the lobby. This will ensure a sociable pinochle game."

And Tyrone Power and Laird Cregar who played in *The Black Swan*; Carole Lombard and Walter Connolly, who played in *Nothing Sacred*; Ronald Colman, who played in *The Unholy Garden*; Robert Benchley, who was in *Foreign Correspondent*; Michael Chekov, who played in *Spellbound* and *Specter of the Rose*; Mario Lanza, who didn't get to play in the picture I wrote for him a few months before he died. And the best of them, John Barrymore, who played in *Topaze* and *Twentieth Century*.

There's no reason to exclude Alexander Woollcott and Alice Duer Miller from my cortege. They weren't actors quite, but they played in *The Scoundrel*. And there was Fuller Mellish, who died on the set of *Crime Without Passion*. And others with whom I plotted stories that were never finished, among them Humphrey Bogart, Walter Huston, John Garfield.

Barrymore was the best of the crop not because of his acting. He was a great actor, but behind his acting was a maniacal lust for life, a dedicated explorer's interest in sex.

I liked him most for his vagueness and his wit. He had not the slightest idea of himself as a man of success or talent. Publicity bored him. Fame was the only bawd he ever despised. He had no interest in politics, wars, economic systems. People, and people alone, fascinated him. And the sound of bright words and bull's eye epithets. He lived a sort of headlong love affair with life. Its greatest events were a woman's arms or a friend's comradeship.

The wit I liked in him was usually rueful. Lovers are seldom very mirthful people. I remember once attending a cocktail party with Barrymore. He had

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been forbidden to drink. His doctors and his friends had all convinced him that liquor was fatal.

Barrymore was on the wagon and to ensure his staying there for a bit we had hired a powerful athlete to be his bodyguard. Barrymore sat at the table, the bodyguard on the alert beside him, and in his hand an empty highball glass. Facing us was a young woman who was downing drink after drink. Barrymore watched her with envy and admiration. A parched look gathered on his face. Suddenly, the young woman arose, a little unsteadily, and looked around, evidently for the bathroom.

Barrymore held out the empty highball glass he was holding and cooed softly, "In here, my darling, in here!"

There are more hearses with the finest of passengers. F. Scott Fitzgerald, with whom I first stormed the town in its silent era. Fitzgerald was doomed from his first pay check. Hollywood terrified him. "God save us," he said one night, "it's like being in the midst of a bank robbery." Years later, he said to me, "I'm a bum in this town. A bum who can't even hang onto his waistline."

And Herman Mankiewicz, who first whistled me into Hollywood. When Herman died, half the wit of Hollywood vanished. Good Lord, with Mankiewicz, Hoffenstein and Benchley gone, who was there left in Hollywood to caricature and castigate the town? Herman was the comic Isaiah of moviedom. He cried its flows to the wilderness of its phonies, and his victims winced and roared with laughter simultaneously. For Herman was always twice as funny as he was mean. He hit out with jokes. What was Herman's wit like? Here is a single sentence of it.

Metro had offered a prize of five thousand dollars to anyone in its employ for the best slogan to increase a dwindling attendance in the movie theatres of the land. Herman submitted a thought. "Show the movies in the streets and drive them into the theatres."

There are two composers in my line of hearses, George Antheil and George Gershwin. Antheil wrote the music for the pictures I did on my own, including the last one, *Actors and Sin*, in which my young daughter, Jenny, starred with Eddie Albert.

Antheil was not only a composer, he was also a genius. He was an expert in endocrinology, psychoanalysis, paintings and literature. He worked never less than twelve hours a day, slept almost not at all, and remained until his death as merry and eager for fun as a child.

The other George — Gershwin — wrote the music for my only musical show script, *The Goldwyn Follies*. I remember him at the piano, pensive, pink cheeked, black haired, with a shy, archaic look. He spent the last few months of his life on a psychoanalyst's couch trying to talk

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himself out of a brain tumor not yet diagnosed.

What a Mardi Gras of names rides away in these hearses—the sprightly poet Samuel Hoffenstein, who wore a monocle and preferred to talk with a heavy Irish accent. And what they did to this deft and genteel troubadour in our celluloid jungle! And Constance Collier and Fanny Brice whose Hollywood roosts were oases of friendship and loyalty; Errol Flynn, Roland Young, C. Aubrey Smith, Lewis Stone, Robert Walker, Jimmie Dean—and Dr. Sam Hershfeld, whose grin and good counsel kept half the town from committing hara-kiri on the bosses' doorsteps.

In the last wagon, my friend and collaborator, Charles MacArthur. In Hollywood's most glamorous days, Charlie was a hefty portion of its glamor. He toiled and capered and filled the town with an air of wit and adventure. Men and women, including his bosses, Thalberg among them, followed him like the Pied Piper.

We wrote a dozen movies together. And would have kept on writing together, except that Charlie exploded. As Fitzgerald, Hoffenstein, Benchley and many others did. They were not meant for the roughhouse esthetics of Hollywood. They never learned the trick of feeling no pain when nitwit bosses kicked their dialog in the belly and mangled their plot turns.

That's my little parade of the dead ones. I offer them as a possible explanation of what's wrong with Hollywood. They are gone.

New geniuses have muscled in to replace them. New producers, stars, directors, writers, fill the empty shoes. They have the look to me of a second team taking over. Not that there is less talent in them, less know-how, or even less ego. But there is small mania in them.

The mania that kept the first and second flowering of moviemakers working till they dropped, that turned every dinner party, drinking bout and love begun into a story conference; that gave no hoot for politics, patriotism, global disturbances or anything else on earth except the making of a knockout movie, the mania that believed in movies as if God had sent them; that put the movies unblushingly beside Shakespeare, Shaw, Dostoievsky and Euripides; that regarded New York, Paris and London as bourgeoise suburbs of Hollywood; the mania that buttonholed a billion of the earth's inhabitants and held them spellbound with the zaniest, goriest and most swivel-headed swarm of humpty-dumpty fables ever loosed on mankind—that mania is almost gone out of today's moviemakers.

I'll not go into what has taken its place. Those who rode off in my hearses took most of Hollywood with them.

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crazy mixed-up id *(continued from page 58)*

wrapped superciliously in a reverent air, which meant her hour with Siggie had been "meaningful." And that meant I could expect a hard time this evening.

She confirmed my suspicion. When I went to her, she gave me a cold cheek instead of warm lips.

"Has Alice gone a-hunting?" she asked wearily.

I nodded.

"Good." she said. "I couldn't stand that pinhead tonight. Alice and her goddamn positive thinking."

"Siggie give you a hard time, sweetie?"

"How often must I ask you not to call him that?"

"He should be honored. That's the master's given name," I said. "What the hell is his name, anyway? No, don't tell me. I won't remember. I must have a mental block."

"Don't be juvenile!"

"You've promoted me. Last week you called me infantile."

I could see this was going over like limp lettuce. So I tried to slip my arm around her waist, friendly like. She batted down the pass.

"Don't paw me, Freddie. Please. Have you no understanding?"

I retreated to the sofa, polished off my drink. Seena struck a pose—a lovely, statuesque, crumpled-browed, brooding pose. What the hell drew me to her? Her rebuffs only made my interest stronger. Was I really in love with her? Or was I trying to prove I could take the measure of that lousy, no-fighting rival, Siggie?

When I met her the previous summer at a Fire Island beach party, she was a pretty face, a winning smile, a carefree kid, a lithe, young, sun-bronzed body—a filter-cigarette-ad girl. Now she was Judith Anderson in *Medea*.

The metamorphosis began when she started emptying her subconscious into Siggie's slosh bucket. By now I was convinced she was suffering less from her own vague psychic upsets than from psychoanalysis itself. Anyway, if Siggie wasn't Seena's major affliction, he sure as hell was mine.

"He understands so much, so deeply," she said dreamily. "Freddie, can we ever achieve that kind of rapport?"

"Maybe," I said bitterly, "if you give me half a chance. As it is, I'm flying blind. I'm not sure what's troubling you. All I know is I love you. I want to marry you. Sometimes I wonder why."

"You don't really want to marry me. You're not mature enough for marriage."

"All right. Let's have it." I blurted out. "What did Siggie say about me this time?"

"What makes you think we discuss you? If we ever mention you, it's because I dream about you now and then. But even so, you're only a symbol of something deeper, more complex."

Great. I'm free game. I sputtered. "You and Siggie must have a helluva good time pulling me apart. I'm juvenile, infantile, not ready for marriage. I'm surprised the guy doesn't send *me* a bill."

My irritation seemed to soothe her. I shoved a highball at her before her mood changed again, and then we went out to dinner at a cozy little Italian joint on the East Side.

It was good being with her. She looked as beautiful as any female could with *fettuccine* buttering her lips. I was comfortable with her. It was as if something within each of us reached across the table and held hands. Precious moments. Here we were tied together by the kind of emotional rapport Seena talked about, yearned for, and couldn't recognize under her very nose.

It didn't last long. This time it was my fault. Because an exasperating thought stung me: that at the next session on the couch, this private, very personal experience would become Siggie's. Seena would make a gift of it to him. Her monolog would cover the menu, the way I ate minestrone, the price of the dinner, the amount of the tip, and who knows what else.

"You're such a transparent little boy," she said, sipping chianti. "It's obvious you're thinking of my analyst. Aren't you being unfair to him and me?"

"It's nothing to what you two are doing to me!"

"You sound positively paranoiac."

"Never mind the psychiatric labels," I retorted. "You endow Siggie with superhuman traits and you measure me against him. If I had a flesh-and-blood rival for you, I'd prefer it. I can't compete against a superman who takes any shape you want him to."

"He happens to be an extraordinarily sensitive human being with insight and sympathy. You could do with a little of that!"

Then I had to say what had been seething in my little black brain for weeks:

"You're trying to mold me in his image, Seena. I warn you. Don't try to remake me. It's a hopeless job."

"You can say that again, brother," she said, her voice breaking.

We had tears for dessert, sullen silence in the cab back to the apartment. I despised her, pitied her, loved her. It would kill me to give her up. But how long could I go on as the imperfect mortal ranged against the demigod Seena made Siggie out to be? If only I could cut him down to size.

Back at the flat, Seena switched on the hi-fi, and a schmaltzy Rachmaninoff piano concerto came forth. We both sulked through the first movement. Then, in a conciliatory move, I pulled her to me and kissed her fragrant neck. She was a thousand miles away for all of the warmth of her body against mine, for all of Rachmaninoff's sobbing romantic overtones.

"Listen to me, damnit," I exploded. "The great Siggie was once a boy like I was—with scraped knees, holes in his socks, marbles in his pockets, and a

"I demand equal time, Senator."

runny nose. He had acne in high school, necked with girls who had acne too, and he told smutty jokes in the locker room."

"Stop it," she shouted. "You're horrible, horrible."

I wouldn't stop; I was just getting warmed up.

"Siggie's a headshrinker. I write ad copy. Our positions could have been reversed, Seena. Think of it. I could have been the superman with the leather couch, and Siggie the jerk writing odes to deodorants.

"The point is he's a guy like I am trying to make a buck, trying to get along. Maybe he can help you. I don't know. But for Pete's sake, don't become a slave to him and his mumbo jumbo."

Seena wrenched the hi-fi knob. The speaker responded with a tremendous blast of Rachmaninoff, which set up a symphonic barrier against my voice.

She was dropping tears again. And amid this cacophony of deafening piano chords, wailing violins and stifled sobs, the door buzzer sounded off.

"Don't you dare open that door," Seena cried out, leaping to her feet. "Not until I can put some make-up on. I'd rather die than let anyone see me in this state."

She ran off to the bathroom. The buzzer continued in one long, impatient vibration. I silenced Rachmaninoff. The buzzer buzzed louder.

When I yanked open the door, someone catapulted backwards across the threshold. It was Alice. She would have gone sprawling on her fanny if not for the startled, lipstick-smeared guy who was clutching her like a life preserver. Behind me, there was a smothered gasp from Seena, then shattering silence. The blind date, red to the ears, dropped Alice as a cornered shoplifter drops hot merchandise.

"Isn't it a riot?" Alice said weakly. "We must have been leaning on the buzzer."

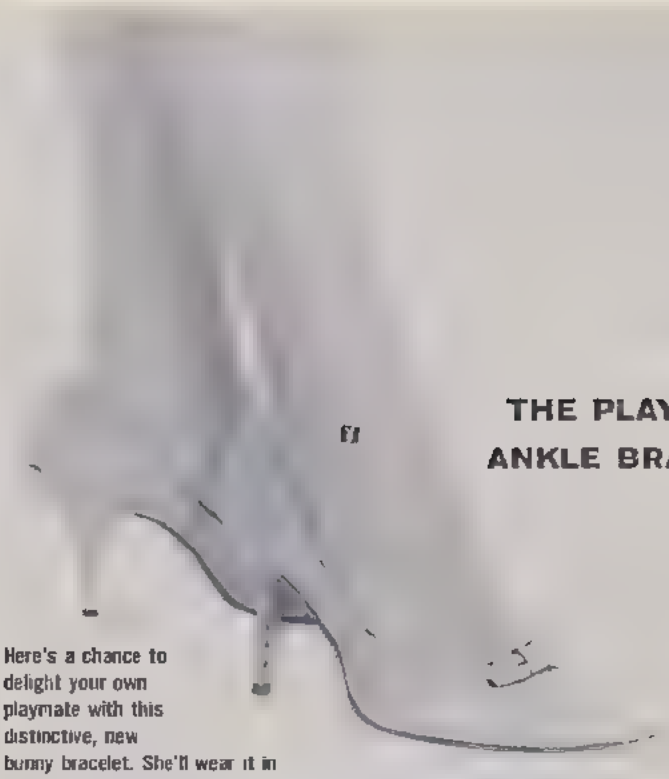
Her escort, a mid-thirtyish, balding guy with a weak chin, seemed undecided whether to bull his way gaily out of the predicament or to seek refuge in the incinerator.

If ever I saw embarrassment personified, it was this hallway Casanova. When, at last, he mustered courage to lift his eyes, his complexion went from beets to chalk. He tugged at his necktie, shuffled his feet, cleared his throat. His hands searched for a place to hide. It would have been a kindness to throw a blanket over him.

If anything, Seena looked more agitated than he did. With an angry toss of her head, she pivoted and strode deep into the flat.

"Well," I managed to say, unsuccessfully fighting off a grin, "won't you come in?"

"I think not," the guy said stiffly, his face grave, his fingers scrambling for



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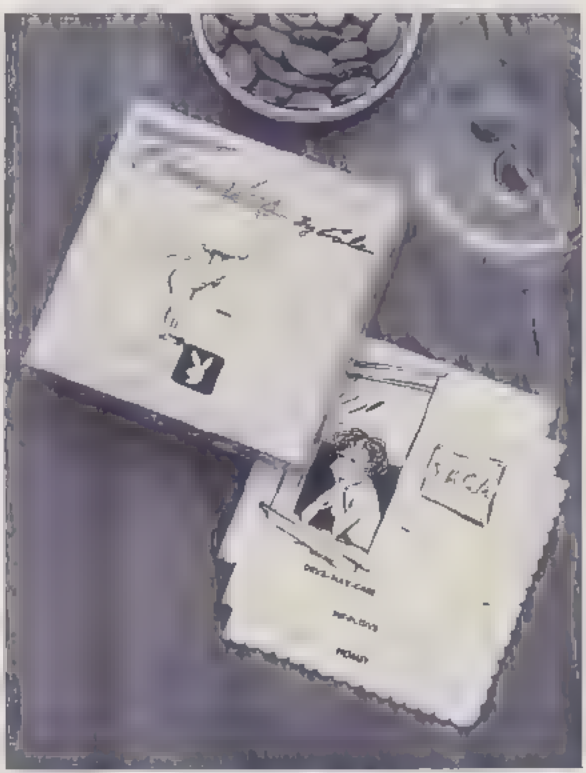

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cigarette. "It is rather late."

Alice looked forlornly at me. It was plain she had already written fins to mother blind date, another potential spouse. I felt sorry for her.

'Good night," the guy stammered starting down the stairs. He hesitated turned and said, "I'll call you, Alice." But neither Alice, nor I, nor he, believed it.

When he was gone, Alice eulogized, 'He was cute. An intellectual."

Seena's voice rang through the apartment. 'You'll never see him again. You cheap, stupid, contemptible . . ."

I had never seen her in such a state.

'No," Alice said tearfully. 'I don't have your talent for keeping a man on a string." And she fled into the bedroom, slamming the door.

Seena was quivering with rage, her face ashen, her hands fluttering like scared butterflies.

'That wasn't kind, Seena," I said.

'How could she? How could she be so gross?"

"My God, girl," I said impatiently. "I never saw such a fuss. Don't tell me you never necked in a hallway."

"You're an ass, Fred Henley," she sobbed. "I hate you. I hate Alice. I hate this stinking furniture. I hate myself and I hate Siggie."

It was the first time she had ever called him Siggie. I felt the elation of sudden, unexpected proud victory when she said it. I was so carried away I nearly forgot to duck when she flung the Freud volume in my direction.

For suddenly I knew. I cut through her incoherent outcry to the truth. I pitied Seena. But I was deliriously happy at the same time.

I took her hands from her face. I held her close while her tantrum spent itself. I kissed her damp cheek, whispered "poor baby" in her ear.

She looked up at me through her tears, the prettiest, sweetest tears I'd ever seen. My heart did a cha-cha. For she knew I understood. We had rapport unmistakably. And that was the important thing.

"Don't you dare tell Alice—ever," she said.

Her lips were velvet. She melted in my embrace. No, I would tell no one. It was enough for me to know that the poor blighter who had been stapled to Alice was Siggie. Alice, God bless her, had clipped Siggie's wings.

"Seena, sweetie," I said. "You ought to apologize to Alice."

But there was no need for that. Because a moment later Alice emerged from the bedroom, bedecked in a slinky, pink evening gown.

"Excuse me, love birds," she sang out. "But I must ask you. Does the hem need shortening? I plan to wear this dress tomorrow night on a blind date."

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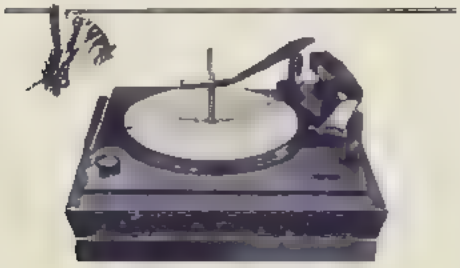

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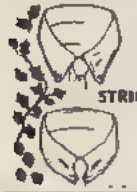

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SLIME GOD

(continued from page 80)

phantasis: others were more like grinning octopi with fur. All BEMs had three things in common, however: a pair of large, saucer-like eyes (the better to leer with, my dear) an unaccountable fondness for human females, and a dexterity at removing feminine apparel that many a terrestrial bachelor would envy.

On some planets a girl couldn't take ten steps from the rocket ship without being in the clutches of a BFM. If she happened to be an expendable girl (i.e., not the heroine), the BFM might devour her on the spot — afterwards hanging around to pick his teeth and menace the hero's girl. More sophisticated BEMs (or BEMs lucky enough to catch the heroine first lunge) had other designs. Standard drill for a BFM in such cases was to first remove any remaining shreds of clothing from the struggling heroine, then drag her screaming toward his lair. The BEM was doing the screaming, of course. Space Girls, being plucky through and through, confined themselves to an occasional hysterical shriek. Meanwhile the hero followed in close, if bungling, pursuit.

Lorna's first BEM is *a teratological baroque that had been spawned by no sane world, a wrinkled, leathery gigantic horror seven feet tall. It had three short, stumpy legs, ending in clawed hoofs, and a bifurcated appendage hung down like a tail from the back. One of the heads was the size of a large melon, with an elongated muzzle and tusks. The other head was worse . . . a flaccid, hideous snout, a single glazed eye fringed by pinkish hairs, and a wrinkled patch of fungus-like stuff crowning the skull.*

Baroque or not, it knows what it wants. *It came forward to where Lorna stood . . . shrieking hysterically, she was cradled in the monster's embrace. Talons ripped blindly at Lorna's body, tearing the kittle away in rags.*

It takes the hero little more than a page to dispose of both the BFM and a city full of Martians. And, in outer space once again, Lorna indulges in her near pathological compulsion to put on clothes. It's hard to see why. Less than a page later she's on Titan where, a few feet from the ship, she encounters another batch of BEMs — *fantastic creatures . . . half as tall as a man, with blunt muzzles, long fingered hands that seemed almost human, and tails that were atrophied and vestigial. They ran instead of hopping . . .* And within seconds they are running instead of hopping, after our heroine, cold eyes intent upon her, jaws agape. How to delay them? Lorna isn't fazed for an instant. Her few days in space have taught her not only cunning but astounding agility: *Swiftly the girl ripped open her shirt, slipped it off, still running, let it fall to the ground. She dared a quick look, and exultation flamed within her. The monsters were pausing to sniff at the discarded garment, fingering it with their anthropoid hands. But the dinosaurs came after her again, hissing. Lorna slipped out of her slacks, let them fall from rounded hips, down the slim lengths of her legs . . .*

Could any 1960 Space Girl with a doctorate from MIT do *that* while running the hundred-yard dash? Nay — ours has become an over-specialized age. Lorna, meanwhile, is still sprinting and stripping when she collides head-on with a snake-man who, *swinging her lightly under his arm, hurried into the depths of the forest.*

It takes the hero (who is being harassed by giant tentacled serpents) some three pages to catch up with her. And by that time *her undergarments had been brutally ripped away, and the cold eyes of the snake-men were intent on the naked beauty of her body.*

The snake-men are disposed of with little difficulty by setting them on fire. But a greater menace remains: *Breathing hoarsely, Shawn held the girl, his mouth acid on hers. Beneath his hands he could feel the satiny smoothness of her skin, the lyric curve of her hips. His throat felt dust-filled* (the old trouble) *his heart was hammering in his ribs. Shawn's arms tightened spasmodically about her supple form . . .*

Is there no escape from the hero? Yes! *From the cloudless purple sky raced a torpedo shaped ship, Sun-golden, the atmosphere screaming in its wake. It dropped down toward the clearing. A porthole gaped in its side. And from the golden ship poured — monsters!*

Soon Lorna, with no clothes left to discard, is being pursued at flank speed by *mounds of flesh, shapeless, transparent, sliding like jellyfish over the ground.*

But Shawn, too, is running. Will the amoeba-BEMs catch her — or will she fall into the clutches of the hero? It matters little: the chase is the thing, and at least Lorna has temporarily eluded the spasmodically tightening arms of Space Captain Shawn.

Suffice it to say that the early Space Captains *usually* managed to let fly with disintegrators or fists long before the poor BEMs had a chance to complete their passes. Since the BEMs frequently had more brains and personality than the hero, many readers resented this bitterly.

BEMs flourished and underwent limitless refinement during this fruitful period. Witness the high degree of biological sophistication in this BEM from

"I hope you don't mind Umboko going along to observe your fire god, bwana."

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another story in that same 1938 issue of *Marvel*:

As Stone turned he saw a frightful and incredible form . . . the very atoms of the creature's body had been insanely warped, and in the change had come sheer horror. A huge cylindrical head set on humped broad shoulders, from which spread great wings of thin metal. The monster's flesh shimmered with changing colors. Gigantic glowing eyes watched Stone, flicked past him to the girl . . . a taloned claw darted out, pulled her close. The girl's gown was ripped into shreds . . . the monster's face came down, nuzzling the girl's bare throat . . .

As important as the anatomical complexity is the motivational drive: the true BEM would rather nuzzle the heroine than battle the hero. Which may explain why Stone (who volunteered for the job) needs no more than his bare hands to subdue it—though the task takes a little time. *Smash and rip and tear, with sick horror mounting slowly within Stone. Could the thing be murdered? Could he even hurt it?* He can and does—and one more BEM dies unrequited.

It may well be asked why Stone was such a chump as to get into a messy situation like this. And the answer throws much light on the grim man-versus-BEM struggle that marked the end of the Thirties. Stone, who wants only to return to earth, is talked into doing the job by a girl named Marsaylaya. She explains that the local BEM is despoiling her planet and terrorizing her people. Stone couldn't care less. She resorts to threats:

Green eyes mocked him. "You must obey me. You cannot do otherwise . . ."

"That so?" Stone grunted. "I don't see why I should fight this beast of yours. I owe you nothing." . . .

The green eyes grew baleful. "I can cause you great pain . . . you fool! Now — will you obey?"

Go to the devil," Stone snarled . . .

Quickly her hands went up, slipping the emerald-green gown from her shoulders. It rippled down past the ivory globes of her breasts, the flat smoothness of her stomach, the delicate contours of her thighs, to fall in a crumpled ring about her feet. And then Marsaylaya was in his arms, her breasts cushioned against his chest, her white form clinging to him . . . his hands slipped down, caressing a body that was like flame.

She whispered, "Will you slay the beast for such a reward?"

Sanity came coldly to Stone. He said hoarsely, "No!"

Not until Marsaylaya discloses that the BEM is after *her* does Stone agree to intercede. Chivalry? Hardly — in view of Marsaylaya's humiliating failure to

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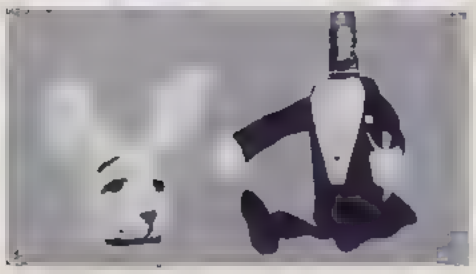

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seduce. The truth seems to be that, by the close of the Thirties, the unwritten code of Space Captains was "Separate the BEMs from the girls. Keep the BEMs from getting any girls to nuzzle or devour and they'll wither away."

It was a strategy that worked only too well. By the end of the decade only BEMs who had the good fortune to capture a Pirate Queen had any hope of holding onto their victims. But Pirate Queens were well worth holding. Unlike other Space Girls, Pirate Queens (the term is a generic one, and includes High Priestesses and Amazon Despots) had things pretty much their own way until the last page. They played off slaughtered passengers on space liners, jealously tortured the heroine and forcefully seduced the hero.

After a manly struggle for his virtue the hero usually cooperated. One reason was that the heroine (sans uniform) was most likely being dangled over a tub of acid or a small volcano. A better reason was that Pirate Queens had Hindu bosoms and the dispositions of hyperthyroid nymphos, which made cooperation simple and not unpleasant. The heroine might believe his flimsy excuses about allaying the Pirate Queen's suspicions, but we readers knew what he'd been allaying.

For a typical case history, we must turn once again to the teeming pages of *Marvel Science Stories*, this time the November 1938 number, and perhaps by now it is beginning to dawn on you—as it is on us—that all our examples seem to be pouring from this single red-blooded periodical. Have our memories, then, deceived us? Were girls and slime gods limited to that one magazine? The answer is a qualified yes. The *covers* of most of the Thirties' science-fiction pulps did indeed display the rosy flesh and shredded blouses we remember so well, but the stories within were usually spare of sexual sparkle. Blueness like our friend the elderly educator were always judging the books by their covers, which was unjust, or were forever confusing and equating science-fiction magazines with sexy pulps in other genres—*Dime Detective*, *Horror Stories*, the whole line of *Spicies*, etc.—which was plain lousy research. No, fellow-fond rememberers, even in the Thirties science-fiction sex was only a lover come-on—with the formidable (and, strangely, short-lived) *Marvel* providing almost the only exceptions. It is back to *Marvel*, then, we must go, and to one Kent Mason—hero of *The Time Trap*—who is trying vainly to reason with a High Priestess named Yana. Sue's whispering:

"Since I became a priestess I have not known—love . . ." Suddenly her arms were about Mason's neck, her hot breath against his cheek as she strained

against him. Mad torrents of passion seemed unleashed in the priestess. Mason tried to free himself. The girl drew back, her face hardening. "No? Remember — you have not freed the white girl yet. If I should summon aid — "

Shrugging, Mason bent his head . . . the moist inferno of her mouth quickened his pulses . . . the priestess was the hot soul of flame.

It should not be inferred that Space Captains didn't struggle hard to preserve their virtue — some resisted to the point of idiocy. Mason, for example, has already twice fought off *Nirvor — the Silver Priestess — like a silver statue, exquisitely moulded . . .*

She whispered, "I grow tired of wisdom. I am — woman!" She lifted pale hands to her throat, unbuckled the clasp that held the robe. It slipped down rustling to her feet. She stepped forward; her bare arms went around Mason's neck.

Setting his jaw, he tore them free, thrust the woman back . . .

This show of prudery results in the heroine's being dumped into a Centaur-BEM's pit (*watery orbs avidly dwelt on the girl's nudity*) and being pursued by plant-BEMs (*the tentacles of the monsters reached out, deftly removing the girl's clothing*). Since Mason had to go to an extraordinary amount of trouble and effort to retrieve her, his submission to Yana constitutes a realistic conservation of energy.

The Pirate Queens, alas, always got theirs in the end — and nastily, too. Some fell into their own acid vats, others were sucked into Saturnian quicksand. Nirvor, the Silver Priestess, was cooked by a heat ray — while Yana, shrieking lustily, vanished into the maw of a giant BEM. In view of the moist infernos and surging flames most Pirate Queens carried around, it is more than probable that a sudden surge of passion or rage resulted in some exploding spontaneously. Perhaps this was the cause of the tragic death of Warrior Queen Boada (*War-Lords of the Moon*, 1939, *Planet Stories*) who, less than a page after her hour of triumph (*"You did not expect to see me here, but I serve the destiny of the Moon!"*) exploded in a sheet of flame under confused circumstances. It is natural that returning Space Captains should attribute such accidents to their own prowess.

Nor were all BEMs content to devour the Pirate Queens they captured. Just what they did instead was seldom described. But it must have been something imaginative, since the heroine (who by this time had already lamped some unnerving sights) always turned away in horror, *her firm breasts quivering as a shudder ran through her.*

. . .

Why did this era die? The slaughter of the BEM herds and the high mortality rate of Pirate Queens is only one answer. The chances are that the lusty pulps had by then already long outlived their time. Science had begun to overtake (though not outstrip) fiction — and many readers decided there was more excitement to be found in relativity or cybernetics than in the arms of a Pirate Queen, no matter how moist her inferno. Old magazines changed their policies, new and more serious minded ones sprang up. A few weary BEMs lingered on into the Forties, as did a few dozen jaded Pirate Queens — but the old passion was gone; soon they had only enough strength to pose for cover illustrations.

It wasn't long before, when you picked up an s-f magazine and read a line like *"Beautiful, isn't she? You can ride her to Sirius and back without a single navigational error . . ."* you knew with a dull certainty that the hero was talking about a photon beam guide — not his navigator. For the strong-muscled, dim-witted Space Captains — even with their clever and shapely navigators to guide them — were ill-equipped to survive in an age of nuclear fission and anti-gravity. Like the dinosaur, who had to rely on his tail for brainpower, they lumbered into extinction.

And although educators elderly and otherwise are continually warning us against the dangers of a one-sided education in science, we no longer have the well-rounded, full-bodied science-fiction we once had. Sociologists and electronics engineers now roam the planets where Pirate Queens once gloried and drank deep. And heavy-footed lady physicists stamp their boots over the tombs of BEMs, but cannot break their sleep.

All of which is undoubtedly Progress — but not nearly as much fun. And every now and then one finds one's memory slipping back to a strangely Keatsian tableau on Titan — "What men or gods are these? What maidens loth? / What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?" — where, eternally frozen, a pride of giant amoebas plus a hero pursue the still unravished Lorna; and Keats had words for her, too: "For ever warm and still to be enjoyed / For ever panting, and for ever young."

"Get right up there again before you lose your nerve."

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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

DO YOU PREFER *vin chaud* to hot chocolate between runs on the ski slope, and chicks who speak something besides English around the ski lodge fire? Then what are you doing here? You should be in Europe this winter, at Klosters or Davos, Chamonix or St. Anton, or other Alpine snow-sport centers for the international smart set, or, when the world is too much with you, traveling the less-trammeled ski slopes of Spain.

If you're the let-other-people-do-it-for-you type, there are ski tours available that wrap up all the arrangements and leave you free to concentrate on schussing and slaloming. One such tour operator offers no fewer than one hundred and fifty European snow-fun combinations which range from seventeen to twenty-one days at $550 to $1000, including air fare, first-class hotels, most meals, and even some touring in Paris, London, or the Riviera.

We're especially partial to skiing in Austria, and one of our favorite ski resorts there is Seefeld. Nestled between the Wetterstein mountains and the Karwendel on the high Alpine plateau and yet only ten miles from Innsbruck, it's less well known than St. Anton or Kitzbühel, but is great on night life. And then, there's Innsbruck itself during the pre-Lenten *Fasching* celebrations. We've always found its masked balls and carnival festivities more *gemütlich* than the glittering galas of Vienna.

The joys of skiing in Spain, aside from the obvious assets of near-at-hand flamenco dancers, bullfights and Mediterranean skindiving, are the extra hours of daylight you can spend on the slopes and the extra hours you *don't* have to spend waiting for a lift. The best spots are still relatively unmobbed but full of fun nonetheless. Of course, if you're the hairy-chested type who scorns tows and such, break your own trails in the Picos de Europa or the Sierra de Gredos (at Puerto de Pajares and La Serrota respectively).

After you've come down from the hills and had your fill of flamenco and the *corridas* in Madrid's Plaza de Toros, you may want to head for Barcelona and the Costa Brava and then go on to the Balearic Islands. Barcelona's less inhibited than Madrid and the women strolling along its majestic Ramblas are among the most beautiful in the world. There are frequent plane connections from Barcelona to the Balearics and the trip can be measured in minutes. And fear not for your creature comforts; the Formentor Hotel on Majorca is the equal of most top luxury resorts.

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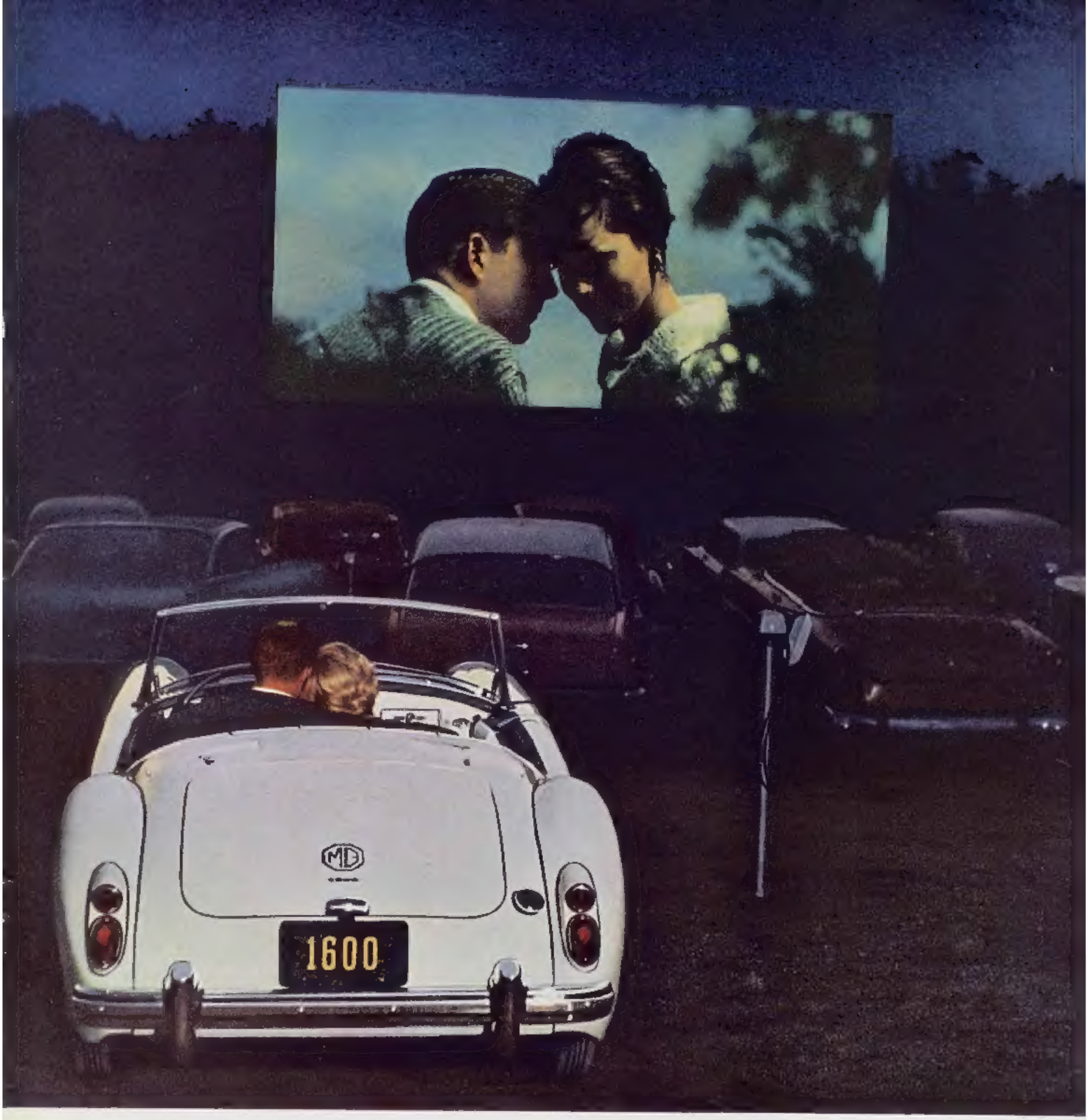

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